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Everybody's Magazine

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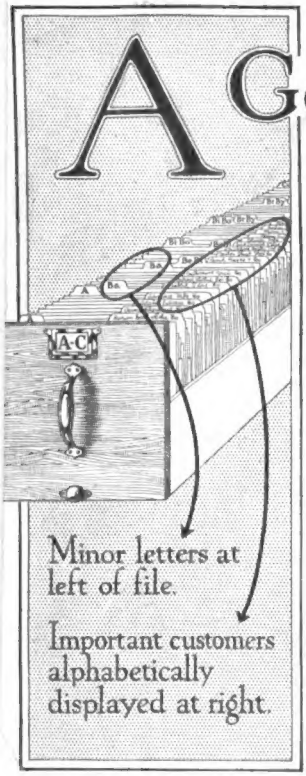

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Everybody's Magazine

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LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

by

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE WHITE LINEN NURSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

THE FIRST CHAPTER: On the veranda of a summer-resort hotel Mr. Edgarton was quizzing young Mr. Barton on his standards in picking out girls. But Mr. Barton didn't know Mr. Edgarton's name, and in the course of the discussion he quite freely characterized Mr. Edgarton's daughter as dowdy, plain, and wholly uninteresting. A very few minutes after he found out the dismaying truth, Mr. Edgarton contrived to send his daughter Eve and Mr. Barton off riding together.

At once Barton's surprises began. Eve rode without touching the reins with her hands, leaving her arms free to carry a huge bundle of papers. She took along an extra horse, saddled but riderless. She rode over the roughest roads, at top speed, on that broiling hot day. And at last, in her drawly little voice, she asked Mr. Barton to go home.

He started, finally. But almost at once a furious storm broke, and Barton dashed back on the path Eve had taken. Just for a moment he saw her, and then a bolt of lightning struck him unconscious.

II

WHEN Barton recovered the two severed parts of his consciousness again and tried to pull them together, he found that the Present was strangely missing.

The Past and the Future, however, were perfectly plain to him. He was a young stock-broker! He remembered that quite distinctly! And just as soon as the immediate dizzy mystery had been cleared up he would, of course, be a young stock-broker again! But between this snug conviction as to the Past, this smug assurance as to the Future, his mind lay tugging and shivering like a man under a split blanket. *Where in creation was the Present?* Alternately he tried to yank both Past and Future across the chilly interim.

"There was—a—green and white piazza corner," vaguely his memory reminded him. "Never again!" some latent determination leaped to mock him. And there had been—some sort of an argument—with a drollish old man—concerning all homely girls in general and one very specially homely little girl in particular. And the—very specially homely little girl in particular had turned out to be the old man's—daughter!—"Never again!" his original impulse hastened to reassure him. And there had been a horseback ride—with the girl. Oh, yes—out of some strained sense of—of parental humor—there had

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been a forced horseback ride. And the weather had been—hot—and black—and then suddenly very yellow.—Yellow? Yellow? Dizzily the word began to whir through his senses—a prism of light, a fume of sulphur!—Yellow?—Yellow?—What was yellow? What was anything? Where was anything? Yes! That was just it! *Where* was anything?

Whimperingly, like a dream-dazed dog, the soul of him began to shiver with fear. Oh, ye gods! If returning consciousness would only manifest itself first by some one indisputable proof of a still undisintegrated body, some crisp, reassuring method of outlining one's corporeal edges, some sensory roll-call, as it were, of—head, hands, feet, sides! But out of oblivion, out of space abysmal, out of sensory annihilation, to come vaporing back—back—back, headless—armless—legless—trunkless, conscious only of consciousness, uncertain yet whether the full awakening prove itself—this world or the next—!—As scared of heaven—as of hell—! As——

Then very, very slowly, with no realization of eyelids, with no realization of lifting his eyelids, Barton began to see things. And he thought he was lying on the soft outer edges of a gigantic black pansy, staring blankly through its glowing golden center into the droll, sketchy little face of the pansy.

And then suddenly, with a jerk that seemed almost to crack his spine, he sensed that the blackness wasn't a pansy at all, but just a round, earthy sort of blackness in which he himself lay mysteriously prone. And he heard the wind still roaring furiously 'way off somewhere. And he heard the rain still drenching and sousing 'way off somewhere. But no wind seemed to be tugging directly at him, and no rain seemed to be splashing directly on him. And instead of the cavernous golden crater of a supernatural pansy there was just a perfectly tame yellow farm-lantern balanced adroitly on a low stone in the middle of the mysterious round blackness.

And in the sallow glow of that pleasant lantern-light little Eve Edgarton sat cross-legged on the ground with a great pulpy clutter of rain-soaked magazines spread out all around her like a giant's pack of cards. And diagonally across her breast from shoulder to waistline her little gray flannel shirt hung gashed into innumerable ribbons.

To Barton's blinking eyes she looked exceedingly strange and untidy. But nothing seemed to concern little Eve Edgarton except that spreading circle of half-drowned papers.

"For Heaven's sake—wha—ght are you—do'?" mumbled Barton.

Out from her flickering aura of yellow lantern-light little Eve Edgarton peered forth quizzically into Barton's darkness. "Why—I'm trying to save—my poor dear—books," she drawled.

"Wha—ght?" struggled Barton. The word dragged on his tongue like a weight of lead. "Wha—ght?" he persisted desperately. "Wh—ere?—For—Heaven's sake—wha—ght's the matter—with us?"

Solicitously little Eve Edgarton lifted a soggy magazine-page to the lantern's warm, curving cheek.

"Why—we're in my cave," she confided. "In my very own—cave—you know—that I was headed for—all the time. We got—sort of—struck by lightning," she started to explain. "We——"

"Struck by—lightning?" gasped Barton. Mentally he started to jump up. But physically nothing moved. "My God! I'm paralyzed!" he screamed.

"Oh, no—really—I don't think so," crooned little Eve Edgarton.

With the faintest possible tinge of reluctance she put down her papers, picked up the lantern, and, crawling over to where Barton lay, sat down cross-legged again on the ground beside him, and began with mechanically alternate fist and palm to rubadub-dub and thump-thump-thump and stroke-stroke-stroke his utterly helpless body.

"Oh—of—course—you've had—an awfully close call!" she drummed resonantly upon his apathetic chest. "But I've seen—three lightning people—a lot worse off than you!" she kneaded reassuringly into his insensate neck-muscles. "And—they—came out of it—all right—after a few days!" she slapped mercilessly into his faintly conscious sides.

Very slowly, very sluggishly, as his circulation quickened again, a horrid suspicion began to stir in Barton's mind; but it took him a long time to voice the suspicion in anything as loud and public as words.

"Miss—Edgarton!" he plunged at last quite precipitately. "Miss Edgarton! Do I seem to have—any shirt on?"

"No—you—don't seem to, exactly, Mr.

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Barton," conceded little Eve Edgarton. "And your skin——"

From head to foot Barton's whole body strained and twisted in a perfectly futile effort to raise himself to at least one elbow. "Why, I'm stripped to my waist!" he stammered in real horror.

"Why, yes—of course," drawled little Eve Edgarton. "And your skin——" Imperturbably as she spoke she pushed him down flat on the ground again and began, with her hands edged vertically like two slim boards, to slash little blissful gashes of consciousness and pain into his frigid right

"WELL—I CERTAINLY—NEVER SAW ANYBODY LIKE YOU—BEFORE!" HE GLOWERED AT HER.

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arm. "You see—I—had to take both your shirts," she explained, "and what was left of your coat—and all of my coat—to make a soft—strong rope to tie round under your arms—so the horse could drag you."

"Did the roan dr—ag me—'way up here?" groaned Barton a bit hazily.

With the faintest possible gasp of surprise little Eve Edgarton stopped slashing his arm and, picking up the lantern, flashed it disconcertingly across his blinking eyes and naked shoulders. "The roans are in—heaven," she said quite simply. "It was Mother's horse that dragged you up here." As casually as if he had been a big doll she reached out one slim brown finger and drew his under lip a little bit down from his teeth. "My! But you're still blue!" she confided frankly. "I guess perhaps you'd better have a little more vodka."

Again Barton struggled vainly to raise himself on one elbow. "Vodka?" he stammered.

Again the lifted lantern-light flashed disconcertingly across his face and shoulders.

"Why, don't you remember—anything?" sighed little Eve Edgarton. "Not anything—at all? Why, I must have worked over you two hours—artificial respiration, you know, and all that sort of thing—before I even got you up here! My! But you're heavy!" she reproached him frowningly. "Men ought to stay just as light as they possibly can—so when they get into trouble and things—it would be easier for women to help them. Why, last year in the China Sea—with father and five of his friends——"

A trifle shiveringly she shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, never mind about father and the China Sea," she retracted soberly. "It's only that I'm so small, you see, and so flexible—I can crawl round most anywhere through port-holes and things—even if they're capsized. So we only lost one of them—one of father's friends, I mean; and I never would have lost him—if he hadn't been so heavy."

"Hours?" gasped Barton irrelevantly. With a wry twist of his neck he peered out through the darkness to where the freshening air, the steady, monotonous slosh-slosh-slosh of rain, the pale, intermittent flare of stale lightning, proclaimed the opening of the cave. "For Heaven's sake, what time is it?" he cried.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know," said little Eve Edgarton. "But I should guess it might be about eight or nine o'clock. Are you hungry?"

With infinite agility she scrambled to her knees and went darting off on all fours like a squirrel into some mysterious, clattery corner of the darkness, from which she emerged at last with one little gray-flannel arm crooked inclusively around a whole elbowful of treasure.

"Th—ere," she crooned. "Th—ere.—Th—ere.—Th—ere."

Only the soft earthy thud that accompanied each "Th—ere" pointed the slightest significance to the word. The first thud was a slim, queer, stone flagon of vodka. Wanly, like some far pinnacle on some far Russian fortress, its grim shape loomed in the sallow lantern-light. The second thud was a dust-colored basket of dates from some green-spotted Arabian desert. Vaguely its soft curving outline merged into shadow and turf. The third thud was a battered old drinking-cup—dully silver, mysteriously Chinese. The fourth thud was a big glass jar of frankly American beef. Altogether familiarly, altogether reassuringly, its sleek sides glinted in the flickering flame.

"Sup—per," droned little Eve Edgarton.

As tomboyishly as a miniature brigand she crawled forward again into the meager square of lantern-tinted earth and, yanking a revolver out of one boot-leg and a pair of scissors from the other, settled herself down with sudden utterly unassailable girlishness to jab the delicate scissors-points into the stubborn tin top of the meat-jar.

As though the tin had been his own flesh the act goaded Barton half upright into the light—a brightly naked young Viking to the waist, a vaguely shadowed equestrian Fashion Plate to the feet.

"Well—I certainly—never saw anybody like you—before!" he glowered at her.

With equal gravity but infinitely more deliberation little Eve Edgarton returned the stare. "I never saw—anybody—like you—before—either," she said enigmatically.

In one single jerk Barton winced back into the darkness. "Oh, I say," he stammered. "I wish I had a coat! I feel like a—like a fool!"

"Why—why?" demurred little Eve Edgarton perplexedly. Out from the yellow heart of the pansy-blackness her small,

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grave, gnomish face peered after him with pristine frankness. "Why — why — I think you look—nice," said little Eve Edgarton.

With a really desperate effort Barton tried to clothe himself in facetiousness if in nothing else. "Oh, very well," he grinned feebly. "If you don't mind—there's no special reason, I suppose, why I should."

Vaguely, blurrishly, like a figure on the wrong side of a stained-glass window, he began to loom up again into the lantern light. There was no embarrassment certainly about his hunger, nor any affectation at all connected with his thirst. Chokingly from the battered silver cup he gulped down the scorching vodka. Ravenously he attacked the salty meat, the sweet, cloying dates.

FLICKERINGLY, WITH A HAND NOW BRIGHT, NOW DARK, SHE POINTED OUT HER PAPER TREASURES TO HIM.

Watching him solemn-eyed above her own intermittent nibbles, the girl spoke out quite simply the thought that was uppermost in her mind. "This supper'll come in mighty handy, won't it, if we have to be out here all night, Mr. Barton?"

"If we have to—be out here—all night?" faltered Barton.

Oh, ye gods! If just their afternoon ride together had been hotel talk—as of course it was within five minutes after their departure—what would their midnight return be? Or rather their non-return? Already through his addled brain he heard the monotonous creak-creak of rocking-chair gossip, the sly jest of the smoking-room, the whispered excitement of the kitchen—all the sophisticated old worldlings hoping indifferently for the best, all the unsophisticated old prudes hoping ecstatically for the worst!

"If we have to stay out here all night?" he repeated wildly. "For Heaven's sake, what will your father say, Miss Edgarton?"

"What will—father say?" yawned little Eve Edgarton. Thuddingly she set down the empty beef-jar and turned again to her mysterious books and papers. "Oh, father'll say: What in creation is Eve—out—trying to save to-night?—A dog?—A cat?—A three-legged deer?"

"Well, what do you expect to save?" quizzed Barton a bit tartly.

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"Just—you," acknowledged little Eve Edgarton without enthusiasm. Somberly as she spoke she picked up the rain-soaked scrap-book and opened it cautiously across her knees. "And—isn't it funny," she confided placidly, "that I've never yet succeeded in saving anything—that I could take home with me—and keep! That's the trouble with—boarding!"

In a little vague, gold-colored flicker of appeal her lifted face flared out again into Barton's darkness. Too fugitive to be called a smile, a tremor of reminiscence went scudding suddenly across her mouth before the brooding shadow of her old slouch hat blotted out her features again.

"In India once," persisted the dreary little voice, "in India once, when father and I were going into the mountains for the summer, there was a—there was a sort of fakir at one of the railway stations doing tricks with a crippled tiger-cub—a tiger-cub with a shot-off paw. And when father wasn't looking I got off the train and went back—and I followed that fakir two days till he just naturally had to sell me the tiger-cub; he couldn't exactly have an Englishwoman following him indefinitely—you know. And I took the tiger-cub back with me—to father—and he was very cunning—but—" Languorously the speech trailed off into indistinctness. "But—the people at the hotel were—indifferent to him," she rallied whisperingly. "And—I had to let him go."

"You got off a train? In India? Alone?" snapped Barton. "And went following a dirty—sneaking—fakir for two days? Well, of all the crazy—indiscreet——"

"Indiscreet?" mused little Eve Edgarton very softly. Again out of the murky blackness her tilted chin caught up the flare of yellow lantern-light. "Indiscreet?" she repeated monotonously. "Who?—I?——"

"Yes—you," grunted Barton. "Traipsing round all alone—after——"

"But I never *am* alone, Mr. Barton," protested the mild little voice. "You see I always have the extra saddle, the extra railway ticket, the extra whatever-it-is. And—and—" Caressingly a little gold-tipped hand reached out through the shadows and patted something indistinctly metallic. "My mother's memory? My father's revolver?" she drawled. "Why, what better company could—any girl have? Indiscreet?" Slowly the tip of her little nose tilted up into the light. "Why, down in the Transvaal—two years ago," she explained painstakingly, "why, down in the Transvaal—two years ago—they called me the best-chaperoned girl—in Africa. Indiscreet? Why, Mr. Barton—I never even saw—an indiscreet woman in—all my life. Men—of course—are indiscreet—sometimes—" she conceded conscientiously. "Down in the Transvaal—two years ago, I had to shoot up a couple of men for—being a little bit indiscreet, but——"

In one jerk Barton raised himself to a sitting posture.

"You 'shot up' a couple of men?" he demanded peremptorily.

Through the crook of a mud-smeared elbow shoving back the sodden brim of her hat the girl glanced toward him like a vaguely perplexed little ragamuffin. "It *was*—messy," she admitted softly. Out from her snarl of storm-blown hair, tattered, battered by wind and rain, she peered up suddenly with her first frowning sign of self-consciousness. "If there's—one thing in the world—that I regret," she faltered deprecatingly, "it's a—it's—an—untidy fight."

Altogether violently Barton burst out laughing. There was no mirth in the laugh, but just noise. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, let's go home!" he suggested hysterically.

"Home?" faltered little Eve Edgarton. With a sluggish sort of defiance she reached out and gathered the big wet scrap-book to her breast. "Why, Mr. Barton," she said, "we couldn't get home now in all this storm and darkness and wash-out—to save our lives. But even if it were moonlight," she singsonged, "and starlight—and high-noon; even if there were—chariots—at the door, I'm not going home—now—till I've finished my scrap-book—if it takes a week."

"Eh?" jerked Barton. "What?" Laboriously he edged himself forward. For five hours now of reckless riding, of storm and privation, through death and disaster, the girl had clung tenaciously to her books and papers. What in creation was in them? "For Heaven's sake—Miss Edgarton—" he began.

"Oh, don't fuss—so," said little Eve Edgarton. "It's nothing but my paper-doll book."

"Your PAPER-DOLL BOOK?" stammered Barton. With another racking effort he edged himself even farther forward. "Miss Edgarton!" he asked quite frankly, "are you—crazy?"

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"N—o! But—very determined," drawled little Eve Edgarton. With unruffled serenity she picked up a pulpy magazine-page from the ground in front of her and handed it to him. "And it—would greatly facilitate matters, Mr. Barton," she confided, "if you would kindly begin drying out some papers against your side of the lantern."

"What?" gasped Barton.

Very gingerly he took the pulpy sheet between his thumb and forefinger. It was a full-page picture of a big gas-range, and slowly, as he scanned it for some hidden charm or value, it split in two and fell soggily back to its mates. Once again for sheer nervous relief he burst out laughing.

Out of her diminutiveness, out of her leanness, out of her extraordinary litheness, little Eve Edgarton stared up speculatively at Barton's great hulking helplessness. Her hat looked humorous. Her hair looked humorous. Her tattered flannel shirt was distinctly humorous. But there was nothing humorous about her set little mouth.

"If you—laugh," she threatened, "I'll tip you over backward again—and—trample on you."

"I believe you would!" said Barton with a sudden sobriety more packed with mirth than any laugh he had ever laughed.

"Well, I don't care," conceded the girl a bit sheepishly. "Everybody laughs at my paper-doll book! Father does! Everybody does! When I'm rearranging their old mummy collections—and cataloguing their old South American birds—or shining up their old geological specimens—they think I'm wonderful. But when I try to do the teeniest—tiniest thing that happens to interest *me*—they call me 'crazy'! So that's why I come 'way out here to this cave—to play," she whispered with a flicker of real shyness. "In all the world," she confided, "this cave is the only place I've ever found where there wasn't anybody to laugh at me."

Between her placid brows a vindictive little frown blackened suddenly. "That's why it wasn't specially convenient, Mr. Barton—to have you ride with me this afternoon," she affirmed. "That's why it wasn't specially convenient to—to have you struck by lightning this afternoon!" Tragically, with one small brown hand, she pointed toward the great water-soaked mess of magazines that surrounded her. "You see," she mourned, "I've been saving them up all summer—to cut out—to-day! And now?—Now—? We're sailing for Melbourne Saturday!" she added conclusively.

"Well — really!" stammered Barton. "Well — truly! — Well, of all — damned things! Why—what do you want me to do? Apologize to you for having been struck by lightning?" His voice was fairly riotous with astonishment and indignation. Then quite unexpectedly one side of his mouth began to twist upward in the faintest perceptible sort of a real grin.

"When you smile like that you're—quite pleasant," murmured little Eve Edgarton.

"Is that so?" grinned Barton. "Well, it wouldn't hurt *you* to smile just a tiny bit now and then!"

"Wouldn't it?" said little Eve Edgarton. Thoughtfully for a moment, with her scissors poised high in the air, she seemed to be considering the suggestion. Then quite abruptly again she resumed her task of prying some pasted object out of her scrap-book. "Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Barton," she decided. "I'm much too bored—all the while—to do any smiling."

"Bored?" snapped Barton. Staring perplexedly into her dreary, meek little face, something deeper, something infinitely subtler than mere curiosity, wakened precipitately in his consciousness. "For Heaven's sake, Miss Edgarton!" he stammered. "From the Arctic Ocean to the South Seas, if you've seen all the things that you *must* have seen, if you've done all the things that you *must* have done—WHY SHOULD YOU LOOK SO BORED?"

Flutteringly the girl's eyes lifted and fell.

"Why, I'm bored, Mr. Barton," drawled little Eve Edgarton, "I'm bored because—I'm sick to death—of seeing all the things I've seen. I'm sick to death of—doing all the things I've done." With little metallic snips of sound she concentrated herself and her scissors suddenly upon the mahogany-colored picture of a pianola.

"Well, what *do* you want?" quizzed Barton.

In a sullen, turgid sort of defiance the girl lifted her somber eyes to his. "I want to stay home—like other people—and have a house," she wailed. "I want a house—and—the things that go with a house: a cat, and the things that go with a cat; kittens, and the things that go with kittens; saucers of cream, and the things that go

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with saucers of cream; ice-chests, and—and—" Surprisingly into her languid, sing-song tone broke a sudden note of passion. "Bah!" she snapped. "Think of going all the way to India just to plunge your arms into the spooky, foamy Ganges and 'make a wish'! 'What do you wish?' asks father, pleased as a Chessy-puss. Humph! I wish it was the soap-suds in my own wash-tub!—Or gallivanting to British Columbia just to smell the great blowsy water-lilies in the canals! I'd rather smell burned crackers in my own cook-stove!"

"But you'll surely have a house—some time," argued Barton with real sympathy. Quite against all intention the girl's unexpected emotion disturbed him a little. "Every girl gets a house—some time!" he insisted resolutely.

"N—o, I don't—think so," mused Eve Edgarton judicially. "You see," she explained with soft, slow deliberation, "you see, Mr. Barton, only people who live in houses know people who live in houses! If you're a nomad you meet—only nomads! Campers mate just naturally with campers, and ocean-travelers with ocean-travelers—and red-velvet hotel-dwellers with red-velvet hotel-dwellers. Oh, of course, if mother had lived it might have been different," she added a trifle more cheerfully. "For, of course, if mother had lived I should have been—pretty," she asserted calmly, "or *interesting*-looking, anyway. Mother would surely have managed it—somehow; and I should have had a lot of beaux—young men beaux I mean, like you. Father's friends are all so gray!—Oh, of course, I shall marry—some time," she continued evenly. "Probably I'm going to marry the British consul at Nunku-Nono. He's a great friend of father's—and he wants me to help him write a book on 'The Geologic Relationship of Melanesia to the Australian Continent'!"

Dully her voice rose to its monotone: "But I don't suppose—we shall live in a—*house*," she moaned apathetically. "At the best it will probably be only a musty room or two up over the consulate—and more likely than not it won't be anything at all except a nipa hut and a typewriter-table."

As if some mote of dust disturbed her, suddenly she rubbed the knuckles of one hand across her eyes. "But maybe *we'll* have— daughters," she persisted undauntedly. "And maybe *they'll* have houses!"

"Oh, shucks!" said Barton uneasily. "A—a house isn't so much!"

"It—*isn't*?" asked little Eve Edgarton incredulously. "Why — why — you don't mean——"

"Don't mean—what?" puzzled Barton.

"Do—you—live—in—a—house?" asked little Eve Edgarton abruptly. Her hands were suddenly quiet in her lap, her tousled head cocked ever so slightly to one side, her sluggish eyes incredibly dilated.

"Why, of course I live in a house," laughed Barton.

"O—h," breathed little Eve Edgarton. "Re—ally? It must be wonderful." Wiltingly her eyes, her hands, drooped back to her scrap-book again. "In—all—my—life," she resumed monotonously, "I've never spent a single night—in a real house."

"What?" questioned Barton.

"Oh, of course," explained the girl dully, "of course I've spent no end of nights in hotels and camps and huts and trains and steamers and— But— What color is your house?" she asked casually.

"Why, brown, I guess," said Barton.

"Brown, you 'guess'?" whispered the girl. "Don't you—know?"

"No, I wouldn't exactly like to swear to it," grinned Barton a bit sheepishly.

Again the girl's eyes lifted just a bit overintently from the work in her lap.

"What color is the wall-paper—in your own room?" she asked casually. "Is it—is it a—dear pinkie-posie sort of effect? Or just plain—shaded stripes?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't remember," acknowledged Barton worriedly. "Why, it's just paper, you know—paper," he floundered helplessly. "Red, green, brown, white—maybe it's white," he asserted experimentally. "Oh, for goodness' sake—how should I know!" he collapsed at last. "When my sisters were home from Europe last year, they fixed the whole blooming place over for—some kind of a party. But I don't know that I ever specially noticed just what it was that they did to it. Oh, it's all right, you know!" he attested with some emphasis. "Oh, it's all right enough—early Jacobean, or something like that—'perfectly corking,' everybody calls it! But it's so everlasting big, and it costs so much to run it, and I've lost such a wicked lot of money this year, that I'm not going to keep it after this autumn—if my sisters ever send me their Paris

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address so I'll know what to do with their things!"

Frowningly little Eve Edgarton bent forward.

"'Some—kind—of—a—party'?" she repeated in unconscious misery. "You—mean—you gave a—party?—A real—Christian party?—As recently as—last winter? And you can't even remember—what kind of a party it was?" Something in her slender brown throat fluttered ever so slightly. "Why, I've never even—been to a Christian party—in all my life!" she said. "Though I can dance in every language of Asia!"

Heedlessly as she spoke the big scrap-book slid down a little from her knees. "And you've got sisters?" she stammered. "Live—silk-and-muslin sisters?—And you don't even know where they are? Why, I've never even had a—girl friend in all my life!"

Incredulously she lifted her puzzled eyes to his. "And you've got a—*house?*" she faltered. "And you're not—going to keep it? A real—truly *house?* And you don't even know what color it is? You don't even know—what color your own room is? And I know the name of every house-paint there is in the world," she cried, "and the name of every wall-paper there is in the world, and the name of every carpet, and the name of every curtain, and the name of—everything.—And I haven't got any house at all—except——"

Monotonously with the back of her knuckles she began to drum against the edge of her scrap-book—"except just this silly—paper-doll—scrap-book house that was my mother's before me. This silly—darling—paper-doll—scrap-book house—all furnished and refurnished every year—with white-enamel plumbing advertisements—and fireless-cooker pictures, and Haviland china dishes—cut out of catalogues and st—upid old magazines—that people like you—throw away."

Then startlingly, without the slightest warning, she pitched forward suddenly on her face and lay clutching into the turf—a little dust-colored wisp of a boyish figure sobbing its starved heart out against a dust-colored earth.

"Why—for mercy's sake!" gasped Barton. "Why!—Why—kid!" Very laboriously with his numbed hands, with his strange, unresponsive legs, he edged himself forward a little till he could just reach her shoulder. "Why—kid!" he patted her rather clumsily. "Why, kid—do you mean—do you mean that it was just *that* you were coming out here for—all the time?—

ABRUPTLY BARTON REACHED OUT AND TILTED HER CHIN UP TO HIM. "IN THIS LIGHT," HE WHISPERED, "YOU LOOK LIKE A BRONZE AND GOLD ELF."

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That there wasn't any—any man in it at all—any lover, I m-m-mean? Why, kid—for Heaven's sake, let's see this wonderful scrap-book of yours!"

Passionately, like a furious little boy, she swerved round suddenly and struck down Barton's reaching hand. "You sha'n't see—my book!" she cried. "I won't be laughed at! I won't! I tell you I won't!"

"But I'm not laughing," insisted Barton. "Come now—that's a good little girl—let's see—this old book!"

"Do you really—care about my paper-doll things?" asked little Eve Edgarton incisively.

"No, I don't exactly 'care,' " acknowledged Barton in all honesty. "But still——"

Slowly through the darkness Eve Edgarton came crawling to his side, and thrust her book out goldenly before them both. Flickeringly, with a hand now bright, now dark, she pointed out her paper treasures to him—pasted page after pasted page—dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, bedrooms, libraries—a child's Play Book executed with all the intricate detail, the perfect perspective, the scientific accuracy of an extraordinarily shrewd and mature mind.

"Great Scott!" said Barton. "Why, what a piece of work! Why——!"

"Oh, well, of course you understand that my mother—started it for me," admitted little Eve Edgarton modestly. "And father thinks that it was started—only for me. But I know better," she added with some decisiveness. "Mother liked the book herself—quite a bit!" Solemnly she lifted her eyes to Barton's. "I'll tell you something that mother told me," she confided. "This is it: 'Your father is the most wonderful man that ever lived,' my mother whispered to me quite distinctly. 'But he'll never make any *home* for you—except in his arms; and that is plenty Home-Enough for a wife—but not nearly Home-Enough for a daughter! So keep to this paper-doll book as long as you can,' my mother warned me, 'for it's all you'll ever know—probably,' she said, 'about white rufflledy curtains and Sheraton sideboards—and—and——' "

"Why, you say it as if you knew it by heart," interrupted Barton.

"Why, of course I know it by heart!" cried little Eve Edgarton almost eagerly. "My mother whispered it to me, I tell you! The things that people shout at you—you forget in half a night. But the things that people—whisper to you—you remember to your dying day!"

"If I whisper something to you," said Barton quite impulsively, "will you promise to remember it to your dying day?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Barton," nodded little Eve Edgarton.

Abruptly Barton reached out and tilted her chin up whitely toward him. "In this light," he whispered, "with your hat pushed back like—that!—and your hair fluffed up like—that!—and the little laugh in your eyes!—and the flush!—and the quiver!—you look like an—elf! A bronze and gold elf! You're wonderful! You're magical! You ought always to dress like that!—Somebody ought to tell you about it! Woodsy, storm-colored clothes with little quick glints of light in them!—Paquin or some of those people could make you famous!"

As spontaneously as he had touched her he jerked his hand away, and, snatching up the lantern, flashed it bluntly on her astonished face. "Talk some more about your—House!" he laughed embarrassedly. "It's very becoming to you!"

"Is it?" said little Eve Edgarton, speculatively. For one brief instant her hand went creeping up to the tip of her chin. Then very soberly, like a child with a lesson, she began to repeat Barton's impulsive phrases. " 'In this light,' " she droned, " 'with your hat pushed back like that—and your hair fluffed up like that—and the—the—' " More unexpectedly then than anything that could possibly have happened she burst out laughing—a little low, giggly, school-girlish sort of laugh. "Oh, *that's* easy to remember!" she announced. Then she crouched down into the semi-darkness with just one bright finger-tip pointing out the special new page in her precious scrap-book.

"For—a—lady," she resumed listlessly, "who rode—side-saddle—and really enjoyed hiking round all over the sticky face of the globe, my mother certainly did guess pretty keenly—just how things were going to be with me. Look what she wrote to sustain me," she pointed out to Barton. "Look what she wrote to sustain me—and then went and covered it all up with a stodgy old coal-stove picture—so that I never found it at all till I ripped out the stove last year to paste in a gl—orious gas-range!"

Squintingly from his own crouched knees

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Barton followed the pointing finger down behind the flapping picture of the "gl—orious gas-range." The handwriting was very small, and very faded, and clamorously significant, as the handwriting of the dead is apt to be. "Any foolish woman can keep house," admonished the tiny script. "But the woman who travels with your father has got to be able to keep the whole wide world for him! It's nations that you'll have to put to bed! And suns and moons and stars that you'll have to keep scoured and bright! But with the whole green earth for your carpet, and shining heaven for your roof-tree, and God Himself for your landlord, now wouldn't you be a fool if you weren't quite satisfied?"

Dartingly little Eve Edgarton flashed down and touched her lips to the poor, dead handwriting. Then soft with sorrow, sharp with tears, she lifted her great eyes almost defiantly to Barton's.

"That's—what—mother wrote," she faltered. "But all the same—I'd RATHER HAVE A HOUSE!"

"Why, you poor—kid," said Barton. "You ought to have a house! It's a shame! It's a beastly shame! It's a——"

Very softly in the darkness his hand grazed hers.

"Did you touch my hand on purpose, or just accidentally?" asked Eve Edgarton, without a flicker of expression on her upturned, gold-colored face.

"Why; I'm sure I don't know," laughed Barton. "Maybe it was a little of each."

With absolute gravity little Eve Edgarton kept right on staring at him. "I don't know whether I should ever specially like you—or not, Mr. Barton," she drawled. "But you are—certainly—very beautiful!"

"Oh, I say!" cried Barton wretchedly. With a really desperate effort he struggled to his feet, tottered there for an instant, and then came sagging down to the soft earth again—a great, sprawling, spineless heap, at little Eve Edgarton's feet.

Unflinchingly, as if her wrists were built of steel wires, the girl jumped up and pulled and tugged and yanked his almost dead weight into a sitting posture again.

"My!—But you're chock-full of lightning!" she commiserated with him.

Out of the utter rage and mortification of his helplessness Barton could almost have cursed her for her sympathy. Then suddenly, without warning, a little gasp of just sheer tenderness escaped him.

"Eve Edgarton," he stammered, "you're—a—brick! For Heaven's sake—were you just invented for the sole purpose of saving people's lives?—Oh, you've saved mine all right!" he acknowledged soberly. "And all this black, blasted night—you've nursed me—and fed me—and jollied me—and joshed me—without a whimper about yourself—without—a—" Impulsively he reached out his icy hand to her, and her own hand came so cold to it that it might have been the caress of one ghost to another. "Eve Edgarton," he reiterated, "I tell you—you're a brick! And I'm a fool—and a slob—and a mutt-head—even when I'm not chock-full of lightning, as you call it!—But if there's ever anything I can do for *you!*"

"What did you say?" muttered little Eve Edgarton.

"I said you were a brick!" repeated Barton a bit irritably.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean—that," mused the girl. "But what was the—last thing you said?"

"Oh!" grinned Barton more cheerfully. "I said—if there was ever anything that I could do for you, *anything*——"

"Would you rent me your attic?" asked little Eve Edgarton.

"Would I rent you my attic?" stammered Barton. "Why should you want to hire my attic?"

"So I could buy pretty things in Siam—or Ceylon—or any other queer country—*and have some place to send them*," said little Eve Edgarton. "Oh, I'd pay the express, Mr. Barton," she hastened to assure him. "Oh, I promise you there never would be any trouble about the express! Or about the rent!" Expeditiously as she spoke she reached for her hip pocket and brought out a roll of bills that fairly took Barton's breath away. "If there's one thing in the world, you know, that I've got, it's money," she confided perfectly simply. "So you see, Mr. Barton," she added with sudden wistfulness, "there's almost nothing on the face of the globe that I couldn't have—if I only had some place to put it." Without further parleying she proffered the roll of bills to him.

"Miss Edgarton!—Are you crazy?" Barton asked again.

Again the girl answered his question equally frankly, and without offense. "Oh,

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no," she said. "Only very determined."

"Determined about what?" grinned Barton in spite of himself.

"Determined—about—an attic," drawled little Eve Edgarton.

With an unwonted touch of vivacity she threw out one hand in a little, sharp gesture of appeal; but not a tone of her voice either quickened or deepened.

"Why, Mr. Barton," she explained, "I'm 'most thirty years old—and ever since I was born I've been traveling all over the world—in a steamer trunk. In a *steamer* trunk, mind you.—With father always standing over every packing to make sure that we never carry anything that—isn't necessary. With *father*, I said," she re-emphasized by a sudden distinctness. "You know father!" she added significantly.

"Yes—I know 'father,'" assented Barton with astonishing glibness.

Once again the girl threw out her hand in an incongruous gesture of appeal.

"The things that—father thinks are necessary!" she exclaimed softly. Noiselessly as a shadow she edged herself forward into the light till she faced Barton almost squarely. "Maybe you think it's fun—at 'most thirty years of age—with all your faculties intact—to own—nothing in the world except—except a steamer trunkful of the things that father thinks are necessary!"

Very painstakingly on the fingers of one hand she began to enumerate the articles in question. "Just your riding togs," she counted, "and two or three 'good enough' dresses—and all the United States consular reports—and a lot of quinine—and—a squashed hat—and—and—" Very faintly the ghost of a smile went flickering over her lips—"and whatever—microscopes—and specimen-cases get—crowded out of father's trunk. What's the use, Mr. Barton," she complained, "of spending a whole year investigating the silk industry of Asia—if you can't take any of the silks home? What's the use, Mr. Barton," she asked, "of rolling up your sleeves and working six months in a heathen porcelain factory—just to study glaze—if you don't own a china-closet—in any city on the face of the earth? Why—sometimes, Mr. Barton," she persisted, "it seems as if I'd die a horrible death—if I couldn't buy things—the way other people do—and send them *somewhere*—even if it wasn't 'home!' The world is so full of beautiful things," she mused. "White enamel bath-tubs—and Persian rugs—and the most—ingenious little egg-beaters—and——"

"Eh?" stammered Barton. Quite desperately he rummaged his brain for some sane-sounding expression of understanding and sympathy.

"You could, I suppose," he ventured, not too intelligently, "buy the things and give them—to other people."

"Oh yes, of course," conceded little Eve Edgarton without enthusiasm. "Oh yes, of course—you can always buy people the things *they* want. But—believe—me," she said, "there's very little satisfaction in buying the things *you* want to give to people who *don't* want them. I tried it once," she confided, "and it didn't work.

"The winter we were in Paraguay," she mused, "in some stale old English newspaper I saw an advertisement of a white bedroom set. There were eleven pieces, and it was adorable, and it cost eighty-two pounds—and I thought after I'd had the fun of unpacking it I could give it to a woman I knew who had a tea plantation. But the instant she got it—she painted it—*green!*—Now when you send to—England—for eleven pieces of furniture because they *are* white," sighed little Eve Edgarton, "and have them crated—because they're white—and sent to sea because they're white—and then carried overland—miles and miles and miles—on Indians' heads—because they're white, you sort of want 'em to *stay white*.—Oh, of course it's—all right," she acknowledged patiently. "The Tea Woman was nice, and the green paint by no means—altogether bad. Only, looking back now on our winter in Paraguay, I seem to have missed somehow—the particular thrill—that I paid eighty-two pounds and all that freightage for."

"Yes, of course," agreed Barton. He could see *that*.

"So if you could rent me your attic—" she resumed almost blithely.

"But my dear child," interrupted Barton, "what possible——"

"Why—I'd have a place then to send things to," argued little Eve Edgarton.

"But you're off on the high seas Saturday, you say," laughed Barton.

"Yes, I know," explained little Eve Edgarton just a bit impatiently. "But the high seas are so dull, Mr. Barton. And then we sail so long!" she complained. "And so far!—*via* this, *via* that, *via* every

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OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF HER BIG PLUSHY BATH-TOWEL, EVE CONSIDERED HER FATHER ONLY CASUALLY. "DON'T DELAY ME!" SHE SAID. "I'VE GOT TO MAKE A HUNDRED MUFFINS!"

other stupid old port in the world! Why, it will be months and months before we ever reach Melbourne! And of course on every —steamer," she began to monotone drearily, "of course—on every steamer there'll be some one with a mixed-up collection of shells or coins—and that will take all my mornings. And of course—on every steamer there'll be somebody struggling with the Chinese alphabet or the Burmese accents—and that will take all my afternoons. But in the evenings when people are just having fun," she kindled again, "and nobody wants me for anything, why, then you see I could steal—steal 'way up in the bow—where you're not allowed to go—and think about my — beautiful attic. — It's pretty lonesome," she whispered, "all snuggled up there alone in the night, and the spray and the sailors' shouts—if you haven't got anything *at all* to think about except just 'What's ahead?—What's ahead?—What's ahead?'—And even that belongs to God," she sighed a bit ruefully.

With a quick little jerk she edged herself even closer to Barton and sat staring up at him with her tousled head cocked on one side like an eager little terrier.

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"So if you just—*could*, Mr. Barton!" she began all over again. "And oh, I know it wouldn't be any real bother to you!" she hastened to reassure him. " 'Cause after Saturday, you know," she said, "I'll probably never—never be back in America again!"

"Then what satisfaction," laughed Barton, "could you possibly get in filling up an attic with things that you will never see again?"

"What satisfaction?" repeated little Eve Edgarton perplexedly. "What satisfaction?" Between her placid brows a very black frown deepened. "Why, just the satisfaction," she said, "of knowing, before you die, that you had definitely diverted to your own personality that much specific treasure out of the—out of the—world's chaotic maelstrom of generalities."

"Eh?" said Barton. "*What?* For Heaven's sake say it again!"

"Why — just the satisfaction —" began Eve Edgarton. Then quite abruptly the sullen lines grayed down again around her mouth. "It seems—funny to me, Mr. Barton," she almost whined, "that anybody as big as you are—shouldn't be able to understand anybody as little as—I am. But if I only—had an attic!" she cried out with apparent irrelevance. "Oh, if just once in my—whole life I could have even so much as an *atticful of home!*—Oh, please—please—please, Mr. Barton!" she pleaded. "Oh, please——!"

Swiftly she lifted her small brown face to his, and in her dreary, turbid eyes he saw the strangest little unfinished expression flame up suddenly and go out again, a little fleeting expression so sweet, so shy, so transcendently lovely, that if it had ever lived to reach her frowning brow, her sulky little mouth, her——

Then startlingly into his stare, into his amazement, broke a great white glare through the opening of the cave.

"My God!" he winced, with his elbow across his eyes.

"Why, it isn't lightning!" laughed little Eve Edgarton. "It's the moon!" Quick as a sprite she flashed to her feet and ran out into the moonlight. "We *can* go home now!" she called back triumphantly over her shoulder.

"Oh, we can, can we?" snapped Barton. His nerves were strangely raw. Altogether flounderingly he struggled to his knees, and tottered there watching the cheeky little moonbeams lap up the mystery of the cave, and snub the cheerful lantern-flame into a mere yellow spark.

Poignantly from the forest he heard Eve Edgarton's voice calling out into the night. "Come — mother's — horse! — Come — mother's — horse! — H—o—o, hoo! — Come—come—come!" Softly above the crackle of twigs, the thud of a hoof, the creak of a saddle, he sensed the long, tremulous, answering whinny.

Then almost like a silver apparition the girl's figure and the horse's seemed to merge together before him in the moonlight.

"Well — of — all — things!" stammered Barton.

"Oh, the horse is all right. I thought he'd stay round," called the girl. "But he's wild as a hawk—and it's going to be the dickens of a job, I'm afraid, to get you up on him."

Half walking, half crawling, Barton emerged from the cave. "To get *me* up?" he scoffed. "Well, what do you think you're going to do?"

Limply, as he asked, he sank back against the support of a tree.

"Why, I think," drawled Eve Edgarton, "I think — very — naturally — that you're going to ride—and I'm going to walk—back to the hotel."

"Well, I *am* not!" snapped Barton. "Well, you *are* not!" he protested vehemently. "For Heaven's sake, Miss Edgarton, why don't you go scooting back on the gray and send a wagon or something for me?"

"Why, because it would make—such a fuss," said little Eve Edgarton drearily. "Doors would bang—and lights would blaze—and somebody'd scream—and—and—You make so—much fuss when you're born," she said, "and so much fuss when you die—don't you think it's sort of nice to keep things as quietly to yourself as you can all the rest of your days?"

"Yes, of course," acknowledged Barton. "But——"

"But NOTHING!" stamped little Eve Edgarton with sudden passion. "Oh, Mr. Barton—won't you—please hurry! It's almost dawn now! And the nice hotel cook is very sick in a cot bed. And I promised her faithfully that I'd make a hundred muffins for breakfast!"

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"Oh, hell!" said Barton. Stumblingly he reached the big gray's side. "But it's miles!" he protested in common decency. "Miles!—and miles!—Rough walking, too, darned rough! And your poor little feet——"

"I don't walk particularly with my 'poor little feet,'" gibed Eve Edgarton. "Most especially, thank you, Mr. Barton, I walk with my big wanting-to-walk!"

"Oh!" said Barton. "O—h!" The bones in his knees began suddenly to slump like so many knots of tissue-paper. "Oh—all right — Eve!" he called out a bit hazily.

Then slowly and laboriously, with a very good imitation of meekness, he allowed himself to be pulled and pushed and jerked to the top of an old tree-stump, and from there at last, with many tricks and tugs and subterfuges, to the cramping side-saddle of the restive, rearing gray. Helplessly in the clear white moonlight he watched the girl's neck-muscles cord and strain. Helplessly in the clear white moonlight he heard the girl's breath rip and tear like a dry sob out of her gasping lungs. And then at last, blinded with sweat, dizzy with weakness, as breathless as herself, as wrenched, as triumphant, he found himself clinging fast to a worn suède pommel, jogging jerkily down the mountainside with Eve Edgarton's doll-sized hand dragging hard on the big gray's curb and her whole tiny weight shoved back aslant and astrain against the big gray's too eager shoulder—little droll, colorless, "meek" Eve Edgarton, after her night of stress and terror, with her precious scrap-book still hugged tight under one arm, striding staunchly home through the rough-footed, woodsy night to "make a hundred muffins for breakfast!"

At the first crook in the trail she glanced back hastily over her shoulder into the rustling shadows. "Good—by—Cave!" she sighed softly. "Good—by—Cave!" And once when some tiny woods-animal scuttled out from under her feet she smiled up a bit appealingly at Barton.

"All—those—papers—of mine—that I had to—leave back there in the cave," she whispered—"squirrels will get them, don't you think? And make nice nests of them?"

Twice at least Barton tried to persuade the heavy scrap-book away from her, and twice she snubbed him listlessly with the droning taunt that she was afraid he'd drop it. Several times surely they stopped for water at some sudden noisy brook. And once, or twice, or even three times perhaps, when some blinding daze of dizziness overwhelmed him, she climbed up with one foot into the roomy stirrup and steadied his swaying, unfeeling body against her own little harsh, reassuring, flannel-shirted breast.

Mile after mile through the jet-black lattice-work of the tree-tops the August moon spotted brightly down on them. Mile after mile through rolling pastures the moon-plaited stubble crackled and sucked like a sheet of wet ice under their feet. Then roads began—mere molten bogs of mud and moonlight; and little frail roadside bushes drunk with rain lay wallowing helplessly in every hollow.

Out of this primitive, uninhabited wilderness the hotel buildings loomed at last with startling conventionality. Even before their darkness, their discreetly shuttered windows, Barton winced back again with a sudden horrid new realization of his half-nakedness.

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried, "let's sneak in the back way somewhere! For Heaven's sake—what a sight I am to meet your father!"

"What a sight you are to—meet my father?" repeated Eve Edgarton with astonishment. "Oh, please don't insist on waking up father," she begged. "He hates so to be waked up. Oh, of course if *I'd* been hurt it would have been courteous of you to tell him," she explained seriously. "But, oh, I'm sure he wouldn't like your waking him up just to tell him that *you* got hurt!"

Softly under her breath she began to whistle toward a shadow in the stable-yard. "Usually," she whispered, "there's a sleepy stable-boy lying round here somewhere.

"Oh—Bob!" she summoned.

Rollingly the shadow named "Bob" struggled to its very real feet.

"Here, Bob!" she ordered. "Come help Mr. Barton. He's pretty badly off. We got sort of struck by lightning. And two of us—got killed. Go help him up-stairs. Do anything he wants. But please don't make any fuss. He'll be all right in the morning."

Gravely she put out her hand to Barton. "Good night!" she said.

"Good night, Bob!"

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Shrewdly for a moment she stood watching them out of sight, shivered a little when a box kicked over in some remote shed, and then, swinging round quickly, ripped the hot saddle from the big gray's back, slipped the bit from his tortured tongue, and, turning him loose with one sharp slap on his gleaming flank, yanked off her own thick, clattery riding-boots and went scudding off in her stocking-feet through innumerable doors and ells till, reaching the great empty office, she caromed off suddenly up three flights of stairs to her own apartment.

Once in her room her little traveling-clock told her it was precisely a quarter of three.

"Whew!" she gasped. Just "Whew!" Very furiously, at the big porcelain wash-bowl, she began to splash and splash and splash. "If I've got to make—a hundred—muffins," she said, "I surely have got to be—wh—iter than snow!"

Roused by the racket, her father came irritably and stood in the doorway.

"Oh, my dear Eve!" he complained, "didn't you get wet enough in the storm?—And for mercy's sake where have you been?"

Out of the depths of her dripping hair and her big plushy bath-towel little Eve Edgarton considered her father only casually.

"Don't delay me!" she said. "I've got to make a hundred muffins! And I'm so late I haven't even time to change my clothes!—We got struck by lightning," she added purely incidentally. "That is—sort of struck by lightning. That is, Mr. Barton got sort of struck by lightning. And oh glory, father!" her voice kindled a little. "And oh glory, father, I thought he was gone! Twice in the hours I was working over him I swear he stopped breathing altogether!"

Palpably the vigor died out of her voice again.

"Father," she drawled mumblingly through intermittent flops and flaps of bath-towel. "Father—you—said I could keep the next thing I—saved. Do you think I could—keep *him?*"

***"Little Eve Edgarton"** will be continued in the March number.*

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BESSIE MIGHT HAVE SPENT A YEAR OR TWO MORE AT FRENCH.

The VIOLINIST

by

GEORGE A BIRMINGHAM

AUTHOR OF "SPANISH GOLD," "GENERAL JOHN REGAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

IT WAS my sister who arranged that I should escort Mrs. Curtis and her daughter to Venice. I did not want to go there, and I had the strongest possible objection to going there with two American ladies whom I did not know; but when Edith settled the matter I gave in. Edith had always managed me. If she had proposed the whole plan at once, I might have resisted her; but she took me, so to speak, by easy stages, letting me in for the expedition first, and then, when I was committed to that, springing the Americans on me.

Young Reinhardt, of Reinhardt and Golding, publishers, met me in the club one day and asked me to write the letter-press of one of his new series of illustrated guide-books. He offered me a hundred pounds

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THE RESTAURANT CARS HAVE A WINDOW WHICH IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD TO OPEN.

and explained exactly what he wanted.

"Not a revised Baedeker," he said, "but a volume of chatty essays." Venice, it appeared, was the place I was to chat about. "You know the sort of thing I mean," he went on. " 'Evening Hours in St. Mark's,' 'Morning Strolls Among the Gondolas'."

"You can't stroll among the gondolas," I said. "But I think I understand."

My idea was to write the book comfortably in London. There was not the slightest necessity for me to go to Venice. I had been there twice, and could buy a guide-book of the orthodox kind so as to get my facts right. It was Edith who put a stop to that plan. She said it would not be honest to write the book without making a special expedition to the place. It surprised me to hear her say this, for Edith is not usually strong on the ethics of authorship. She regards the writing of books as a trade, not an art.

"No great book," she said, "can be written without serious effort. What you must do is to steep yourself in the atmosphere of the place, wander day after day through the palaces of the old nobility, brood over the traces of the glorious past, and that sort of thing."

"Very well," I said. "If you think I ought to, I will, but you can't make a guide-book literature, no matter what you soak yourself in. And there won't be much of Reinhardt's hundred left when I've done."

"The Curtises," said Edith casually about an hour later, "are going to Venice next week."

"I start to-morrow," I said. "Otherwise I should, of course, have liked to travel with them."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Edith. "Next week will suit you quite as well, and Mrs. Curtis told me that she always liked to have a man to travel with. Besides, Bessie is an extremely nice girl."

"I haven't met her," I said, "but I remember your telling me that she'd make an excellent wife for a literary man."

"So she would. She has very nice little

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fortune. The father wasn't vulgarly rich, but he was comfortable. Mrs. Curtis is doing Europe to complete Bessie's education. Pictures and statues, you know, and architecture and old furniture—just what a literary man wants in a wife."

"I'm not really literary," I said. "After all, guide-books don't appeal to the cultured minority."

I do not know what other literary men want in their wives, but I am quite clear that I do not want a veneer of Italian art glued over a solid structure of American dollars. The Curtises are Edith's latest friends. She had only known them about a week when she discovered that Bessie was just the wife for me. This, and all Edith told me about her, prejudiced me against the girl. I successfully avoided meeting the Curtises by refusing all Edith's invitations for two months; but of course I had to meet them in the end. I did, on the way to Venice.

I did not see anything of them between London and Dover. I put them into one compartment and traveled in another myself on the plea of wanting to smoke. I had no chance of talking to them on the steamer. I was frankly seasick. Mrs. Curtis was what she called "uncomfortable." Bessie lunched on board and afterward appreciated the beauty of the sea rather unsympathetically.

HE HAD AN OFFENSIVE KIND OF FACE.

It was in the train between Calais and Paris that I began to know Mrs. Curtis. My acquaintance with Bessie ripened later. Mrs. Curtis, I discovered, is one of those people who can not travel in a railway carriage unless the window is open. She is also the kind of person who always secures a corner seat with her back to the engine. Open windows do no harm to any one in that position. I had to sit with my face to the engine, and I had a stiff neck before we had ridden an hour. Also my hands, face, and collar were black with smut. Bessie sat beside her mother and slept profoundly.

We dined in Paris and afterward got our berths in the sleeping-car. I was earning a hundred pounds by my excursion, so I felt entitled to such comfort as a *wagon-lits* affords. Bessie's berth was paid for, I suppose, out of her "nice little fortune." But the charges of the International Sleeping Car Company are high, and Bessie's fortune will not last long if she squanders it in this fashion, unless indeed it is much larger than Edith seems to think. With Mrs. Curtis's financial position I was not concerned. There was no question of my marrying her. But I hoped that the berths in her compartment would be behind the window. If they were, and if, as I expected, she occupied the lower one, she would have as much smut as she wanted all over her body before morning, and perhaps a bad cold.

At five o'clock in the morning the sleeping-car attendant wakened me to give me some coffee—the kind of coffee which is sold at unhallowed hours on the platforms of French railway stations. It comes to the consumer in large white bowls, and has quantities of sugar in it. I took my bowl gratefully, and heard the attendant knocking at the door of the next compartment, that in which the Curtises were. They too took the coffee, thankfully at first, but a minute later there was a row. Mrs. Curtis opened her door.

"Man, man," she called.

Then, remembering that she was in France, she called "*Garçon! garçon!*" This apparently attracted the attention of the attendant, for she went on:

"*Jamais, jamais,* I never take sugar in my *café. Jamais,* do you hear?"

It is the boast of the International Sleeping Car Company that its attendants speak all ordinary languages. But Mrs. Curtis tried our man too high. By way of making things easier for him she pronounced her English with an elaborate French accent, saying "nevair" and

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"soogaar." This puzzled the man, and Bessie came to her mother's rescue. I could hear her plainly because she spoke distinctly and very clearly.

"*Madame ma mère*," she said, "*ne prend dans son*—no, *sa*, no, *son*—anyhow, *dans café*."

I had gathered that Bessie's education was complete except for the finishing touches to be supplied by Italian art; but it seemed to me that she might with advantage spend a year or two more at French. I felt it my duty to interfere. I am not a good linguist; but I felt tolerably confident that the man would understand English if I spoke it in a natural way. I opened my door and put out my head. The attendant was standing in the corridor in his neat brown uniform. Bessie, in a pale-blue dressing-gown, with her hair in a long pig-tail, was also in the corridor, pushing a bowl of coffee into the man's hands.

"*Café sans aucun sucre*," she said. "*Sans aucun du tout*."

My impulse was to withdraw, but Bessie saw me and appealed to me for help in her struggle with the dense stupidity of a man who could not understand either English or French. I did not venture to go out, because I had no dressing-gown, only a suit of pajamas; but I told the man that Mrs. Curtis wanted coffee without sugar. He explained quite intelligibly in English that coffee without sugar was unobtainable at that station.

"What nonsense!" she said. "Of course it can be got!"

She walked down the corridor and disappeared through the door at the end of it. I could not see what happened after that, and I do not know whether Bessie actually descended to the platform or contented herself with addressing the coffee vendor from the steps of the sleeping-car; but the train was ten minutes late leaving that station, and just as it began to move Bessie came along the corridor again with a fresh bowl of coffee. She told me as she passed that there was very little, if any, sugar in it.

I began to think that Edith was right in saying that Bessie would make a good wife for a literary man. Young Reinhardt would not have got his Chatty Strolls among Gondolas for a hundred pounds from her husband. He would have had to pay two hundred at least. A girl who would face the crowd on a French railway platform in a blue dressing-gown and drag sugarless coffee from unwilling men to whom she could not speak, all for the sake of an unattractive mother, would defeat any publisher living if she were fighting the battles of a husband whom she really loved.

We had no further adventures until after we left Milan. A restaurant car was hooked on to our train at that city, and I conducted my two ladies into it at about twelve o'clock. Mrs. Curtis at once asked me to open the window. Now the engineer of the International Company which owns the restaurant cars has succeeded in inventing a window which is more difficult than any other in the world to open. I struggled with it in vain, succeeding only in getting my hands disgustingly dirty. When I gave up, bruised and dispirited, Bessie opened it.

A few minutes afterward the waiter came upon us and shut it with a bang. A German who sat at the next table had sent the waiter to do this. I saw him giving his order to the man. So did Mrs. Curtis. She made some very scathing remarks about Germans, in a loud tone, and I could see Bessie's eyes flashing. I privately sympathized with the German, because my table napkin had been blown away during the short time the window was open.

I explained to Mrs. Curtis that the Italian law forbade the opening of railway carriage windows, and that the penalty attached to the offense is very severe. This may be true. I do not know whether it is or not. It was certainly necessary to say something of the kind. Bessie fully intended to open the window again, and if I had not stopped her there would have been a row with the German.

When lunch was over the German lit a cigar. Bessie's eyes flashed again. She had no objection whatever to the smell of tobacco, indeed she smokes herself; but she had caught sight of a notice printed over the door of the car, "*E Vietato Fumare*." "*Fumare*" obviously meant "to smoke"; "*é*" was a very small word not likely to matter one way or the other. Bessie took out a pocket dictionary and looked out "*vietato*." She found, as I expected she would, that it meant "forbidden."

Now any one who is accustomed to the restaurant cars in Italy knows that this

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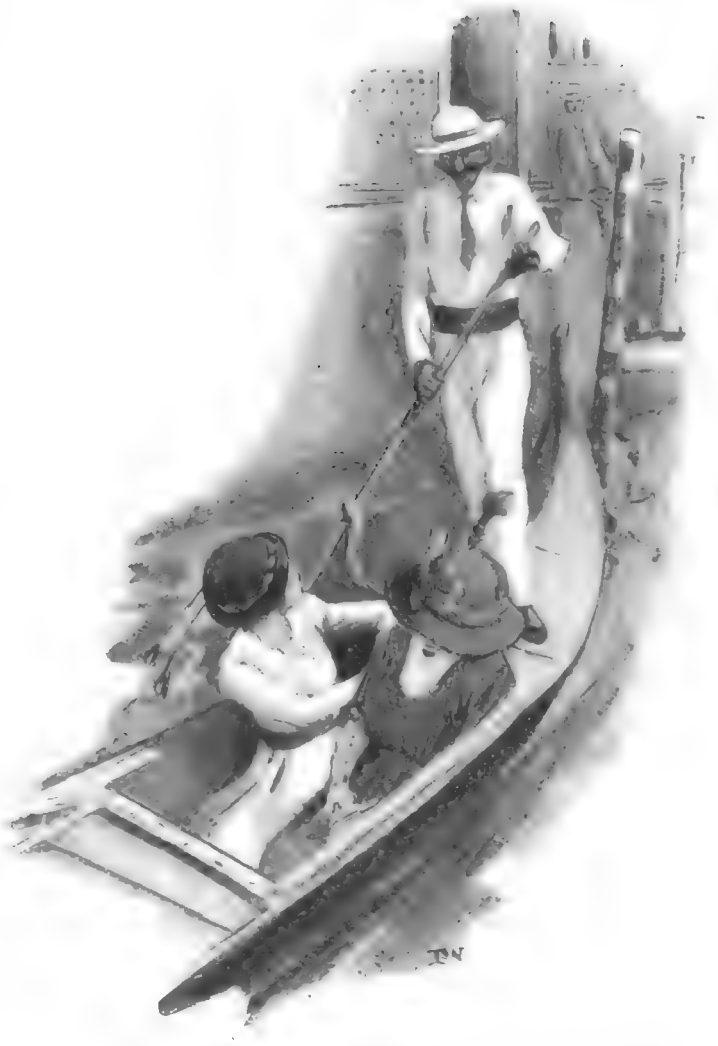
notice is put up only as an ornament. Every one smokes as much and as often as desirable. But Bessie saw her opportunity. She beckoned to the waiter, directed his attention first to the notice and then to the German's cigar. She demanded in unmistakable pantomime that the German should at once be compelled to quench his cigar in his coffee. The waiter delivered the message.

The German, his cigar in his mouth, turned round and stared in astonishment at Bessie. He had, I must say, an offensive kind of face; and he deliberately puffed at his cigar in a way that I can only call insulting. Bessie did not hesitate for a second. She opened the window to its fullest extent. The train was going at a high speed and the inrush of air felt like a gale. I clung to our tablecloth and tried to rescue my wine-glass, which was blown away. When I looked round the German was in full flight from the car, pursued by the waiter with the bill for his lunch.



"*ALLEGRO*," BESSIE WAS URGING THE GONDOLIER, "*FORTISSIMO!*"

Edith was certainly right about Bessie. German tourists are not the only enemies of the human race. I know editors who return manuscripts much better and in every way more suitable for publication than those which they print. A literary man with a wife like Bessie would, I think, have his revenge every time. The ingenuity of Bessie's plan and the prompt vigor with which she had carried it out filled me with admiration.

The Curtises stayed in my hotel in Venice; so, oddly enough, did the German whom Bessie had defeated in the train. We saw him at dinner on the evening of our arrival, and Bessie nodded to him in the friendliest way. She bore him no malice at all on account of the way she had treated him; which convinced me that she was a young woman of magnanimous spirit. It is very hard to feel kindly toward any one whom you have misused.

Next morning Mrs. Curtis invited me to join her and Bessie in making a tour of the city. She proposed, she said, to do St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace before lunch. I declined, for several reasons. Edith had said

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"IN PLAYING THE PIANO IN A PUBLIC ROOM, I AM MY RIGHT WELL WITHIN."

I was to soak myself in the Venetian spirit. I should not succeed in more than damping my skin if I did St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace in three hours; and I did not want to go to prison for acquiescing in the methods which Bessie would adopt to get windows open for her mother. She might be reduced to breaking them, and it really is a criminal offense to break stained glass in a cathedral. These were my real reasons for refusing Mrs. Curtis's invitation.

What I told her was that I must begin writing my book at once because young Reinhardt was clamoring for it. In order to convince her that this was true I went up to my bedroom and brought down a quantity of paper and two pens. Then I settled myself at a writing-table in a corner of what our landlord calls the winter garden of our hotel. Mrs. Curtis and Bessie went off in a gondola. I saw them sail away and heard Bessie urging on the gondolier in good Italian.

"*Allegro,*" she said. "*Con molto spirito! Vivace! Fortissimo!*"

Her music, I thought, must be better than her French.

I went peaceably to sleep. Women are different; but a man requires some sleep after traveling straight through from London to Venice. Besides, I had promised Edith that I would soak myself in the atmosphere of the place. I was wakened at eleven o'clock by the sound of the piano. There was a grand piano in the corner of the winter garden, and our German enemy was playing at it, hard.

It is possible, as I have often proved at concerts, to sleep through almost any kind of music. I did a little musical criticism at one time and had some experience even of orchestras. If only the music retains its character it is no real bar to sleep. Soft music is, of course, actually soothing. Dances and marches weave themselves into agreeable dreams. Even the works of the most passionate modern composers do not disturb me so long as they are fairly consistent.

But this German played music of the most variable kind. I should not have complained if it had varied merely by being sometimes loud and sometimes soft. That one expects. But he wandered from Brahms to Wagner; gave me scraps of Chopin and little bits of Mozart. Occasionally he emitted a few phrases of what promised to be a tune, and then, just as I was getting hold of it, he shattered it with a series of violent chords. Sleep became totally impossible.

I composed, with great care, a very polite German sentence in which I asked him to put off his performance until the afternoon, because I was writing a book. I went over to the piano and recited it to

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him. I began, I remember, "Verehrlich Herr Professor," which ought to have softened any one's heart. It means, or was supposed to mean, "Most honorable Mr. Professor," and all Germans look up to professors.

He looked at me malevolently. "I should," he said, "much more easily and with less mental effort understand, if you in your own tongue speak. I have the English language fluently and idiomatically acquired."

I felt less inclined to be polite after that, but I kept my temper. "If you really know English," I said—"and of course I take your word for it—I shall try to make it plain to you that I am writing a book, a very important book, on Venetian Art, and I find it difficult to concentrate my thoughts on Paul Veronese while you are performing selections from the works of eminent musicians. I should be very much obliged to you, very much indeed, if you'd——"

"In playing the piano," he said, "in a public room of the hotel, I am my legitimate right well within."

"I know that," I said. "I'm not disputing your legal right to play. I know I can't force you to stop. I was appealing to your sense of courtesy. As a professor you must be able to appreciate the feelings of a literary man, and ordinary courtesy will suggest to you——"

"Courtesy," he said. "What is that?"

I saw that there was no use arguing with him any more. I went back to my corner. I felt that since I could not possibly sleep I might as well write a few pages of the guide-book for Reinhardt. I thought of beginning with a chapter on tourists of other nationalities. Before I had written a word Bessie Curtis came in. She smiled at the German, who was working through the first movement of the Waldstein Sonata, and then came over to me.

"Mother," she shouted, "has been obliged to go to her room and lie down." She had to shout on account of the Waldstein.

"Headache, I suppose?" I yelled.

Bessie nodded. The German turned his attention suddenly to a nocturne of Chopin's. I was able to speak in an ordinary voice.

"Brought on, I suppose, by the airless condition of the Doge's Palace."

"Not a window in the whole place that I could get open. Wouldn't it be rather nice now, as she has broken down, if you were to take me in a gondola to see them making glass, or else somewhere to eat ices? I suppose you've finished your book by this time?"

"I haven't written a word," I said.

"FRÄULEIN," HE SAID, "IN THE NAME OF THE ALMIGHTY, STOP!"

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"How could I with that German of yours playing the piano?"

"Shall I stop him?"

"Do," I said, "if you can."

I had begun to hate that German bitterly, and I had the greatest confidence in Bessie. I was also curious to see what would happen when he told her that he was well within his rights in playing the hotel piano in a public room. I felt sure he would tell her that, and he did.

She spoke to him quite politely, though she did not call him a Highly Honored Professor. He answered her exactly as he had answered me. Bessie made no appeal to his courtesy. She turned and left the room. The German smiled and began one of Bach's fugues.

I confess that I felt disappointed. I had expected Bessie to put up some kind of a fight. She had done so much for her mother that I thought she would have faced one small difficulty for me. I sighed. The German played on triumphantly.

Then Bessie returned carrying a violin in her hand. She told me afterward she had borrowed it from the head waiter, using the hall porter as an interpreter, for the head waiter's English, though ample for all purposes of his proper business, did not run to the names of musical instruments. Bessie sat down behind the German and screwed up her strings. He was so absorbed in the intricacies of the second fugue that he did not notice her. She drew the bow downward across the strings with a sharp jerk, and then, equally sharply, pushed it up again. She succeeded in getting sound out of all four strings.

The German lifted his hands from the piano, turned round, and looked at her with a face of horror. Bessie smiled pleasantly and began to work the bow up and down each string in turn with a series of short but vigorous strokes. I am not very musical, but I felt inclined to shriek. The noise Bessie made was absolutely diabolical. The German, I think, was musical. He stuffed his fingers into both his ears.

"*Fräulein*," he said, "*gnädiges Fräulein*, in the name of the Almighty, stop!"

Bessie fiddled on relentlessly. The German relapsed into his own tongue, and my impression is that he swore abominably. Bessie was gaining a mastery over her instrument every minute, and making noises that I should not before have believed to be possible. The German—he must have been very musical indeed—fell on his knees beside her and reached up supplicating hands.

"*Fräulein*," he said, "you are unspeakably terrible discord making. To me it is no longer without frenzy and madness to be borne."

Bessie stopped. "I am," she said, "well within my rights in playing the fiddle in a public room in the hotel."

The German got up from his knees and stumbled out of the room. I never saw him again, so I think he must have left the hotel.

"Now," said Bessie, "go on with your book. Do you think you can finish it before lunch?"

"I'm inclined to leave this book for the present," I said. "Let's go in a gondola, and get ices. I know a shop in the Piazza where they have them really good."

I am now convinced that Edith was quite right. The literary man who is lucky enough to get Bessie for a wife has fame and fortune within easy grasp. Difficulties simply disappear before her.

You know Sherman's definition of war.

Now read a great poet's description of the *why* of war; the plain prose reasons—greed and self-interest. Mr. Alfred Noyes, the brilliant young English poet, has written a tremendous indictment of "The War-Makers"—a poem that is a powerful light in dark places, and a notable contribution to the cause of World Peace. Nothing in his published work shows more clearly his fine understanding of modern forces and the breadth of his genius.

The poem begins on page 186 of this issue.

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See the Inventor, with his Lawyer, Giving the Patent Office Examiner his Application for a Patent. Watch it Grow.

BETTER BUSINESS

ITS FIRST NEED: Let Congress give us a Better Patent Office

by

WILLIAM HARD

DECORATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

THE United States, operating its Patent System, is our first and greatest Business Man.

We commonly think of the Patent System as if it were a mere recording device for successive inventions—like a cash register for sales. We misapprehend its purpose altogether. Its true image is that of a mighty pumping engine designed to raise Knowledge and Capital out of their wells of secrecy and of timidity and designed then to discharge them in a combined stream out upon the fields of new business achievement.

The United States Government can perform this great national task very well or it can perform it very badly.

In the year 1908 the United States Government granted a patent to Louis Steinberger of Brooklyn. It was for an insulator, important to the important art of conducting electricity great distances in wires.

Five times since then the United States Government has uttered a formal decision as to whether it ought to have granted that insulator to Steinberger or, contrariwise, to one Edward M. Hewlett of Schenectady.

Nobody can manufacture that insulator with security to-day.

Twice the United States Government has said: "We were right in giving it to Steinberger; let him have it." Three times it has said: "We were wrong in giving it to Steinberger; let it pass to Hewlett."

Its sixth state of mind with regard to its own behavior has been invoked, and impends. And there may be a seventh before the case finishes its travels from cell to cell along the nerve-paths of the Government's official brain and is at last happily ejected in a final and really *decisive* decision.

But let Steinberger win then, or let Hewlett. In either case there will have been great injustice and great business loss.

For suppose Steinberger wins. Suppose he gets the insulator confirmed to him in the spring of this very year. He will then be able to exercise a commercial control of it. But then more than five years of his patent will have gone by. Patents last only

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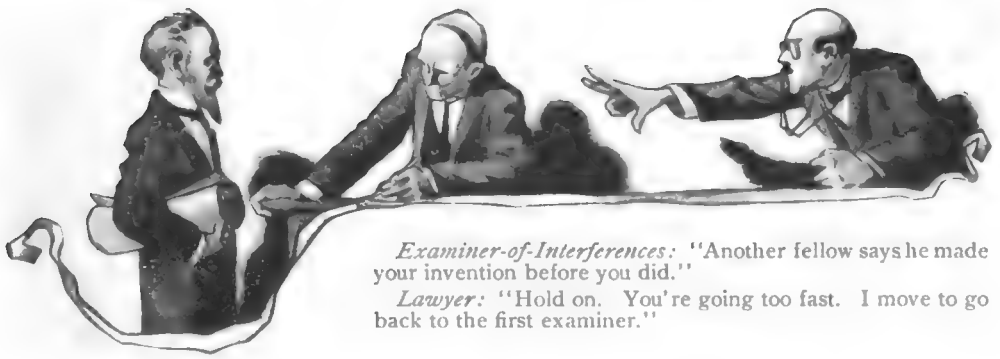

Examiner-of-Interferences: "Another fellow says he made your invention before you did."

Lawyer: "Hold on. You're going too fast. I move to go back to the first examiner."

seventeen years. Their value is a time-value. The life of Steinberger's patent began to ebb away unstanchably in the fall of 1908. Coming to a commercial control of it in the spring of 1914, Steinberger will have lost a third of its life, a third of its value, utterly.

Thus will Steinberger have been "secured" in his invention.

It is bad business.

Bad business is being done every day of every month of every year by the Patent Office.

There is a certain way of making sulphuric acid. It is called the "contact process," and it is an intellectual and commercial triumph. Patents regarding it were issued by the United States Patent Office. They were issued in two groups, to two great chemical companies. One group went to the Badische Company. The other went to the General Chemical Company. *But the two groups overlapped.* The United States Patent Office had "secured" the Badische Company in "exclusive rights" to certain things for seventeen years and had simultaneously "secured" the General Chemical Company in "exclusive rights" to things identically the same! Result?

The two companies had to hire bands of lawyers and chemists and go into the courts and spend several years legally, chemically, *and expensively* disentangling the work of the Patent Office and getting their respective rights sorted out and settled.

The Patent Office did in this case what it has done in countless other cases. It inflicted an intolerable and a totally unnecessary expense on the people immediately concerned, and it injured all other people by introducing doubt and delay into the development of an important industry.

Why do we give patents at all?

To understand why we must make a sacrifice. We must deprive ourselves of the comforting sentimental idea that we give patents in order to do honor to inventors or even in order to reward them.

The Patent System is not a Carnegie Hero Fund. It is a business proposition, the most important business proposition in the governmental life of modern industrial nations. And it is a very chilly business proposition, utterly unwarmed by any immediate preference as to whether the inventor shall die in a palace or in a garret.

In the real purpose of the Patent System there are just two parts. The first is to drive a shrewd bargain with Capital.

You have money. We like to think that other people will put money into new enterprises no matter what conditions are offered them. So I say *you* have money.

To you, sitting on it, comes a man profoundly excited about a new steam-turbine he has just thought of. "All we need," says he, "is to do the technical experimental work to make it operate."

The money being yours, you respond: "Just wait a moment while I run around the corner and find out how much the General Electric Company spent technically experimenting on the excellent and famous turbine Mr. Curtis thought of."

I spoke last month of the treatment accorded by the General Electric Company and by the Westinghouse Company to a certain important invention outside their bulwarks. Their power to prevent such an invention from attaining to a wide use in American industrial life has often been too great to be consistent with free business progress. But when they are friendly to such an invention or when an invention of value springs up out of their own organizations, the work they do in developing it and in popularizing it has been progressive in the

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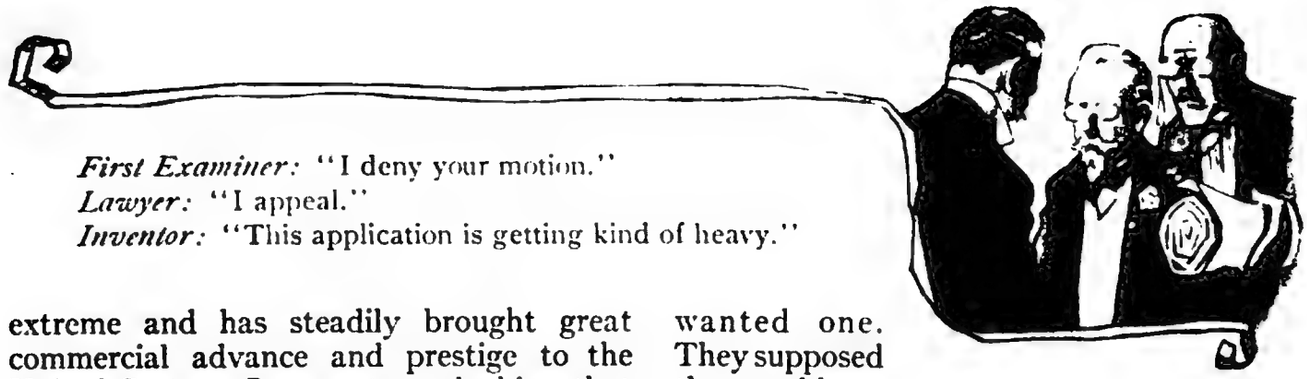

First Examiner: "I deny your motion."
Lawyer: "I appeal."
Inventor: "This application is getting kind of heavy."

extreme and has steadily brought great commercial advance and prestige to the United States. I am not overlooking that fact, and I shall detail it at length in its proper place in this series.

So you come back from around the corner and say:

"It's all right. The General Electric people spent about three million dollars on the Curtis turbine, tinkering with it, before they got it to the point of making any money out of it. I learn that there may be a gap of anywhere from a few thousand dollars to several million (and you can't tell which beforehand) between the *idea* of a big, new, important, complicated thing and the day when that idea, not on paper but in hard, cruel metal, will *work*.

"I'm pleased. Here's the money.

"Of course your turbine is probably no good at all. It probably won't live to use an ounce of steam in actual practise. More money is lost than made promoting new inventions. But——"

And here you ascend into the skies of altruism which the people who want to abolish the Patent System seem to see you inhabiting. They see you there and they hear you saying:

"I don't want a patent on this turbine. When I get it to working and put it on the market and anybody can look at it and see how it's done, I want them all to come in and manufacture it in competition against me with no preliminary investment of three million dollars or of one dollar to carry.

"If I lose, I lose alone. But if I win, I want to contribute my three million dollars and your perfected idea to anybody who needs it in his business."

For three million dollars, read three hundred dollars or three cents. The principle is the same.

Holland and Switzerland, even recently, thought that you would talk as I have imagined you talking to the man with the new turbine. Neither Holland nor Switzerland had a Patent System. Neither of them wanted one. They supposed they could get people to do pioneering and then share their findings with all their fellow citizens. They found they were mistaken. Their industrial life was languishing. Both of them have Patent Systems to-day.

A patent is a device to induce Capital to take chances on new ideas. It says: "You may have exclusive rights to the fruits of those ideas for seventeen years." We know beforehand that in most cases there will be no fruits. But we tempt Capital by offering it a short-time monopoly on the speculative prospect of fruits. And we profit as a nation by the valuable new commodities and the important new industries that happen to win through into existence.

Such is our bargain with Capital. How do we keep it?

The Kansas City Hay Press Company bought a patent. It had a long number on it—495,944—and a red seal. It said, implicitly: "This invention has been examined by the United States Patent Office, which charged a fee for doing so. It has been found to be a *new* invention and a *real* invention—therefore a *patentable* invention. The owner of this patent is the owner of this invention for seventeen years."

It was property, intellectual property. Buying it, the Kansas City Hay Press became the owner of the idea of using a "folding apron" in a certain manner in those humble but emphatic machines, hay presses.

(Curious, now. If a man extracts a pearl from the sea, we're sure it's his; and we're even willing to see him transmit it to his heirs forever. But if he excogitates an idea out of his head, which he certainly owns more than he owns the sea, we think we're doing him a favor if we let him have it for seventeen years.)

The Kansas City Hay Press Company found that a gentleman named Devol and certain other gentlemen were using its property—its patent No. 495,944, its

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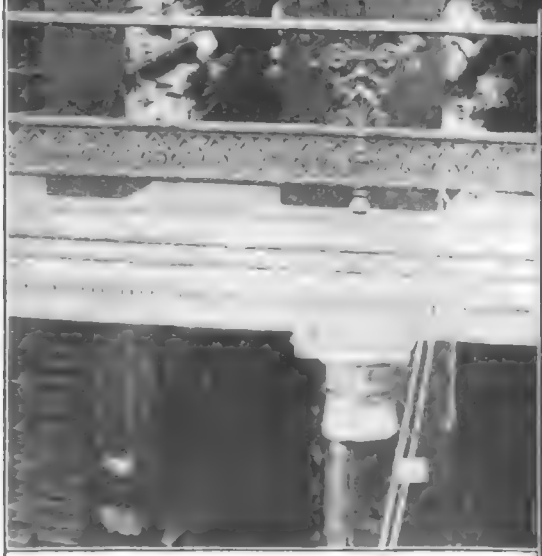
NO WINDOWS. NO VENTILATION. DUST AS BAD AS THE AIR. BOY EMPLOYEES OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.



EDWARD B. MOORE, EX-COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS. READ HIS VIGOROUS PATENT OFFICE OPINIONS IN THIS ARTICLE.

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THOMAS EWING, PRESENT COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS, WHO IS DOING BIG WORK TO MAKE PATENTS BETTER.

KIND OF OFFICE CONGRESS GIVES ITS MOST IMPORTANT PATENT-OFFICE MEN.

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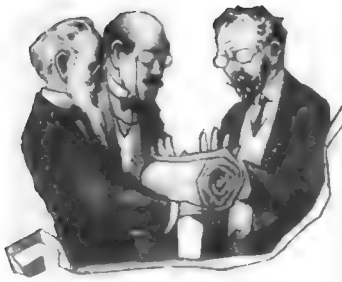

Commissioner-of-Patents: "I grant your motion."
Lawyer: "Fine. Now we'll go back to the Examiner-of-Interferences."

"folding apron" idea—for which it had paid money. The Kansas City Hay Press Company took those gentlemen before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. It asked the Court to order them to keep to their own inventions and to stop using the inventions on which the Kansas City Hay Press Company had spent many dollars and on which it had built up its business. The court replied:

"Yes, but a man named Whitman made this same invention quite a while before the Patent Office patented it to the man who sold it to you. Whitman got a patent on it himself—No. 446,311. Your man came along afterward. Your patent is fifty thousand numbers after Whitman's. The invention was *not* new when your man took it to the Patent Office. The Patent Office said it was, but the Patent Office made a mistake. Your patent is invalid, void, worthless. You lost money buying it. You lost money suing on it. Pay your lawyers. And don't forget to pay the court costs as you pass out."

Sad scenes like this must occur. But need they occur so frequently?

Frank Keiper, patent attorney, took the pains to count all the patents which were issued by the Patent Office in six different years and which were afterward taken into court and passed on by judges. There were 653 of them. *One hundred and seventy-nine were declared invalid.* That was a quarter of the whole number.

Those 179 bargains with Capital—and with the inventor, whose invention would lie dead without Capital—were all canceled forthwith. But the injury does not end there. It only begins there.

The copious presence of invalid patents in the patent market touches all patents with scandal and suspicion. Men who might have it in them to travel untried paths to uncertain rewards are led to meditate on the quiet domestic beauty of four-and-a-half-per-cent. bonds and the homely wisdom of leaving new inventions alone.

And especially is this true of the very men for whom the hook of the Patent System was especially built and baited—the sound men of moderate means looking for reasonable chances and larger fortunes.

If Steinberger, who is now defending his insulator patent against Hewlett, had come to you the day after he got that patent and had asked you to invest in it, you might readily have said, as thousands of other men in such cases are saying to-day:

"I don't know whether you own that insulator or not. I don't know whether you have a patent or not. How can I tell the good ones from the bad ones? I'm not a big corporation. I can't hire a big lawyer to do the work of the Patent Office all over again and assure me that your patent is valid. I guess you'll have to get into a lawsuit with somebody for three or four years before you can convince me. When you've got a decision by a Circuit Court of Appeals saying that your patent will stick, come back and see me and perhaps I'll be interested."

If you had spoken in that manner, you would have spoken well; because, if you had bought Steinberger's patent, you would now be running not an insulator business but a legal Marathon, and you would be doing it against that deep-chested antagonist, the General Electric Company, which is Hewlett's employer and which owns Hewlett's rights.

The Patent Office, as the starter of the race between Hewlett and Steinberger, helped to make it the most famous patent-law event now on the cards by going sound asleep with the starting-pistol in its hand.

It had both Hewlett and Steinberger before it in 1908. They were both applying for patents. They were both claiming the same insulator. Clearly, they couldn't both have it. Their applications "interfered." But no "interference" was discovered or declared. The insulator was patented to Steinberger. If it had been patented to Hewlett, without an "interference", it would have been a bad enough dream. Patenting it to Steinberger was a nightmare.

Steinberger didn't get to the office till 1908. Hewlett had got there in 1906. His applications had been read and reread by

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Examiner-of-Interferences: "Welcome back. I decide the other man made your invention first."
Lawyer: "I appeal."

the Office. Yet Steinberger was sent forth with an official paper under his arm announcing him to the world as the undisputed sole inventor and sole owner of the insulator, after examination by the United States Government. A year and a half of business on that basis went by. And it was actually not till the middle of 1910 that the "interference" was discovered and the starting-shot for it fired.

Every such incident gives a new pause to patent-owners and to prospective patent-buyers—which means to Invention itself.

The United States Government, operating its Patent System, is failing to make a delivery of the whole of its side of the bargain with Capital. It is failing by a wide margin. And it is failing simply because of its perverse unwillingness to spend a reasonable amount of money on making the work of the Patent Office what it ought to be.

How do I know that better Patent Office work can be done? I know it because it *is* done. By the Germans.

The Germans are indebted to us for the central idea of their Patent System. *We* originated the idea of *examining* every invention, of proving it to be a *new* invention and a *real* invention *before* patenting it. *We* originated the idea of trying to issue no patents except *valid* ones. The Germans took it from us. But they have developed it beyond us.

To-day the German patent outclasses ours admittedly. The American business man himself frequently says to the inventor who offers him an American patent: "Have you a German patent on this, too?" He means: "If your invention survived the examination of the German Patent Office, I shall be surer that it *is* an invention and that it will stand up under litigation in the courts."

Edward B. Moore, when Commissioner of Patents, said frankly to Congress in 1910, speaking of American patents: "*They are not as good as German patents by any means.*"

That's just like giving the Germans a subsidy to try to beat us for the trade of the world.

The valid patent is the one true legislative nursery of inventive industrial progress.

If Steinberger loses to Hewlett, the list of invalid patents will be lengthened by one; there will be one more splash of a patent going overboard with a good, heavy load of lawyers' fees and stenographers' charges and printers' bills and court costs tied to its dead feet; but there will be another injury to business, too; and one that is just as contrary to the purpose of the Patent System.

The second part of that purpose is to drive a shrewd bargain with Knowledge.

We want to add new inventions as rapidly as possible to the common information and to the common use of the people of the United States.

Steinberger, who is a manufacturer as well as an inventor of insulators, makes all his insulators out of a material called "Electrose." He invented it. It is a very remarkable and very useful material, so much superior to glass and to porcelain that an electric current strong enough to cut straight through glass or porcelain will leave "Electrose" totally unharmed.

We should like to know, as a nation, just how "Electrose" is made. We don't know now. Steinberger hasn't patented it. And he won't patent it.

Steinberger patents the *shapes* of many of the insulators that come out of his factory. It is an insulator-*shape* that is now in controversy between him and Hewlett. But the stuff his insulators are made of is more important, a thousand times over, than all the shapes he ever devised. Steinberger won't patent that.

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Examiners-in-Chief: "You invented it first, assuming it is an invention, which perhaps it is or isn't."

Lawyer: "Five or six more decisions like that and we'll have our patent."

He is afraid that the Patent System would not protect him in it. He is afraid that the courts would not successfully prevent his competitors from using it, if they could once read about it in a patent describing it. So he keeps it to himself.

"I wouldn't patent Electrose," says Steinberger, "unless I had a hundred thousand dollars to defend it with in the courts."

This distrust of the courts as protectors of intellectual property is keeping thousands of other valuable inventions concealed from the nation in the workshops of their owners. It is a subject to discuss in an article on the courts, however, and not in an article on the Patent Office. Here we are concerned with the argument which the Patent Office itself addresses to Steinberger and to all other inventors. It says:

"We will give you seventeen years of exclusive rights if you will tell us your invention; and the sooner you tell it to us the better pleased we shall be. The sooner you tell it to us, the greater will be our gain. Because:

"As soon as we patent it to you we will publish a complete description of it and sell that description for five cents to all other inventors and to all other manufacturers in order that they may read it and think about it and improve on it. So shall we add it to the free common *information* of the people of the United States.

"And, then, as soon as your seventeen years have gone by, the right to practise your invention will belong as completely to us as to your heirs. So shall we add it to the free common *use* of the people of the United States."

Speed, then, is of the essence of the second part of the purpose of the Patent System.

The sooner we get an invention through the Patent Office into a patent the sooner we bring it to the people.

Assuming Hewlett the winner, how long will it have taken us to get his insulator through the Patent Office? It will have taken us *eight* years. To its seventeen years of public monopoly, we shall have added a prelude of *eight* years of Patent Office protection.

Hewlett, you see, unlike Steinberger, is still a Patent Office applicant. He was a Patent Office applicant in 1906. He is a Patent Office applicant in 1914. His patent, if he gets it, will not be the one now resting in the name of Steinberger. It will be a new one, with all its seventeen years of life in it. Not till 1931, not till *twenty-five* years after it came to the Patent Office, will that insulator emerge into the free public use of the people of the United States.

When the camel gets through threading the needle's eye, it can turn around and watch the patent application just beginning to really catch the eye of the Patent Office.

February 15, 1906. That is the date, in the Patent Office, of Hewlett's original application.

October 31, 1906. (Eight months later.) That is the date of the first action taken by the Patent Office in regard to the Hewlett application.

October 23, 1907. (Almost a year still later.) That is the date of the first action taken by Hewlett in reply to the first action taken by the Patent Office.

A little matter of twenty months for one exchange of communications!

The Patent Office rules are strict. When you get a letter from a Patent Office official in the course of a correspondence of this kind, you must reply to it *within one year*, absolutely.

There is at least one application in the Patent Office to-day which has been there since 1880. The owner of that application does not belong to the "mob of gentlemen

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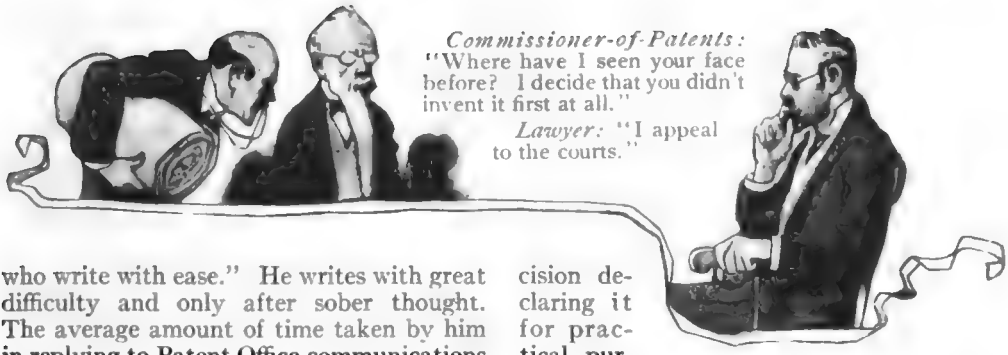

Commissioner-of-Patents: "Where have I seen your face before? I decide that you didn't invent it first at all."

Lawyer: "I appeal to the courts."

who write with ease." He writes with great difficulty and only after sober thought. The average amount of time taken by him in replying to Patent Office communications has been nine months.

Nobody knows what that application may reveal, when it is patented and published. It may grant its owner a seventeen-year monopoly on an idea which was a dream in 1880, but which has been waked up into a reality since that time by the labors of other people.

That prince of procrastinators, George Selden of Rochester, kept his great automobile patent pending in the Patent Office for sixteen years. He spent three hundred and sixty-three days once complying with a Patent Office order for a piece of etiquette —a "new oath."

His patent, on its issue, turned out to be an attempt to cover just about the whole of the quite interesting idea of propelling a road vehicle by means of a "liquid hydrocarbon" gas-engine.

In 1879, when Selden went into the Patent Office, the automobile was commercially impossible; because, for one thing, the engine had not yet been built that could really do the job. In 1894, when he came out of the Patent Office, the automobile was moving commercially along the roads of the United States.

Other people had been developing the automobile while Selden had been conducting polite correspondence about it with the Patent Office. His patent swooped upon them like a confiscation of their work. It made the automobile manufacturers of the United States spend several hundreds of thousands of dollars for lawyers and experts; it discouraged further invention in the automobile field; it had its part in putting the United States behind France in that field; it imposed eighteen volumes of testimony on the innocent judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, who turned upon it and ended its life in a decision declaring it for practical purposes invalid; and it was in every respect one long national error and disaster, of which the principal source was Patent Office delay.

Well, why not compel Patent Office applicants to take their pens in hand and reply to Patent Office communications promptly? That must be done and, undoubtedly, will be done. But a much greater reform will remain to be accomplished. Who will force the Patent Office examiners to be prompter and more effective in their official actions?

You have seen that the first action taken by the Patent Office on the Hewlett application was dated *eight months* after that application reached the office.

Moreover, if a Patent Office examiner sends you three successive letters dealing with some such triviality as the wording of the title of your application, so giving you a chance to spend three successive years trivially amending it, the delay resulting may be credited incidentally to you, but it must be primarily credited to him.

Commissioner of Patents Moore told Congress that "thousands" of the communications sent out to applicants were "careless and ill-considered" and "nothing more than frivolous."

But why? Because the Office is undermanned, underpaid, underequipped, and vilely housed, thwarted in its supreme service to American business and even perverted from that service by the costly economy of the Congress of the United States.

The money Congress ought to spend and does *not* spend in the Patent Office is one of the heaviest burdens it lays on the business of the country.

We want good work in the Patent Office. We want work that will put inventions through into patents rapidly and validly.

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LOUIS STEINBERGER, INVENTOR OF "ELECTROSE," A MARVELOUS SECRET MATERIAL USED FOR ELECTRIC INSULATORS. THE STEINBERGER-HEWLETT CASE IS THE "SCREAM" OF PRESENT PERFORMANCES ON THE PATENT-LAW STAGE.

To get that work, what do we provide for the workers?

To begin with, we provide a building the most modern part of which was finished in 1867 and all the rest of which was finished before the War. It is so bad that the Commission on Economy and Efficiency said: "Any permanent improvement in the work done by the Office must wait upon provision being made for adequate office accommodations."

Next, having done our best to depress the Patent Office staff by bad air and by bad light and by lack of space, we turn our attention to finding a way to disrupt it.

The staff of examiners in the Patent Office is the most important one single human element in our whole Patent System. *We reward it so meagerly that each year a large section of it resigns to go to work for the heartless private exploiters of labor.*

Now a Patent Office examiner is no sort of man to be stingy to.

When you send in your application for a patent on incandescent electric-lamp filaments made out of the cutaneous enfoldments of tuberous vegetable roots, he must go and look through all previous patents

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and also through all previous publications of all other kinds to be sure that nobody else ever before consecrated the potato or the yam or any other tuber to the purpose you are now suggesting.

Then he must search his own mind and be sure that the kind of invention you have made is a genuine creative act and not a mere next step in routine.

To determine the *newness* of your idea means great industry. To determine the *patentability* of your idea, admitting its newness, means fine judgment. The examiner must have both those qualities and he must exercise them; for if he makes a mistake, if he *issues* a patent to you wrongfully or if he wrongfully *refuses* to issue a patent to you, he may be inflicting a money loss of anywhere from a few dollars to a few million dollars on you and your associates and your competitors—that is, on the business of the United States.

He starts as a fourth assistant examiner. What does he see before him? What do the Common People, his employer, offer him as a career? He will become a third assistant. After a while, quite a while, he will become a second. Then, afterward, much

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND, CHAIRMAN OF COMMISSION ON ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY, WHICH PROVED THAT OUR PATENTS CAN NOT POSSIBLY BE AS GOOD AS THEY OUGHT TO BE TILL WE TREAT THE PATENT OFFICE BETTER.

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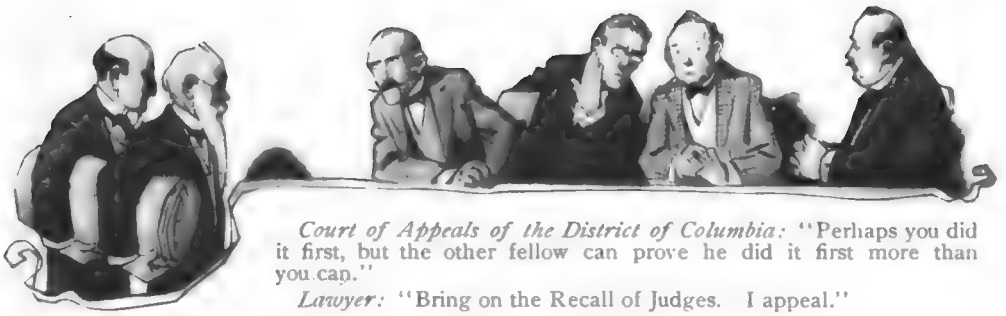


Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia: "Perhaps you did it first, but the other fellow can prove he did it first more than you can."

Lawyer: "Bring on the Recall of Judges. I appeal."

afterward, a first. Finally a Principal. That's the real goal, a Principal Examinership.

And what will his income be when he attains to a Principal Examinership? *It will be $2700 a year.* And how long will it take him to attain to a Principal Examinership? It will take him, in the words of the Commission on Economy and Efficiency, "*seldom less than eight or ten years and more frequently twenty or thirty.*"

Such is the reward we give to employees of ours who, in the handling of Patent Office affairs, must engage in brain-to-brain combat with the subtlest lawyers of the powerfulest industrial corporations.

Such is not the reward those corporations themselves are constantly willing to offer him.

The Government must come within some *reasonable* distance of the current market price of brains unless it wants to see the Patent Office continue to be, in large part, a sort of training school, conducted at public expense, on behalf of private law firms engaged in patent practise and on behalf of the patent departments of the corporations which make invention a part of their business.

The United States Patent Office is to the General Electric Company's patent-law department—and to the patent-law departments of many other corporations—just about what West Point is to the Army and Annapolis to the Navy.

Each year from ten to twenty per cent. of all the *third assistant examiners* resign. Each year their places have to be filled by relatively inexperienced men from the rank below. Each year veterans depart and the captain must spend his time not fighting the enemy but drilling the awkward squad.

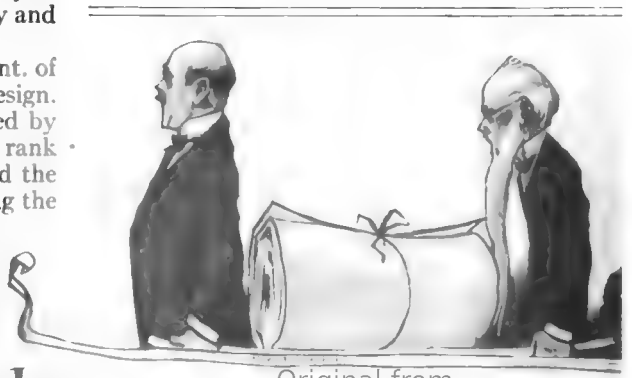
There is no fault to be found with the ability of the men in the top ranks of the Office. The fault is with the perpetually shifting and juvenile character given to the lower ranks by the stream of young men entering the service, studying law at night, imbibing Patent Office procedure in the daytime and exiting into private life replete with governmental knowledge.

Bad business, once more. But the most amazing of the Government's bad-business performances is yet to come.

A Patent Office Examiner, comparing your invention with the "prior art," can not possibly examine all of the more than a million patents already issued by the Patent Office. Those patents must be classified, so that the examiner will have to examine only the class to which your prospective patent belongs. If the classification is bad, the examination is likely to be bad, too; and it may result in a patent that will be bad.

The very first need of the Office, then, is a good classification. The classification which existed fifteen years ago was recognized as imperfect, very imperfect. Congress was brought to make appropriations for improving it. We were to have a really good classification, one that would be scientific.

Congress made the appropriations. It started making them in 1898. It is making them still. It has never made them large enough to employ men enough to get the



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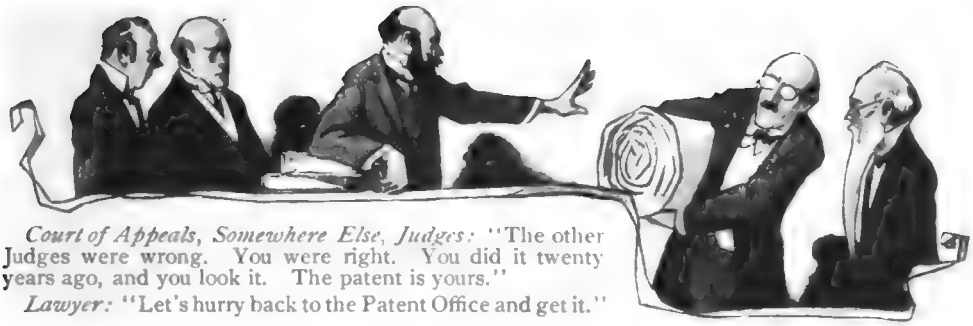

Court of Appeals, Somewhere Else, Judges: "The other Judges were wrong. You were right. You did it twenty years ago, and you look it. The patent is yours."

Lawyer: "Let's hurry back to the Patent Office and get it."

work actually done. It has made them in trickles and dribbles. *To-day, after a lapse of fifteen years, the new classification is not quite half finished; and, at the present rate of progress, it will not be completely finished till* 1927!

The *mental tools* provided for the Patent Office, the *physical equipment* provided for it, and the *salaries* provided for it all prove that the United States Government has fallen miserably short of its moral duty to the Patent Office and to the progressive invention-making industries of the United States.

How much money has Congress spent so far, in our whole history, on the Patent Office? Not really one cent.

The Patent Office has paid its own way. It has paid its own way out of the fees put down on its counter by inventors. The United States Government has run the Patent Office without cost to itself. More than that. It has run it with profit to itself. *That profit, to-day, amounts to more than seven million dollars.*

To tempt knowledge into making disclosures of new inventions, to tempt Capital into making speculative investments in new inventions, to secure thus the constant production of new inventions—that is wisdom; but the beginning of it is a *permanent* staff of *perfected* examiners in a Patent Office equipped with all the mental and physical facilities in the bestowal of a nation which is wealthy and which wishes to be wealthier.

When Congress has done that, there will still be another thing for it to do. When Patent Office *business* is efficient, there will still be *patent law* both in the Office and in the courts for Congress to spend a little time on. The business of the country spends enough time on it. It spends centuries of time on it every year.

Steinberger and Hewlett, for instance, have been compelled or permitted to fight three and a half years—about what? About the events of the fall of 1905.

The title to the insulator is dubious and the use of it by anybody is legally dangerous, eight years and more after it was invented; and these two men and their lawyers are still spending their time on pictures which they drew and letters which they wrote in the fall of 1905.

Having started on their researches into that particular season of that particular year in 1910, they were still making excavations in it and still coming on new discoveries in it in 1913. One by one the multitudinous corpses of the long-forgotten daily doings of the fall of 1905 have been exhumed from the filing-cabinets of the contending firms and shaken out of their cerements and laid in rows before the judges, who stalk among them like Professor James Breasted in an Egyptian tomb and superbly reconstruct, from this epitaph and from that, the family genealogy of the insulator to which Steinberger and Hewlett both lay claims of legitimate parentage.

Did Steinberger invent it before Hewlett? Did Hewlett invent it before Steinberger? That was the original question. The answer seems to be hard to get; and, when we have got it, what good will it do us? All

Patent Office Examiner: "Glad to see you back. There's another fellow just applied for a patent, a new man, and he says he made your invention before you did, too. You'd better hurry back to the Examiner-of-Interferences. Right that way, please."

Lawyer: "Come along, I bet we beat this fellow, too."

Inventor: "Telegraph my wife to sell her membership in the Woman's Club and wire me the money."

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we ever wanted, as a nation, was the insulator, the invention. And that is precisely what these "interference" cases, these comparisons of the historical merits of rival inventors, are always delaying us in getting.

When the Germans took our "examination" idea from us, our "interference" idea was lying on the table in plain view; but they went carefully away without it.

The Germans do not show any concern for historical justice to individuals in their Patent System. They seem to reserve their emotion for the impersonal welfare of the Empire. Does the mere *making* of an invention benefit the Empire? Not directly. What the Empire needs, and is willing to pay for, is the *disclosing* of the invention.

The German Patent Office accordingly does not care whether Braun of Munich or Schmidt of Hamburg thought of a certain insulator first. If Braun thought of it first, he had the first chance to come and tell the Patent Office about it. If he lets Schmidt, who invented it second, get to the Patent Office before him, he is the master and the victim of his own secretiveness or negligence. The Patent Office will award the insulator to the first honest discloser.

The result is to drive inventors into the Patent Office promptly with their inventions and to force Knowledge into disclosing itself to the people at large very much faster than it does in the United States.

Many important American inventors are in favor of importing this German practise. But most inventors—and most lawyers—are not converted to it. It is not an immediately possible reform. All the more reason then for saying:

"If we are going to go through 'interferences,' let us go *through* them, not stand in them up to our necks for year after year."

The Examiner-of-Interferences in the Patent Office doesn't even read the full testimony taken in "interference" cases. He can't. He hasn't time. There are about three hundred such cases every year. He has seven men who read the testimony for him. They give him abstracts of it. *And they themselves never saw the witnesses.*

The witnesses are back home, sitting in a lawyer's office, and talking at almost any length they please to a stenographer. The mere taking of the testimony in certain interference cases has cost $30,000. There is no Patent Office official present to judge the veracity of the witnesses by their manner and language. And neither side is compelled to tell its whole story.

The Steinberger-Hewlett struggle went to its first down before the Examiner-of-Interferences with the most important part of Hewlett's story not there at all. It was his original drawing of his insulator and the exact date on which he made it. The Examiner-of-Interferences decided the case without the drawing or the date. So did the Board of Examiners-in-Chief. So did the Commissioner of Patents. So did the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

Four downs, and Steinberger on top. The Court of Appeals, the "final" court, was for him. Steinberger put page-advertisements in the technical papers saying so. The insulator was at last his and he announced his control of it to the world.

But Hewlett still had his chance to present his original drawing and his original date. He went into the Federal Court in Brooklyn. He started a case. Precisely the same case. But called, legally, new. So he was allowed to introduce new evidence. And so—three years after the case began—he exhibited for the first time the drawing and the date which were the pivots of his contention, and which any business man, in charge of the inquiry, would have wanted to look at before seeing anything else.

The Federal Court in Brooklyn put Hewlett on top. But Steinberger is clinging to him, and the two men have now rolled themselves into the court-room of the judges of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, where the sixth down will be declared pretty soon.

Forget the men themselves. Think about the purpose of the Patent System and about the industrial progress of the country. Does this kind of law help to pump the stream of Knowledge and of Capital steadily onward to its fruitful service in factory and shop and mill and office?

Even if it should happen, in the end, to give us the very last milligram of theoretical justice, will it give us more *insulators?*

Next month Mr. Hard will tell the story of inventions standing stock-still in court-rooms, doing law instead of work; and he will outline the plans that have been recently suggested for making the Patent Law actually forward invention instead of weighting it with expense and delay.

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"SAFETY FIRST"

A Plea for a National Museum of Safety

by

GORDON THAYER

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH

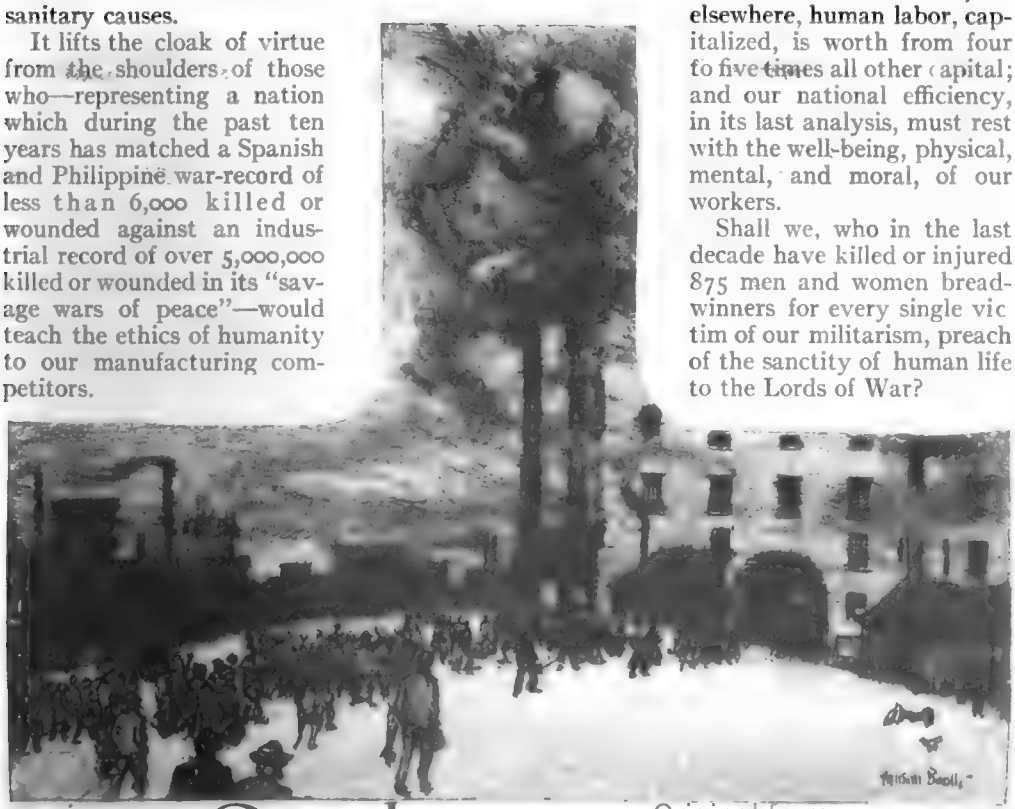
THIS is a theme of blood and iron.

It deals with a Government that, out of its industrial army of 34,000,000 souls, permits a yearly toll of over 36,000 deaths; nearly 2,000,000 accidents, of which 500,000 are serious (more than were slain or wounded throughout the whole of the Russo-Japanese war); and 3,000,000 cases of illness due to controllable unsanitary causes.

It lifts the cloak of virtue from the shoulders of those who—representing a nation which during the past ten years has matched a Spanish and Philippine war-record of less than 6,000 killed or wounded against an industrial record of over 5,000,000 killed or wounded in its "savage wars of peace"—would teach the ethics of humanity to our manufacturing competitors.

It asks for an explanation of the fact that in the rivalry of nations the United States alone limits its policy of conservation to forests, land, minerals, and water. It asks for a clue to the economic theories of a country which, the human factor aside, is content to waste $1,500,000 annually through preventable sickness, accident, and death in its industrial processes. Yet in America, as elsewhere, human labor, capitalized, is worth from four to five times all other capital; and our national efficiency, in its last analysis, must rest with the well-being, physical, mental, and moral, of our workers.

Shall we, who in the last decade have killed or injured 875 men and women bread-winners for every single victim of our militarism, preach of the sanctity of human life to the Lords of War?



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Must the blood of five nations continue to replenish the arteries of trade, drained by a monthly wastage beside which the greatest battles of history lose their tragic interest?

Must private or state charity indefinitely accept the social and financial burdens imposed by a yearly total of 15,000 widows and 45,000 orphans, deprived by industry of their natural supporters? Burdens whose sociological aspects include the mental and moral deterioration of young children, from whom a normal chance for education and physical development has been suddenly and irrevocably withdrawn.

Yet every sixteen minutes, with pitiless iteration, somewhere in our country a worker is killed at his task. Before you can finish reading these pages, from eighteen to twenty-four will have been disabled or maimed.

With such a record before us, must we appeal to our business instinct in order to check these ravages? Is it not possible in the name of common justice so to move the conscience of the American public that it will demand of those in power that this needless sacrifice shall cease?

A ROLL-CALL OF INDUSTRIAL MURDERS

The pity is, there are no words which can bring home to those whose lives are guarded the terrible significance of the figures upon these pages. We have called this a theme of blood and iron. He who reads should be able to smell the one and hear the metallic voice of the other in a million turning wheels and throbbing engines.

He should feel his energies flag in the foul air of unwholesome workrooms; should choke with poisonous dusts and fumes; be blistered and blinded with the intolerable heat and glare of molten metals; swing dizzily on overhead cranes; feed mixing-mills eager for flesh and bone; listen to the shriek of planers and saws that have tasted blood; watch the whirling arms of cable-twisters; shrink from the shafting he has seen twined with the long hair and quivering scalp of a young girl; dodge the shuttle-trains in the smelter yard; recoil from the unguarded gearing that in fifty seconds can chew a man into a red smear upon its cogs; count the monotonous reels of twirling spinners; grope blinded by flying particles of metal chippings; breathe the consumption-infected air of potteries and of grinding or buffing rooms; feel the clutch of the set-screw that can fling him, broken in body, from the revolving wheel; shake with the mercury-tremor of the hatter; gasp with miner's asthma; writhe in painter's colic; stoop, crippled with rheumatism, in damp weaving-shed or dye-house; succumb to glass-blowers' cataract, boiler-makers' deafness, or caisson-workers' "bends"; reel with the "jag" of the naphtha-cleaner or the fume-intoxication of the wood-alcohol "dope"-brusher in tanneries; lift the palsied hands of the lead-workers; or mumble the inarticulate appeal of the jawless victim of the phosphorus match.

The chronicle is endless. It is infinitely pitiful. And it is the more damning in that it has been proved unnecessary.

THE GREEN DISK OF SAFETY

The demand of social science is not for the pound of cure, but for the ounce of prevention.

Important as is the agitation for a satisfactory law for Workman's Compensation, it must give place in legislative value to laws for Workman's Conservation.

Other countries have learned that dangerous machinery can be safeguarded, and that harmful dusts and fumes can be controlled. Their statistics prove not only that occupational accident and disease are fatal to the worker, but that they are one of the greatest handicaps to financial success known to the employer. The recent effort of our progressive manufacturers to lessen human wastage is based on the soundest financial as well as ethical policy. We can not hope to continue indefinitely our practise of gathering the figs of profit from the thistles of our extra-hazardous and unsanitary trades.

But this is too broad and complex a subject to be covered by individual effort. It touches the very well-springs of national life. Is it not time that the United States should follow the example of other countries in ceasing to condone industrial murder? That it should help to insure to the millions exposed to hourly risks those safeguards which will prolong their usefulness to society?

And that the green disk—new emblem of "Safety First," now found only in scattered factories and workshops—should eclipse the red disk of danger, which the passing

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years have marked in blood over nearly every American employer's door?

Since 1855 England has been officially investigating occupational mortality and morbidity. The literature of Austria, Germany, and France on diseases of occupation forms a library in itself. Vienna has its Institute of Industrial Hygiene, and Milan its Clinic for Industrial Disease, where the results of unsanitary or dangerous working conditions are studied; the effects of poisonous dusts and fumes on the human system investigated; scientific and healthful processes reported upon; and the intoxication of fatigue or of trade-infection analyzed.

Their laboratories serve as a National Clearing-House in matters of accident-prevention and health-promotion. Any manufacturer or worker is free to consult them concerning problems of efficiency or sanitation. Years of costly experiment may be saved by the technical knowledge of their experts; and they are a factor in lessening that spirit of trade jealousy—so far as concerns industrial methods—which is often a serious handicap in local efforts for reform.

Berlin, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Gratz, Helsingfors, London, Montreal, Odessa, Stockholm, Würzburg, Paris, Vienna, Barcelona, Moscow, Budapest, Munich, Brussels, Copenhagen, Dresden, and Zurich have their Museums of Safety, in which may be seen permanent exhibits, in motion or at rest, of safety appliances for the industries or the farm, and where lectures may be heard on the prevention of occupational disease, and of every variety of mechanical injury. The spirit of human conservation by means of education and practical demonstration is alive not only among employers, but also among all classes of workers, among legislators and the general public.

There is no need to dwell on what the United States has *not* done along these lines.

Recently there have been some Federal and state bulletins on harmful industries and some conscientious though tentative state investigations along foreign lines. Departments of Labor (handicapped by the old form of organization) have made efforts—necessarily slow and too often ineffectual—to awaken employers to the need of immediate reform. Several associations and their representatives have conducted anti-accident-and-disease educational campaigns. A few companies and groups of manufacturers have scored notable achievements in reducing their disease or accident and mortality records. And there has been the practical influence of one small Museum of Safety (maintained by private subscription). But there has been no centralized, visible force back of these efforts; and aside from them we are still condemned by a national policy of ignorance of, and indifference to, the question of human sacrifice in industrial processes, which is to-day without a parallel.

"There can be no equality of opportunity," declared President Wilson in his inaugural address—"the first essential of justice in the body-politic—if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they can not alter, control, or singly cope with."

If we are capable of response to the pleas of humanity and justice; if something yet persists in us of the spirit which stirred in the hearts of those who guaranteed to even the humblest American toiler the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, let us pledge our country to a renewal of reverence for human welfare.

And, as a seal set upon a continent-wide covenant of industrial peace, let us call upon Congress to create a Bureau of Safety, and to erect a National Museum of Safety, with a Laboratory of Industrial Hygiene.

THE Bremner Bill, H. R. 8948, providing for a National Bureau of Safety, with a Museum and Laboratory, is to come before Congress during this session. It is in your power to help secure its passage. In response to appeals from Gordon Thayer in these pages, you helped to gain protection for match-workers through the Esch-Hughes Bill. You have helped, in various states, to safeguard lead-workers through the "Cleanliness Bill." Here is a chance to help secure protection for ALL *employed in "dangerous" trades.*

Write or telegraph to your congressman, urging him to support the Bremner Bill.—THE EDITOR.

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THE BLOOD OF PEASANTS IS NOT RED
A HUNDRED MILES AWAY.

In the plaza before the National Palace, City of Mexico.

THE WAR-MAKERS

BY

ALFRED NOYES

"Why, don't you understand
What war is? For a port to export prunes,
For Christ, my boy, and for the Fatherland!"

A MURDERED man ten miles away
Will hardly shake your peace
Like one red stain upon your hand;
And a tortured child in a distant land
Will never check one smile to-day,
Or bid one fiddle cease.

To watch the mouth of a harlot foam
For the blood of Baptist John
Is a fine thing while the fiddles play;
For blood and lust are the mode to-day,
And lust and blood were the mode of Rome,
And we go where Rome has gone.

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Not for a little news from hell
Shall London strive or cry.
Though thought would shatter like dynamite
These granite hills that bury the right,
We must not think. We must not tell
The truth for which men die.

The truth that all might know, but all
With one consent refuse;
To call on *that*, to break our pact
Of silence, were to make men *act*.
Good taste forbids that trumpet-call,
And—a censor sends our news.

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WHERE THE SHATTERED CITY FALLS.
Kirk-Kilisseh after the siege.

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It comes along a little wire
Sunk in a deep sea;
It thins in the clubs to a little smoke
Between one joke and another joke;
For a city in flames is less than the fire
That comforts you and me.

Play up then, fiddles! Play, bassoon!
The plains are soaked with red.
Ten thousand slaughtered fools, out there,
Clutch at their wounds and taint the air;
And . . . here is an excellent cartoon
On what the Kaiser said.

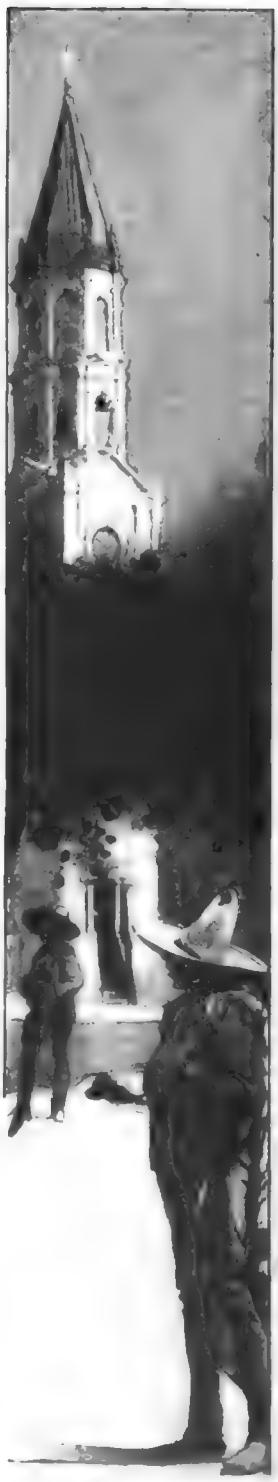
On with the dance! In England yet
The meadow-grass is green.
Play up, play up, and play your part!
It is not that we lack the heart,
But that Fate deftly swings the net
And blood is best unseen.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Around a shining table sat
Five men in black frock-coats;
And what their sin was, none could say;
For each was honest after his way,
Tho' one man held ten thousand shares,
And one man wanted votes.

One was the friend of a merchant prince,
One was the foe of a priest,
One had a brother whose heart was set
On a gold star and an epaulette,
And—where the rotten carcass lies
The vultures flock to feast.

But—each was honest after his way,
Lukewarm in faith, and old;
And blood, to them, was only a word,
And the point of a phrase their only sword,
And the cost of war, they reckoned it
In little disks of gold.



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They were cleanly groomed. They were
not to be bought.
And their cigars were good.
But they had pulled so many strings
In the tinseled puppet-show of kings
That, when they talked of war, they thought
Of sawdust, not of blood;

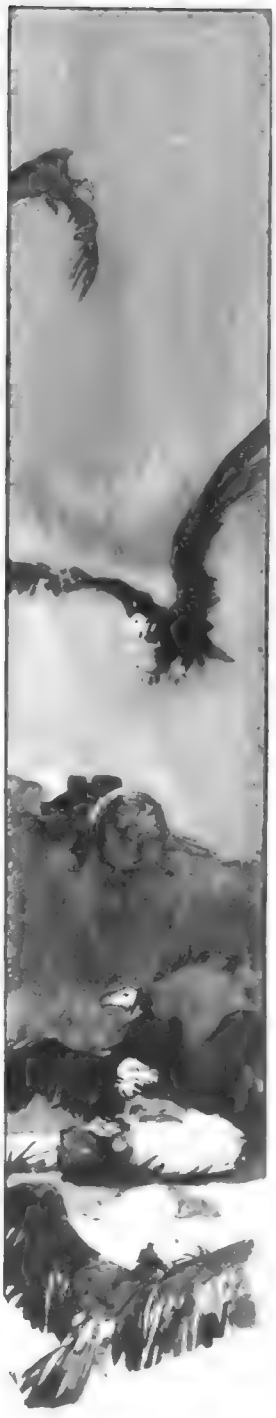
Not of the crimson tempest
Where the shattered city falls.
They thought, behind their varnished doors,
Of diplomats, ambassadors,
Budgets, and loans, and boundary lines,
Coercions and recalls;

Forces and Balances of Power;
Shadows and dreams and dust;
And how to set their bond aside
And prove they lied not when they lied,
And which was weak, and which was strong,
But—never which was just.

Yet they were honest, honest men.
Justice could take no wrong.
The blind arbitrament of steel,
The mailed hand, the armored heel,
Could only prove that Justice reigned
And that her hands were strong.

For *they* were strong. So might is right,
And reason wins the day.
And if, at a touch on a silver bell,
They plunged three nations into hell,
The blood of peasants is not red
A hundred miles away.

But if one touch on a silver bell
Should loose, beyond control,
A blind, immeasurable flood
Of lust and hate and tears and blood,
Unknown, immeasurable powers
That swept to an unseen goal.



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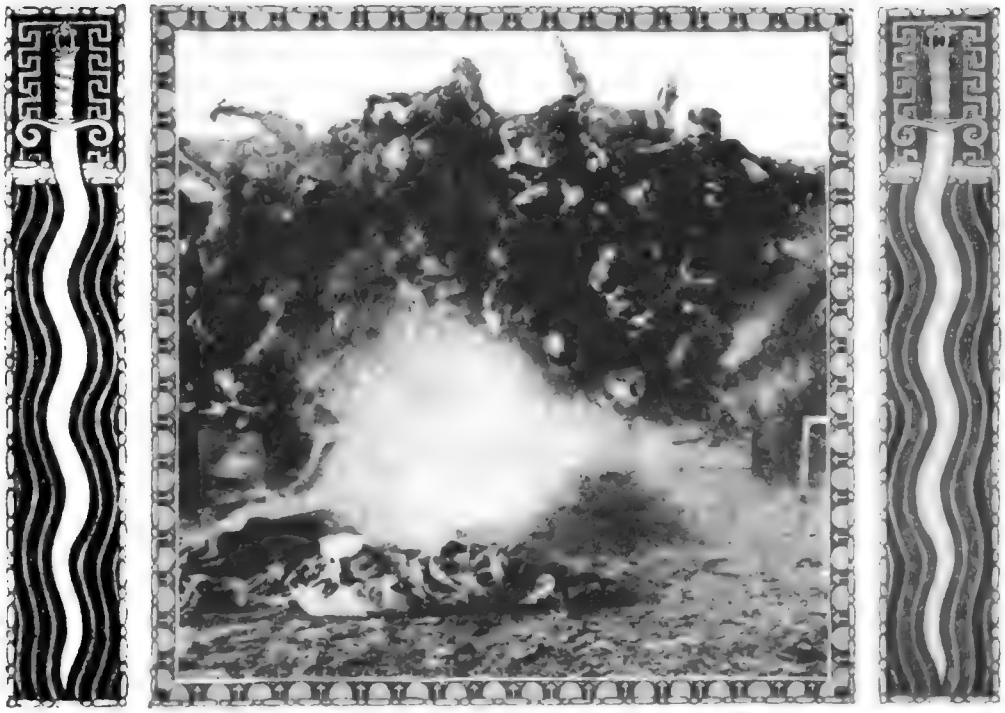

Photograph by Brown Brothers

TEN THOUSAND SLAUGHTERED FOOLS, OUT THERE,
CLUTCH AT THEIR WOUNDS AND TAINT THE AIR.

Burning the dead, in Mexico.

Beyond their guidance for one hour,
Beyond their utmost ken,
No huddled madman, crowned with straw,
Could so transgress his own last law. . . .
So a secretary struck the bell,
For these five honest men.

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CITY SALVATION
according to St. Paul

by
GEORGE CREEL

NOW comes the Minnesota city of St. Paul, proudly claiming to have found a broad, safe way out of municipal "money troubles" and an equally infallible method for sinking the spur of self-interest into the flank of a lethargic citizenship.

"Ten-dollar bonds" is the answer. Sold every day in the week, except Sunday, over the broad counter in the treasurer's office at the City Hall! No favorites! First come, first served! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded!

Since July 20, 1913, when the great idea blossomed, over one million dollars' worth of the $10 slips have been sold to the people. The *real* people! Newsboys, clerks, day laborers, struggling professional men—all that vast army of workers that lives in fear of a rainy day—make up the daily stream that flows in and out the doors of Treasurer Farnsworth's "store."

The thing is simplicity itself. Any one able to read print can understand it. The "bonds," in reality, are *participating-certificates* representing a $10 interest *in* a bond. They bear four per cent. interest, payable on the second day of January and July each year, and can be bought or cashed in any month or any minute. Over the counter hangs a great chart that shows to a penny just what a certificate is worth each day. A buyer puts down his $10 and as many cents as the accrued interest demands. When he sells he collects his principal and interest to date. The chart kills the mystery of bookkeeping absolutely.

It is difficult to tell which party to the arrangement is more delighted—the people or St. Paul. The city, for instance, is no longer forced to cool its heels in the antechambers of the bond-dealers or to sell securities below par. The individual investor supplies an insatiable market, and, best of all, the interest that used to go far, far away now stays *at home*.

As for the people's end of it, each certificate is a first mortgage on every building, park, and street in the city, and a first lien on taxes. What bank can offer such security?

There is also the inducement that the certificates can be cashed in at any time without a second's warning. Savings-banks, as every one knows, have a way of demanding thirty or sixty days' notice of withdrawal in times of stress or panic, just when the agitated depositor is most in need of his money. They likewise persist in figuring interest on six-month periods only, so that a dollar banked in September does not commence to draw interest until the following January. The four per cent. interest on the "ten-dollar bonds" starts with the purchase and continues until the very minute of sale.

No red tape! Money on demand! Absolute security! No lost interest!

Excited and fired by success, St. Paul has thrown off its hobbles and is earnestly endeavoring to kick holes in the established horizon. With each new bond-issue, cut up into nice, inviting little $10 slices, absorbed by local purchase, what's to prevent the gradual acquisition of *all* outstanding securities, so that eventually the entire bonded indebtedness of the city will be owned by the citizens? For St. Paul to-day is paying almost $600,000 annual interest on bonds owned in Wall Street.

Like everything else connected with American municipalities, the Great Idea came to St. Paul in the most haphazard manner imaginable. The recent summer witnessed a financial drought that set the officials to gasping like stranded fish. Money had to be had! But the market was in a slump, and even if the bond sales could be made, there was the certainty that the securities would not bring par.

Major Handy, the comptroller, happened to mention his trouble to W. C. Colver, just

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arrived from Cleveland to assume editorial direction of a chain of papers. Colver, raising one hand on high with ceremonial impressiveness, fell to digging in his papers with the other. What he resurrected were his notes of a financial plan for cities that Tom Johnson had talked out to him in the days of the Cleveland struggle.

It was at a time when the great fighter for equal justice looked for immediate municipal ownership of the street railways, or, as a flank attack, the erection of a municipal lighting-plant. But where to get the money? Since the lords of finance, as usual, had announced savage hostility to any bond-issue for such purposes, some other way must be found. From the first Tom Johnson's thought clung to the fact that the aggregate cash savings of the people constitute the largest amount of *real* money in the country. Massed in savings-banks and insurance companies, the hoards of the humble many make the ocean of credit upon which the mighty few launch their vast enterprises.

How to tap this enormous reservoir of cash? How rescue the people's money for the people's use? Quite obviously, local assimilation of a bond-issue demanded three things: bonds in no larger denomination than the average savings-bank deposit; their sale over a counter just like butter and eggs; and the right to cash them without notice or loss of interest. Even then, however, the city could not be expected to twiddle its thumbs while waiting for a quarter-million bond-issue to be swallowed in $10 bites. Some benevolent middleman was necessary, and the final Johnson answer was the Sinking Fund Committee.

This municipal body, created to accumulate funds to pay the interest on the city's indebtedness and to retire bonds at maturity, has broad discretionary powers with regard to investments. Instead of letting this growing mass of money lie in banks at a low rate of interest, why not have the Sinking Fund Committee buy the proposed bond-issues, and then resell them to the people in small sums?

This was the idea that Colver spread out before Comptroller Handy, who, with Treasurer Farnsworth and Mayor Keller, constituted the Sinking Fund Committee of St. Paul. After looking it over from every angle, the three officials decided to take the plunge. Quite gingerly several small bond-issues were bought in, and the participating-certificates printed.

Although scarcely three days were allowed for publicity, there was a bargain-counter rush the moment the doors opened. Before the close of the first day the committee began buying more bonds, and also invested in $350,000 of the city's four per cent. tax-levy certificates.

There was ample need for these purchases, as the first three days saw the sale of $140,000 worth of the $10 slips and $83,000 of the tax-levy certificates. By December 1, more than $1,000,000 of the former and $2,400,000 of the latter had been sold over the treasurer's counter, making a total of three and a half millions of the obligation of St. Paul sold to citizens in four months. According to latest advices, the average daily sale is $5,000.

IF ST. PAUL CAN, WHY CAN'T YOU?

Of course the plan has met with opposition. The savings-banks don't like it, nor are the public-utility magnates pleased with something that points a way to municipal ownership. Litigation was threatened and every one expected a suit or injunction proceeding—that is, every one but the members of the Sinking Fund Committee. Not for nothing had these shrewd gentlemen inserted the following paragraph under the word "Conditions" on the back of each participating-certificate: "The Sinking Fund Committee reserves the right to recall, discharge, and cancel this certificate upon payment of principal and interest up to the date of retirement."

As simple as effective! If any certificate-holder should go into court, the committee can merely mail him a check and recall his certificate.

As yet St. Paul has found no fly in its ointment. The city has adopted the commission form of government, and under the simplifications and efficiencies of this plan the Johnson idea is scheduled for the very fullest possible development. If St. Paul, with its ten-dollar-cash-on-demand-certificates, can find it possible to be financed entirely by its own citizenship, thus keeping interest in local circulation, why can't other cities do it? And if cities, why not states? Or, in the last analysis, why can't the national debt be absorbed in the self-same fashion?

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The Great Ptarmigan Mystery

A Worry-Worry Williams Story

by

LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

AH, BUT life was worth living after the Bannack murder! Not that the old crockery merchant had been a menace to humanity. He was a nice old fellow; all the newspapers said so in their editorials on the day when that scoundrel shipping-clerk of the Belgian Peachblow Vase Company killed Mr. Bannack with a poisoned pencil and was trapped by one Worry-Worry Williams, Wizard Sleuth, to wit, myself and yours truly. No, Mr. Bannack was an estimable citizen. But one man's poison is another man's meat. That cyanide pencil was certainly meat for me! It brought me five thousand dollars in rewards and two thousand more as retainers from two detective agencies. It gave me a cozy bachelor suite off Gramercy Park—

And, above all else, my Opportunity!

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"WAIT UNTIL I'VE FINISHED THIS BOOK ON WRINKLES," I INSISTED. "COME BACK IN SIX MONTHS!"

My Opportunity to write my *magnum opus*, my monumental treatise on the Nine Species of Face Wrinkles. (By the way, it is not too late for you to send in your photo and other interesting facts about wrinkles. The book has been delayed by many strange adventures, one of which I am about to recount. Please typewrite all information except your photo.)

For the first time in my harried career, I owned a desk wide enough to hold both my elbows and my spread-out annotations; and a closet shelf broad enough to bear a gallon jug of ink and fifty pounds of scratch paper; and a floor huge enough to display all my newspaper clippings and photographs of the ear wrinkles of murderers, the chin creases of aldermen, etc., etc. And, above all else, I owned my days and nights! No more bookkeeping! No more adding of wages and filling out of time charts! No more high stools and overheated offices and rasping chief clerks and gulped sandwiches! Yes, life was at last worth living, my friends!

A whole week I loafed. Then, one cool evening, after a plump broiler and a wee, squat bottle of French heart-restorer at Hilary's Café, I drifted home and cleared the decks for action. I shoved my study-table into my bedroom and stacked upon it all my study chairs. Next, I rolled up the pink rug and set myself to chalking numbers on the floor boards, when . . .

(Perhaps I ought to explain to the unscientific reader that floor boards are most useful for filing large masses of documents which you may wish to compare at a glance. You simply number the boards from left to right, and on each board group the documents of some one topic. In case you are suddenly called away, spread the rug over the papers; and there they are, all safe and out of the way. In renting a room, by the way, beware of four-inch boards! They are too narrow. Choose a room with six-inch flooring.)

Well, I was chalking the numbers, when an impatient rap sounded at the hall door; and at my "Come in!" there entered the long, lean Sam Milligan, head of the Milligan Detective Agency, the very Milligan who had paid me a thousand dollars for the privilege of consulting me on mystery cases for one year.

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"We need you quick, Mr. Williams!" Milligan clutched my hand, as if it were a plank and he a drowning man. "It's a wretched little job—I'm ashamed to ask you to handle it—almost like asking Elihu Root to defend a chicken thief. But all my men are out on other important cases—and the lady is in a hurry—and so too is the thief, I guess.

"A swell dame up-town—name's Mrs. Elfenstein—wants her rug back. It's a nifty bunch of wool that she brought from Turkestan. Experts say it is worth a thousand bones. Some guy walked off with it last week, and the police have fallen down on the job as usual. Lady suspects a gink who used to work for her. Gink swiped some of her brandied peaches, she fired him, he went off threatening trouble. There you are! Rotten little rumpus, eh? I'd give it to a ten-dollar scrub, if I had one."

"Really!" I protested, as I arose stiffly from the floor. "You can not expect *me* to squander my precious time on petty thievery——"

"I don't expect you to!" Milligan paled. "I only thought that maybe you'd help me out in a pinch, just for once."

"Wait until I've finished this book on Wrinkles!" I insisted. "I'll not be disturbed by *anything* while it is on my mind. Come back in six months!"

"Six—six months?" Milligan gasped, and trembled a little. "How about that little retainer, then? Where do I come out? I guess we'll call our agreement off. Give me back the thousand dollars and——"

"Hm. I'll look into Mrs. Elfenstein's trouble to-morrow," I promised quickly. "Now for the facts!"

Milligan grinned, then talked. And thus was I launched upon my long and adventurous way toward startling discoveries about a mysterious bird, and things and people stranger yet.

Mrs. Elfenstein described rug and rug thief minutely. Milligan learned that a man fitting her description had lately been engaged as a waiter at Porter's, which, as you probably do not know, is Fashion's dearest, most secluded restaurant. Armed with this meager information and my wits, I sallied forth, late the next morning, and sought the place.

A narrow, old-fashioned dwelling it was, scantily hidden behind tubbed trees and potted flowers. Its hushed entry was not allowed to scream its name and fame to the vulgar streets. Its French windows were all tightly sealed, to exclude the city's dusty heat and to retain the refrigerated air, pumped up from the basement, and the chill of the waiters' perfect manners. On that sweltering day of late summer it was a cavern in a desert; a place of pleasant darkness in the midst of a burning desolation. Blessed he who knew its entrances, and blessed I who found one of them and passed in through a crystalled corridor to a great hall almost empty of guests.

Luck followed me. I straightway spied my man: his parallelogram of a face, his matted-moss hair, his hueless cheeks and frozen mouth, all precisely as Mrs. Elfenstein had described. (Oddly enough, he had no face wrinkles.) Luck chased me. The fellow's table was guestless (there is a waiter for each table at Porter's), and I sat down at it.

"Patrick O'Mara, I believe?" said I slyly, as he stood at attention.

"Sir?" The man's lips stirred not at all.

I repeated myself.

"No, sir. Felix Rotisse."

"That's queer!" My face shriveled in a pucker of perplexity. "You are the picture of Patrick O'Mara, as Mrs. Elfenstein described him."

"Mrs. Elfenstein, sir?" Still no movement in that masklike visage.

"The lady whose rug you stole," I explained. "The lady you have been working for, you know."

"Beg pardon, sir! But I have never heard of Mrs. Elfenstein. Will you kindly give me your order, sir? You will do well to get it in before the luncheon rush begins."

The man's pencil was poised over the order slip. I don't know what I ordered; I was much bewildered by the amazing and embarrassing resemblance between Patrick O'Mara and Felix Rotisse.

I figured over it a long time after my waiter had left for the kitchen, but all in vain. And, as for my finding the rug thief, it was clear that I must begin all over again; for I had no clues. Frankly, I was glad. I was now free, you see, to dismiss the whole petty and odious business of rug thievery from my mind and spend my luncheon hour profitably, in cataloguing the wrinkles on the faces of the diners, who were now drifting in streamily.

I had collected thirty-nine fascinating

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types (including one very rare specimen of the compound upper nasal fold, Type B), when the head waiter stepped up to me and inquired whether I had been served. I looked at my watch. I had been sitting there over an hour!

"Beg pardon, sir!" the head waiter bowed, as if he expected me to smite off his head with a simitar. "I'll look into it at once." And off he scurried toward the kitchen.

Pretty soon he marched back, quite pale and broken of speech. Grave concern deepened his diplomatic dimples. He called a waiter from a neighboring table. "Kindly repeat your order to this man," said the head waiter. "We're very sorry there's been a delay."

"Where's my waiter?" I asked.

"Gone!" moaned the head waiter, wringing his hands. "It's incomprehensible, sir! He fled through the rear kitchen door, they say. During luncheon hour, too. From Porter's!"

"Aha!" I clapped my hands joyfully. "Now I have evidence! He must be the rug thief!" And then I explained. "And now," I concluded, "tell me all that you know about the fellow. Porter's takes on no waiter without his pedigree, bank rating, and letters of credit——"

"We know only that Alphonse, our chef, recommended him," sighed the head waiter, in confusion. "We trusted Alphonse absolutely——"

"Then I must see Alphonse at once!" I cried excitedly, and sprang from my seat.

"Show him down to the kitchen!" the head waiter commanded the lesser.

The lesser guided me softly down an interminable and writhing hall full of shuffling forms, clattering dishes, and hot fragrances until we finally burst through green swinging doors into the peppery presence of Alphonse, Commander of the Kitchen.

"THE LADY WHOSE RUG YOU STOLE," I EXPLAINED.

Alphonse did not notice our advent. Alphonse was brandishing a skillet at two white-aproned colleagues, and the colleagues were waving greasy fists at the Potentate of Pots and Pans. The belligerents hopped about on opposite sides of a butcher's block, whereon reposed the carcass of a bird, sans life, sans feathers.

"Fools of hash-mongers!" Alphonse was yelling, as he pointed toward the bird. "It is what it is named to be. South African ptarmigan. Little you know of fine cookeries! You who have fried onions in cheap two-dollar tables d'hôte along Broadway! Bah!"

"That's a runt quail. I shot a thousand of 'em up state, when I was a kid," roared back one colleague scornfully. "The label on the leg is a fake. And the gink who pays ten dollars for that quail smeared up with your gravies, Alphy, is a North American sucker——"

"Infamous vassal and lunatic!" Alphonse howled. "To suggest that Keena & Kelly must descend to the kind of common lies and fraud that you and your kind practise— - "

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Zzz! Out flew the colleague's fist and made a nice little *purée* of the chef's lower lip. Swish! Alphonse's skillet sailed across the table and caught the adversary's ear.

"Gentlemen!" I sprang upon the table between them. "Be intelligent! Settle the question logically! If it is hard, allow me to assist you——"

"Get your dirty feet off that chopping-block!" snapped Alphonse, in an instant transformed to a chef again.

"Not until you tell me what this unseemly argument is about!" I retorted.

"Read that tag on the quail's leg, and you'll find out," cried Alphonse's adversaries in duet.

I picked up the carcass. Wired to one of its legs was a linen tag reading thus: "Keena & Kelly, —— Greenwich St. Private Importation. South African Ptarmigan."

"Keena & Kelly are swell fish-and-game dealers—wholesale people." Alphonse explained hurriedly. "The most honorable of all honorable——"

"Very honorable!" sneered an adversary. "They stick this tag on a fifty-cent quail, and Porter's sticks somebody ten dollars for the rare South African ptarmigan, whatever that is."

"Is this the only point at issue?" I raised my brows in amazement. "Alphonse says the bird is a South African ptarmigan, and you say it is common quail?"

"Precisely!" exclaimed Alphonse.

"Dear me! What a silly trifle to fight over!" I scolded the trio. "It can be settled in the simplest manner——"

"How?" three voices asked.

"By the Inward Manifests!" I shouted triumphantly.

"Eh?" (There were three of them again.)

"Inward Manifests are the records of goods brought into this country. They are on file at the customs office. They record the names of the shippers, the goods shipped, the port of shipment, and the consignees. Let us run down to the Battery, and see whether Keena & Kelly have imported any South African ptarmigan. If they have, we shall then cable to the shipper in South Africa, and secure from him a minute description of the bird. Then we——"

"Hey you, Alphonse!" somebody roared down the long hall that led to the dining-rooms. "There's a gent yelling for his *filet mignon*. Get it quick! The head waiter is takin' down a complaint from him——"

At that sound, Alphonse grabbed a carving-knife and vanished into a huge ice-box. His two adversaries fell to toasting cheese crackers over a tiny gas stove, and heeded me not at all, although I thrice importuned them to come along to the custom-house in a taxi at my expense.

"Oh, well!" I called out to them, as I moved off, "I shall go alone then. The question interests me. Besides, I'd like to show you how intelligent people settle disputes. See you later."

Forth I sauntered into the street, and a cab was soon rushing me to the custom-house at the lower end of the island.

And then things began to happen!

I shall not stop to narrate my struggles with the brainless hirelings of a timorous government that suspects every citizen who asks to inspect its archives. I wasted a whole afternoon fighting my way to the Inward Manifests; fighting past clerks who declared pompously that the records were not open to the public, past other clerks who insisted that I must present a certificate of reasonable doubt from the Secretary of the Treasury; and other clerks with other obstacles, theories, and asininities. At last, by sheer good chance, the editor of a financial newspaper who knew me by reputation dropped in, and vouched for me.

Ah! Those were happy hours that I spent poring over the Inward Manifests! I fingered the nerves of life. Man's appetites, his whims, his dreams, all bared themselves before me in that big, quiet room above the lazy benches of Battery Park. Never did philosopher peer deeper into the bottomless wellsprings of human nature than did I, as I scanned innumerable items like these:

June 19, 1911. *S. S. Paterland* from Marseilles.

Bergen, Snell & Co. 22 casks Munich sauerkraut.

Bluckheimer Co. 4 cases ipecac.

Angier & Aswell. 10 barrels medicated prunes.

Madame Desmere Corporation. 85 kegs Persian beauty ointment.

Bingo & Bingo. 2 hogsheads Jordan water.

Empire Furniture Store. 40 rolls Navajo rugs.

And so on, goods without end. Goods

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that poured out upon the tumultuous stretches of West Street, where the kickshaws and condiments of the continents are spilled shiploadwise, from dawn to midnight, every day of the year, into the maw of a people whose incessant and manifold hungers make a white shark seem like a dyspeptic valetudinarian.

Those were the oracles, those Inward Manifests! They betrayed all the secrets of the heart, the lusts of flesh and spirit, the high hopes of statesmen, the black wiles of international swindlers, the world-plots of governments, the misery of mining-towns, the ignorance of fools, superstitions, madnesses. How so? Why! They revealed, item by item, all the things that men and women use in all the adventures and exigencies of their day-to-day existence.

Spread out before me, in name and imagination, were all the stuffs that people consume, employ, and subdue to the diverse machinations of their unpredictable wills. Would you learn of real life? Give your Shakespeare to the hired girl and turn you to the Inward Manifests. Would you understand people? Forsake the slum, Chinatown, Lenox, Monte Carlo, and Wall Street, and speed to West Street, where the goods of the Inward Manifests are outwardly manifest at all hours. There, on the docks, beneath the mile-long sheds strewn half a city's length along the riverside, you may look upon the silks of Pride, the cotton shirts of Misery, the nostrums of Agony, the giant mahogany logs that imperious Art has summoned from the steaming jungles of the southland, the hair of Chinese women that Vanity has shorn, to hide the baldness of some fading Beauty, the . . . *

On my first day of research I studied through all the Inward Manifests of the current week. This was something of a task, for each day's list contained about 550 items, and the August sun burned cruelly, and the archive clerk was peevish at my mussing up his papers. But, in the end, I was still more peevish than he; for on the ships of recent arrival I had found not a single South African ptarmigan.

"You darned fool!" sneered the clerk when I told him this. "Those fancy game birds are kept in cold storage a year or more. That ptarmigan may have been imported on a cake of ice last Christmas!"

"Well," I sighed, "then I must go back and back and back until I find the event."

And back I went, and back some more, every day for the next nineteen. I took temporary lodgings in a seamen's lodging house

"THESE MAY BE APRIL-FOOL BIRDS. THEY MAY TASTE LIKE KEROSENE. LET US SEE!"

* This sentence in Mr. Williams's manuscript contains 732 words, of which 121 are capitalized. The Typographical Union refuses to handle it.—Editor of Everybody's.

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opposite the custom-house. I went to work with the clerks, and I quit with them. Some day I shall tell you about the strange cargoes I stumbled upon during this prodigious exploring expedition; about the five casks of madmen's brains consigned to a clinic; about the Norwegian sailing vessel that had been chartered by a Ladies' Aid Society in Uruguay, to rush relief supplies to the flood victims in all towns that had gone wet on election day, etc., etc. But let us stick to our bird.

Nineteen days I clung to its trail, and on the evening of the last one I had reached the Inward Manifests of August 30, 1906. This date was precisely five years old. But still no South African ptarmigan! Therefore Keena & Kelly either had sold Porter's a bird that was not a South African ptarmigan, or else they had sold a genuine South African ptarmigan more than five years deceased, or else, finally, they had smuggled in the genuine ptarmigan.

The second of these possibilities was the easiest to investigate. So I turned to it first. I sought out America's most renowned cold-storage expert.

"Tell me," I begged him, "will meat remain toothsome after five years of freezing?"

"It depends upon the meat," said he. "Now, prime Argentine beef——"

"Never mind that! How about South African ptarmigan?"

Narrowly the great man scrutinized me, then snorted disgustedly. "Run along, Little Smarty, and spring your joke on somebody else."

"What?" I shouted, all at sea.

"Come! Come!" the expert grinned. "Did you think you could josh me? Why, sonny! I know every living thing that's edible——"

"Isn't South African ptarmigan edible?" I gasped.

"No. Because it does not exist. Ptarmigans live only in the northern hemisphere. See any encyclopedia. Good day!"

Somehow I managed to stumble out of the office and over to a dock hard by, where I flung myself upon a great case of Swiss doilies, like a fagged stevedore. Those last terrible words of the expert went droning, droning, droning through my sunken head, stinging my tormented spirit, and exhausting me by stirring up a horde of flitting and futile conjectures about that mysterious tag on the leg of the bird in Porter's kitchen. There I lay—how many hours I know not—until a watchman of the piers thumped my hot soles with his cruel stick and ordered me thence.

As I shambled to my lodgings in a daze, my problem began to clear. The South African ptarmigan at Porter's wasn't one. Whence then the tag, and why? Were Keena & Kelly themselves deceived? Or were they deceivers? Was the tag a jest? Or did some earnest lurk behind its humbug? Now, Alphonse was either duped by Keena & Kelly or else he feigned wonderfully to be. But, if he feigned, he would not come to blows over the bird; that would be both painful and purposeless. Therefore he sincerely believed the tag. Thus the leading question became this:

Did Keena & Kelly write the tag and affix it to the bird, or did some irresponsible person do it? And, if Keena & Kelly did it, why did they?

From this simple and brief line of reasoning you will readily note what my next move must have been. I had to visit the fish-and-game dealers and discover whether they were selling birds as South African ptarmigan. And that is what I did, in a great hurry, too.

The roofed sidewalks and cobbled streets of the vast wholesale district slumbered in the midst of its thousand perfumes; for the hour was midafternoon, and the day's bartering is over at noon. Only bookkeepers were scribbling in their dark cubbyholes, an occasional expressman dropped a crate of melons or chickens, and here and there a scavenger—boy, dog, or cat—was nosing through barrels of refuse at the curb. Keena & Kelly's was a solitude in a solitude. Its dingy, narrow front was adorned not even with the customary empty crates. Beneath its sidewalk roof loitered no scavenger. And within was neither clerk nor scribe. I walked through to the rear, and encountered not a soul.

In a squalid court that I glimpsed through the half-open back door a hulking roustabout dozed, pipe in mouth and back against a stack of shattered strawberry boxes.

"I wish to buy a South African ptarmigan," I spoke up briskly.

The fellow stirred heavily, opened a red eye, and mumbled: "Boss is out. May be back in 'n hour er so."

I sat on a kippered-herring keg and

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waited. In a few minutes it occurred to me that there might be some "South African ptarmigan" or tags with that inscription lying about. So I nosed about softly, incidentally making note of the peculiar shipping marks on the many foreign boxes, which I hope some day to investigate scientifically. I made the rounds of the place fruitlessly, until I came to the small square next to the firm's solitary desk.

This square was hedged about with a wooden rail, and within it there were huddled, close beside the desk, five small, extra heavy barrels. Their tops were tight, all save one. This I lifted, and by George! there were three or four dozen unplucked birds, each bearing a leg tag and the baffling words, "South African ptarmigan!"

"It is now clear," I announced to the four walls, "that Keena & Kelly are officially responsible for the deceit. Next we must determine whether they are perpetrating it as a jest on somebody or for profit. Now, it is not a good joke merely to ticket a fowl with the name of an imaginary bird. The point lies elsewhere: in the particular name, or in the gullibility of the person on whom the joke is played. On the other hand, it might be a passable joke to palm off a bird of repellent flavor under the guise of a rare succulence. These may be April-fool birds. They may taste like kerosene. Let us see!"

With that I seized the top bird and made off with it, this time to my Gramercy Park quarters, where I promptly installed one of those pretty electric broilers with which flat dwellers do electric light-housekeeping.

My investigations were sadly interrupted for a while by that confounded Milligan—the chap that runs a detective agency, you recall. He had been telephoning twice every day for the past fortnight, so the hall-boy said. And I had not been home half an hour before he stormed in upon me, very red of face and temper, and demanded, almost rudely, whether I had found Mrs. Elfenstein's rug; and if not, why not.

"My good man," I smiled down upon him as gently as I could, "Mrs. Elfenstein must wait. I have something infinitely more important to accomplish than the finding of a thousand-dollar patch of bright wool."

"So you're letting that book on face wrinkles cheat me of my right to consult you, eh?" Milligan went ugly.

"I had quite forgotten that, by George!" I laughed. "I am now pursuing a less comprehensive but more mystifying problem." And I briefly sketched it.

"Allow me to say," sneered Milligan, as he snatched up his hat and backed toward the door, "that you are a gloriously damn fool. Your skull is full of spoiled custard——"

"That sounds like the good old times!" I chuckled, unoffended. "Seventeen employers of mine have expressed that very thought, variously phrased. All they mean, though, is that I am not like them. Good day! Maybe next week I'll find that rug for you."

"You'll return my thousand-dollar fee!" yelled Milligan, as he vanished down the stairs. "I'm going to see my attorney."

Quite distressing, wasn't it? With a sigh I set up my electric broiler, tied a newspaper about my waist, rolled up my sleeves, and fell to dressing the alleged South African ptarmigan.

The feathers came out stubbornly, tearing the tender skin as they came. Then I drove in a knife and slit the crop. It was a very full crop, and packed with small, hard pebbles which clinked faintly as I shook them out upon my table.

MY BREATH STOPPED, AND A CRUEL PAIN QUIVERED THROUGH ME.

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"Rather coarse grit for so small a bird to eat!" I mused, as I fingered the pebbles and rubbed the slime off them. And I recalled that even large hens, which devour many particles of earth and stone, seldom swallow a geological morsel larger than a pea. But this alleged ptarmigan was scarcely half the size of a common hen, and the eight pebbles were each as large as a Lima bean!

"Evidently," I inferred— and slapped my knee with a new joy—"Keena & Kelly have discovered a new species of bird, one that lives on stones. Perhaps Burbank has invented it, or——"

My breath stopped, and a cruel pain quivered through me, as every muscle of my body stiffened in a rigor of insane amazement. My right palm burned. The pebbles in it, the eight pebbles each as large as a Lima bean, the pebbles now cleansed by my aimless rubbing, twinkled maliciously at me with the unmistakable blue and white fire of flawless diamonds!

How long I stood over the beauties, bewitched by their flickering seductions, I do not know. But at last the spell was broken —I think, by the mere honking of an automobile down in the street. My paper apron still fast about me, and my dressing-knife in my rigid fist, I leaped downstairs, into a taxicab, and off to Keena & Kelly's. As the car dashed wildly across the island, I settled down to business. Out came my ever-ready pencil and scratch paper; and I, with my new logical method, drove headlong into the blindest, most brain-racking puzzle that I had yet encountered. Must I word it for you? Well, then:

What is there in the flavor of a diamond that would tempt an alleged ptarmigan to devour the stone? And where could a bird with a diamond appetite pick up eight perfectly cut jewels that were worth fully a thousand dollars apiece?

Dusk was blurring the signs of Greenwich Street, and the feverish ebb tide of commuters was running fast past the closed stores of the wholesale district. I feared that I was too late. But no! A light was burning in the rear of Keena & Kelly's, and, silhouetted against its sickly yellow, a thick-set man was shaking his fist at the roustabout whom I had seen there earlier in the day.

The door was locked. I rattled at the knob impatiently. The thick-set man wheeled, scowled savagely at me, then

"WHY, SONNY! I KNOW EVERY LIVING THING THAT'S EDIBLE!"

pressed an ill-favored visage against the dusty pane and growled:

"What d'ye want?"

"Information," I answered. "Are you the proprietor?"

"Yes. Who are you?" He was studying me closely, with a glance now and then at my chauffeur, whom I had bidden to await me.

"Let me in, and I'll tell you."

He opened, a little hesitant, and stood athwart my path. "Well—" he grew suddenly diplomatic— "whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Williams," I said. "I am the consulting detective for the Milligan Agency, among others. But," I added quickly, "I do not come here in that capacity——"

"Milligan Agency, eh?" The thick-set man stiffened strangely. "But not here representing it——"

"No," I went on, removing my paper apron as I spoke, "I come privately——"

"And for what, please?"

"I am very curious about the South African ptarmigan you carry in stock. It——"

"What's the joke?" The man grinned unnaturally. "We haven't any such bird. I never even heard of——"

"So it would appear from the Inward Manifests at the custom-house!" I retorted, not a little perplexed at this unexpected turn of events. "You never

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imported any such ptarmigan under its own name——"

Then the man's mouth fell open and he stammered: "What do you know about that, heh?"

"I have just spent nineteen days studying your importations," I replied. "Also, I happen to know that you have five barrels of South African ptarmigan beside your desk. And the bird is fond of eating six-carat diamonds. This is a most unusual diet. No standard reference work on zoology alludes to it——"

"Get out of here!" the man snapped his fingers at the roustabout, and the roustabout shuffled forth into the deepening twilight. "Now, young man—" he trembled a little—"we must come to terms. You've trapped me, all right! I knew there was trouble ahead when I found a bird gone from that open barrel this afternoon. Another two hours, and I'd have had all the sparklers out of the way. But you've beaten me, sonny. I'm a good sport. I put up my hands. And I'll put up something better yet, if you will trot off home right away and not come back here until to-morrow morning. Look!"

Before I could utter a sound, he glided to his desk, jerked forth a little drawer, and dumped from it into my hands a scant score of four-carat sparklers! "Now beat it!" he whispered wheedlingly, and edged me toward the street. "Come back to-morrow, at any hour, I'll have everything fixed so as to put you straight——"

"You mean it?" I demanded anxiously. "You will really put me straight, if I come in the morning?"

"Straight as a die," he promised warmly. "Milligan will never catch on. I'll leave a few birds with small sparklers——"

"This is not Milligan's affair!" I corrected him. "It is yours and mine. Nobody else is in on it. The custom-house people know about it, of course. But it's not their hunt. Both the work and, I hope, the reward are mine alone——"

"You're a trump!" declared the fish-and-game man heartily, and he thumped me on the back. "Now, remember! To-morrow morning! And bring along Milligan and the customs crowd, if you like. I'll have everything ready for them—and for you."

We shook hands on that. And the next minute I was standing in Greenwich Street under a sputtering lamp, foolishly pawing over a heaping handful of diamonds. How much were they worth? And why had the man given them to me? Was it a business practise? Or what? The task exceeded my overtapped powers of thought. I needed help. So I rode up to the Public Library and spent the rest of the early evening studying standard works on Commission Agents and the Customs of Trade.

Some customs of trade are very peculiar. Grocers call a pint box a quart box. Butchers weigh in the bones and fat trimmings, charge them to the customer, and then take them out and sell them over again to the bone man. Attorneys accept retainer fees for doing nothing. . . .* But nowhere did I find that fish-and-game merchants have the habit of giving twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry to strangers who ask questions about ornithology. As I reflected, the practise came to seem highly improbable; so improbable and fantastic, indeed, that I began to doubt that the stones were diamonds and that the thick-set man was a fish-and-game dealer, and that—

"To the pawnbroker's!" I shouted—right out in the big reading-room. And before the indignant guardian of the silences could eject me for paralyzing the bookworms, I had fled once more into the night. And I stopped not until I had flung myself against the counter of a famous Rialto Uncle.

"It's of the first water," Uncle declared over a specimen. "I'll advance you nine hundred on it any day——"

"Then I am rich!" I shrieked my joy. "Rich! I have twenty-two more like that one!"

"Where did you get 'em, son?"

I turned. A tall, sharp-eyed man had come forward from the rear of the shop and put the question with a tone of quiet authority.

"Some I got from a little bird, and the others from a man," I began. Then I went on to explain. But the more I said, the more queerly the pawnbroker scanned me, and the more closely the tall man edged up against me.

"That'll do!" the tall man broke in rudely, after a minute. "You come along with me and tell that wild story at headquarters after you've sobered up——"

"Go along and don't make a row!" urged the pawnbroker. "He's a plain-clothes man."

* Eighty-five illustrations of trade customs here omitted.—EDITOR.

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"YOU WELCHER!" SNARLED THE THICK-SET MAN.

I bowed ironically to the pair and drew forth my visiting-cards. "I suggest that you come with me to Greenwich Street," I advised the plain-clothes man. "At eight in the morning——"

"No," whistled the tall man, as he read my card, "I'll go with you now. I can't bear to lose sight of your sweet face overnight! You may be Williams, and you may not," he grinned sardonically. "We'll pick up a couple of officers down-town. Come along!"

This is how I returned, at ten o'clock that very evening, to Keena & Kelly's, with four

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detectives in my wake. They forced the door, flashed their pocket lights . . .

The floor was bestrewn with slashed birds, and in the midst of the smeary mess crouched my friend, the thick-set man, and a beautiful woman; between them a small valise, and in the valise a full quart of precious stones!

"You welcher!" snarled the thick-set man, and, with a lightning-like flash of his arm, he drew a revolver and fired. Something burned in the thick of my thigh, and I fell. Then the tall detective shot, and the thick-set man pitched forward and lay very still upon a mess of disemboweled game birds.

"Gentlemen," I stammered unsteadily, "upon further reflection I am convinced that this——"

Then I collapsed in a dead faint.

The next morning, on my cool cot in the hospital, I read in the newspapers that Williams, the Wizard Sleuth, had unearthed the most gigantic smuggling conspiracy that had ever baffled the Secret Service. Like all highly successful schemes, Keena & Kelly's was incredibly simple. The fish-and-game business was a diabolically clever piece of smuggling machinery.

Kelly would go to London twice a year and ostentatiously buy a few hundred brace of Scotch grouse. His sister would secretly pick up half a million dollars' worth of sparklers in Amsterdam and Paris, and bring them to Keena & Kelly's shipping-office in East London. The stones would be stuffed into the crops of a few score birds, the birds would be tagged "South African ptarmigan" (South Africa being the home of diamonds, you know), and then scattered through half a hundred barrels of innocent and common grouse. Keena, the thick-set man, would receive the shipments at New York and make a great show of selling to the fanciest hotel trade.

In five years, said one newspaper, the smugglers must have brought in five or six million dollars' worth of diamonds.

Mr. Williams, said another journal, had seized half a million dollars' worth last night; and half of this sum would go to him as a reward for his services.

A third daily, in a leading editorial, demanded that Mr. Williams be placed at the head of the Secret Service.

All three papers ran a huge advertisement of the Milligan Detective Agency with an alleged picture of myself, bearing the legend: "Consulting Expert of Our Firm."

"This is discouraging!" I sighed to the nurse, as she placed beside my bed an enormous bouquet of roses and forget-me-nots from the Milligan Agency. "They parade all the sordid details about the value of the diamonds and the size of my reward. But not a word about my new logical method in all of it. Not a hint about my synthetic analysis of complex propositions."

I have engaged a private secretary to help me hurry along my *magnum opus* on the Nine Species of Face Wrinkles. He is up-town to-day, seeking a small apartment with eight-inch floor boards.

A strange lady by the name of Mrs. Elfenstein has been trying to see me. But the hospital doctors will not admit her.

In the March number George Randolph Chester will publish "On the Minute"—a story of New York, with a startlingly ingenious idea. Other stories by Mr. Chester will appear during the year—stories in a brand-new Chester vein, and every one original and exciting.

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O·HENRY *and* ME

by

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

AT BEST THAT "PERSONAL" GAVE ME O. HENRY AS A FRIEND.

AFTER all it is only eight years ago. Though it seems longer. Much longer. O. Henry is dead. And a lot of the girl he called "Miss Terry" is gone, too.

Only eight years ago! His stories were just beginning to sell. Mine — well, I lived in a skylight room in Harlem. The skylight room because the hall-room, being heated, would have cost fifty cents more a week. Very frequently I was hungry. And I was lonelier than any one you have ever known. You can imagine, then, what O. Henry's friendship meant to me when it

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did come. For—he was The Royal Friend. Though that was nearly two years after the letters. I wish I had not missed the time I might have had it.

The beginning is a little hazy. I do not remember exactly how I came to do it. But it is not hard to guess. Probably that particular Sunday was rainy. I did not go out, anyway. I did not know where to go. And I was afraid of the streets. I sat on the bed and read the Sunday papers to try and find out wherein the things that I wrote for them, and that they would not buy, were wrong.

And so somehow, some way, for some reason—Kismet, if you like—I read that "Personal" in the New York *Herald*. It was on September 10, 1905. And somehow, some way, for some reason—Kismet, if you like—I answered it. Perhaps it held a hint of a loneliness such as mine. Though for years—until quite recently even—I was ashamed of having answered it. Such is the power of convention. Now I am glad. At best it gave me O. Henry as a friend. At worst I am pleased I had the courage to do something definite—anything.

The "Personal" read like this:

TWO neighborly "literary fellows," 35 and 30, seek social acquaintance of two intelligent, attractive and unconventional young ladies interested in artistic ideas, with a view to mutual improvement and entertainment. Omar. 116 Herald.

And I in the courage of absolute ignorance answered it—after this fashion:

"Sept. 10, 1905.

" 'Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!'

"Alas, that a *Herald* Personal should be my 'predestined evil.' Alas that I should rather enjoy 'falling'! I am so heartily sick of doing the things I ought to do and leaving undone the things I ought to leave undone. I have a horrid notion that's why I'm lonely. And so—and so—I am no longer, oh—lots of things! I am, instead, a 'literary fellow' in search of 'two intelligent and unconventional people' (say about thirty and thirty-five) interested in artistic ideas, with a view to my improvement and entertainment.

" 'The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing!'

"Indeed I am awfully lonesome. You can't understand, for—there's two of you. There's only one of me. Take my word for it that it is not nice to be a girl working all alone in a city where you scarcely know a human soul. I am at the point where I talk to elevator boys and car conductors. That is why—and because I am also a bit of a gambler—I thought I would write to you. I have been brought up to believe 'gentlemen do not do the sort of thing' *you* are doing. But I have been brought up to believe 'ladies do not' either. And as I am unwilling to admit I am not 'a lady,' that gives *you* just the one chance on which I propose to gamble.

"Who *are* you? Out of space you have spoken a name I love. Out of space I am answering you. Will you come within signaling distance, you ships that, perhaps, shall not pass in the night?

"Pardon me that I do not give you my own name and address. You might, you know, be—well—almost anything. An entire matrimonial agency, for example. I wonder. I am just—

" 'A WOMAN.' "

And there came this letter in reply:

"Sept. 17, 1905.

"MYSTERIOUS 'A WOMAN':

"I never particularly noticed that—'Oh, Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin' until you quoted it. Then I reached for my dictionary. It told me that 'gin' was 'a 'trap; a snare.' Then I drew upon my memory and saw another 'gin' and heard a fizzing sound in connection with it.

"My Dear Madam 'A Woman,' believe me, there is no trap or snare. Not by our 'Personal' shall you fall; we hope it will be a dirigible balloon in which you may soar into more pleasant strata of clouds and ether.

"My brother 'Omar' and I are not connected by any more binding tie than that of similar tastes and a well-established mutual friendship. Weary of the counterfeit Bohemia into which people who 'write' are dragged, we sent forth the 'Personal' into space with the hope of winging some wild, free creature of the aerial regions above who might prove congenial company in our quiet excursions in search of the (genuinely) romantic and the (reasonably) adventurous.

"I came from the saddle of a Texas bronco four years ago to New York. The conventionalities and the routine of the little circle I have been revolving in have

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"ONE EVENING," WROTE O. HENRY, "I'D LIKE TO DINE RATHER IN STYLE, AND SHAKE HANDS WITH WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS AND HUNGRY WRITERS."

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about caused me to stampede. The more 'people' I meet the—'lonesomer' I get. I can well sympathize with a woman who is lonely in the Big City.

" 'Omar' No. 1 is a New Yorker and a charming and bright fellow. I recommend him—so there!

"Please ma'am will you try a chat with us instead of the car conductors and elevator boys? I am sure my brother 'Omar' will recommend me, too.

You—'a bit of a gambler at heart'? Let's see if you are. You made a very careful lead with your 'A Woman' signature. Well, I must admit you were right to do that. But now I'm playing a trump—here's my picture (which you won't recognize) and here's my card and address. You won't recognize the name, for I write over a *nom de guerre*.

"I trust you thus because you say you are 'a literary fellow' and I have confidence in 'the gang.' If you would care to come within speaking distance and give us a hope that we may gather 'underneath the bough' with you we would be glad to hear from you again.

"Yours to the bottom of the jug,

"THE TWO OMARS."

Here *was* an interest in my lonely life. I snatched at it. I answered that first letter almost at once. I wrote:

"Sept. 22, 1905.

"DEAR MR. OMAR NO. 2:

"Shake hands. Six years ago *I* 'came from the saddle of a Texas bronco'. 'Stampede'!!! Sometimes I feel as though I just naturally can't stick it out. You know the feel. You *must!* How—

" 'I want *free* life!
And I want *fresh* air!
And I *long* for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whip like shot in battle.'

"And—and—*you* know!

"And I have two more years than you have of pent-up homesickness. I said in my letter I was 'lonesome'. You said you were 'lonesomer. I know I am 'lonesomest'. How could you be as 'lonesomest' as I, you two who are bound by the tie of 'similar tastes and a well-established mutual friendship'?

"Well, anyway, I feel better now. I know that somewhere else in this jungle of houses there is another human whose eyes and heart turn back toward 'Home'.

"Omar No. 1—you come with highest credentials from my fellow countryman. Therefore you must be—but I do not say nice things on short acquaintance.

"It was decent of you, Mr. Porter, to send me your card and address. Your confidence in this infinitesimal portion of 'the gang' will not be misplaced. I don't know whether or not I should show my appreciation by being equally frank. I'm afraid I can't. I shall have to remain 'a paper sport.' Will you let me be unknown to you a little longer? You can't lose much, you see—you literary fellows. But for me—it's so unfairly different.

"If ever I meet you twice, with my consent, you will know who I am before you see me the second time. That's a pretty good promise. I know you will acknowledge its justice. The truth of the matter is I'd rather *see* you first. If I ask you to my home it is the sign and pledge of my trust. It would mean that, perhaps, we shall be friends. For truly would I like to go with you on your 'excursions in search of the (genuinely) romantic and the (reasonably) adventurous.'

"And now—I am at a standstill. I *want* to accept your invitation to 'come within speaking distance,' but I do not know how. Of course the simplest method is to tell you where I will meet you. But how in the name of Heaven am I to know you when I get there? Shall I wear a red rose? Isn't that the proper thing under such circumstances?

"I suppose I ought to tell you what I look like. I do not know. Let's see. I'm dark—*frightfully* dark. I do not imagine my best friends could call me 'pretty'. Which I imagine finishes our correspondence. But if by any chance you care to remember that beauty is, after all, only skin deep, you may address a letter to me as you did before, while I remain to you a little longer just—

" 'A WOMAN.' "

I forgot to tell you that in O. Henry's first letter to me he enclosed a card with the name "Sydney Porter" and the address "No. 55 Irving Place." There was also a picture of him, clipped, as I subsequently learned, from *McClure's Magazine*.

In answer to my second letter there came a second letter from O. Henry. It began:

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"Saturday—

"Goodness Me! Did you really come from the bronco country, or was that only a figure of speech? If you did, I can talk your language. Don't you know that you are always safe in approaching the camp-fire of a Texan?

"I would have been disappointed, O mysterious 'A Woman', if you had revealed yourself and given me permission to 'call'. I'm glad you didn't do that. These are but wireless signals through space. Why should they be spoiled by a 'call'? Why should I add to the awful tedium of your life by sitting on a slippery couch in your 'parlor,' hitching up my trousers an inch at the knees to preserve the crease (when you weren't looking), and drinking a cup of English breakfast tea (which is no good—always get uncolored Japan), and asking you whether you like 'Man and Superman' or the Hippodrome the better.

"Not for Old Bill Omar, the Texas Scout.

"My dear 'A Woman,' I can do these things sometimes. I can be a perfect gent when I want to. They used to round me up a year or two ago and drive me to 'functions.' Once I was corralled with a bunch of poets and poetesses up-town. The poets sat in semi-circles on the floor and read 'things of their own.' And the poetesses didn't do a thing to a couple of old portfolios with about eighty pounds of unpublished 'pomes' in 'em.

"Truth is, I'm tired of the New York bluff. I want a 'pal' who hates this sort of conventionality, who will be a 'good fellow'—in the best sense of the term—and would like to go about and enjoy the Arabian Nights that can be found here by the true followers of the Commander of the Faithful. *Unconspicuous unconventionality*—these two large words seem to hit off the idea.

"Really, I know a good many people, and could be out at their dreary 'shindigs' every night or so if I wanted to. But I don't want to. I haven't struck any one in New York yet who understood what I do want. Let's see if I can tell you:

"One evening I'd like to dine at the Café Francis or Mouquin's—rather in style, and shake hands with well-known artists and hungry writers. The next day I'd go down on the lower East Side and watch the police break into joints and get the 'local color'. The next evening I'd go home and lock my doors and read one of Clark Russell's sea stories and swear at anybody that dared disturb me. On the next I'd go to a theatre and after it was over go to a dance-hall and entice somebody into a corner and inveigle them into telling me *THINGS!*—the things that make literature if only the editors would let us write 'em. Then the next evening I'd be a direct descendant of my Puritan ancestors—I'd write letters to my relatives and feel really virtuous and read Macaulay's Essays.

"Twenty-four hours later would find me bored, disgusted, angry, dissatisfied—why?—because I haven't got a 'pal' to help me enjoy these things.

"Say, A. W., you're all right. Will you excuse camp-fire talk? I slept on the ground three years in the cattle and sheep camps, and I don't care for society phrases. Still I can do 'em if necessary. I don't make no breaks in conversation when there's fine-haired folks around, you bet.

"Really, isn't it awful, this way of getting acquainted? I never put an ad in a paper before since my last reincarnation. My friend Omar 1st came in to see me the other day, and we were bewailing the lack of human interest in life, and the idea came to us. As soon as I saw your letter I began to sit up and take notice. Your chirography is a gilt-edged recommendation; your brightness is a letter of credit.

"I am glad you work—it is good, very good for you. I am glad your best friends don't call you pretty—it's a proof that you are. I am glad you are dark—I have admired blondes all my life, and my judgment and taste has been proven faulty. And I like very much your hesitancy at revealing your identity.

"Perhaps you'd rather know something more about the tent-makers. My accomplice, Omar No. 1, is the editor of a magazine—as he is not here as I write this, I naturally abbreviate his biography. But he is no mystery, and you would run no risk in any respect if you should see him standing on a corner with a red rose in one hand and a corkscrew in the other for purposes of identification.

"I will give you a brief but revolting description of myself. First comes a newspaper clipping:

"'———. who has brought out his first novel in "—— ———," a rollicking tale of humorous doings in a small Central American republic, is a true soldier of fortune. He is still a very young man, but

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he has lived a varied life. He has been a cowboy, a sheep-herder, merchant, salesman, miner, and a great many other nameless things in the course of a number of very full years spent doing our West, Southwest, Mexico, South and Central America. Mr. ——— (which of course is not his name) went about with a keen eye, and supplemented it by a ready note-book, into which he jotted down his impressions and things noteworthy that happened his way. He carried an abundant good fellowship, and saw the bright and amusing side of things, as his stories bear sufficient witness.'

"This is an accurate description except that I am not a very young man, I have never been a cowboy, a sheep-herder, merchant, salesman, or miner. I can't deny the 'nameless things' so readily. I never carried a note-book in my life. I am reasonably 'good humored' except when irritated. Now let's get down to personalities.

"In appearance I resemble, more than anything else, a retail butcher who is worried about his bills. But I am not worried. I am vice-president of the Don't Worry Club. I acknowledge to being rather inconstant, and reserve the right to change my opinion every thirty minutes. About the best things I can say for myself are that I never 'go back on' one who has been a 'pal' and—I try to please when I am trying to please.

"Did you get that? It sounds a little obscure. Enough of me! Now the important thing is how are we 'ships who pass in the night' to exchange signals?

"Of course I could walk up Broadway at 7:45 with one shoe off and a fur boa around my neck screaming 'Murder!' every thirty seconds. You could come down the street singing 'Hiawatha' in a pink kimono and your hair cut short—and so we would know each other. But that is so conventional; isn't it?

"Lemme see! I'll tell you.

("This is all new to me. I'm accustomed to lasso ladies to whom I take a fancy, throw them across my saddle, and gallop away, firing my trusty revolver as the horse's hoofs strike fire from the asphalt pavement on the prairie.)

"Hist!

"Listen!

"An it please you, let's say that you come to the 125th St. and Lenox Ave. subway station (down where they wait for the cars) at a certain time—say, any time between six and eight o'clock, at your convenience—one evening this week, either Thursday, Friday, or Saturday (or Wednesday). I will be there with my friend Omar (or alone if you prefer it). I thought perhaps the three of us could meet with less constraint. Upon our singling you out from the common herd (don't mention it!) we will respectfully approach you and talk about the weather. Then, if we are so fortunate as to enlist your confidence, we can run out somewhere for a quiet little dinner, and discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Of course we would humbly acquiesce in your declination of the invitation to dine, if you should see proper, but I lay my hand on the cigars in my upper left-hand pocket and assure you that your lightest wish shall rule all the procedure after we meet.

"If this strikes you all right, please answer, naming the day and time and something by which we can recognize you—say a handkerchief in your left hand or anything that will give us the clue.

"Hoping that this will meet your approval and that you will name an early day,

"I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"SYDNEY PORTER."

Why I never answered this letter I do not know. If I only had! Why didn't I go to that subway station on "Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or—(Wednesday)? As it was I missed two whole years in which I might have known O. Henry. Too much to lose. For it was all of that before I finally did meet him in a friend's home and place him in my mind as the man of the "Personal Letters." Then it was quite a long while, too, before I summoned courage to tell him I was the "Personal Girl." After he knew, he used, as I say, to call me "The Miss Terry." And he plagued me insufferably about it all. And—he will always be a very fine memory in my life. But all that—as somebody, whom we both admired very much, would write—is quite another story.

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The INWARD EMPIRE

by

HORACE FISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND

EVERYBODY, big or small, has an Inward Empire; and little Oliver, though he did not think one way or another about it, had his own, and it had grown to great proportions.

But because of a little twist in Oliver, the light of his empire was but a streak of dull, ominous yellow.

Physically speaking, the twisted man of the story is not Oliver but Carl Reichman, who had a twisted leg—so pathetically, observably twisted that, unlike some happier accidents, it affected his whole appearance and impression, justifying the careless definition of him as a "twisted man." But it was Oliver's twist that lay at the bottom of Carl Reichman's fall, just as it lay as a foundation of Oliver's rise, and his small local fame in the world.

Pontius Pilate washed his hands, and so did Oliver.

He washed them of everything that he supposed to be standing in his way; and his career had called for a vast deal of washing in the bank of which he had just now become the head. The bank, appropriately enough, was called the Empire, and Oliver was its true inwardness.

Aside from holding this position, which spread rather wide and stood rather tall in the confines of the banking world, he was in every way little. He was a little short, a little corpulent, a little gray, a little over forty, a little round of head and feature, quite a little ugly, a very little good-looking—this last of eyes, which had a dog-like quality of dark brown that, in the human countenance, and certainly in Oliver's, tends

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to conceal the finer shades of expression, and lends a sort of convenient night to a sly character.

The directors who had made him president of their Empire had not known that Oliver was sly, but they had known that he was economical; and the large saving of small money in his twenty years of servile docility had finally set him where he had scarcely dreamed he would ever be, though for those twenty years he had kept his feet pointed there as steadily as he had kept his eyes toward his desk and the bank's economy.

And there he was, now, purse and person; not a big president, not a brilliant one, but a sound, obedient, competent, safe president, deserving, grateful, dazed, but not too dazed.

The high office proved all his mind could wish, after the first period of embarrassment. To triumph despite ill-will and resentment is not without embarrassment to such as Oliver, and Oliver knew, partly by instinct, partly through confidential companions—dropped from confidence one by one in his gradual rise—that the hand-washing process was not his secret. He knew that it was dubbed in the bank "Oliver's twist." Nor were the nicknames it occasioned him secrets, though they were supposed to be. He knew that he was called "the little brown mouse," and, more frequently and more poignantly, "Pontius Pilate."

In the three months of his occupancy of office he had not seen, nearly or clearly enough to mark the fact, his old friend Carl Reichman, who halted, rather than progressed, into his cage at the end of the long Parian corridor six days each week at nine. And it was with a moment's distinct hesitation, covered as usual by the color of the dark eyes, that he listened to his secretary's announcement, at two on a dull Friday afternoon, that Carl Reichman requested to see him.

"Ask—tell him to come in."

It is probable that in the following brief interval Oliver's thoughts went a distance back, jumping to different periods of the careers that had started parallel.

He and Carl Reichman had entered the Empire, and the same department, the same day. At that time they had the same interests. The interests, though grown apart, had to some extent remained the same; both had married, both had children. Neither had "gone the pace," both were quiet and domestic in tastes, Carl inclining by birth and instinct and education a little more to things social, Oliver a little more to things professional—if bank affairs may be so termed.

In the latter Oliver had progressed; in the former Carl, through marriage on a small salary, had retrograded, substituting a religious fervor. Several times he had nearly lost his position by refusing to work on Sunday, a detail in which Oliver had not offended. Carl had suffered one distorting accident—a smash-up on Brooklyn Bridge, from which, ten years before, he had dragged forth a twisted leg. His salary, to-day, was what it had been ten years ago; Oliver's multiplied it, perhaps, by ten.

It was with a swift turn of the unerring memory to the amount of the man's salary that Oliver's mind was engaged as Carl Reichman limped into the office.

"Well, Reichman?"

"I—I'd like to talk to you about something, sir."

There was a distinct contrast between Carl's hesitant forcing of the prepared "sir," and the fact of his seating himself unbidden, either from past familiarity or from long indulgence to his injury, or both.

"Well?" The president was studying his desk.

"Can you give me more money, sir? I need it badly."

"I have nothing to do with that."

"You *could* have," insisted Carl Reichman. "I've been to the chief clerk. I've been to the vice-president. Every one puts it on somebody else. I'm lost in the shuffle here. Every one looks on me as 'your man'—that's the trouble. You're the only one that *will* do it. You know as well as I do the way they do things here. You know how you've put me off time and again, so I've waited till I knew you *could* do what you liked."

"I'm an employee here, exactly as you are. Nobody here can 'do what they like.' "

"You could do that, sir. You know my record, and the way I've slaved for this place. And I haven't been raised for ten years."

"Is that *my* fault?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

Oliver looked at him swiftly, a flash in the dark eyes, then back at his desk. "That's not the kind of talk I like."

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"Then you won't do anything for me?"

"I've told you I can't."

Reichman hesitated. "There's a particular reason, sir. You know what my salary is. I can scarcely support my family decently on it. And there's going to be another."

"That," said Oliver, "is scarcely my fault."

A slow flush spread up Carl Reichman's face. Oliver saw it, and was ashamed, and therefore more merciless still. "Incompetents"—but he halted.

"You can speak so to me," said Reichman, paling, "on *this* day of all days?"

"On this day—" began Oliver, and stopped again. He remembered that twenty years ago to-day they had come together to the bank. "A man's family," he finished, lamely, "should be in proportion to his own success, not another man's."

THE BURLY OFFICER LOOKED AT HIM BRIEFLY, THEN AVOIDED HIS EYES. "GET ALONG—GET ALONG! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO!"

Like many fervently religious people, Carl Reichman suffered injustice in silence to the speaking point and then spoke with the vehemence often called righteous wrath in mistake for temper.

"That's a mean way out of it. I'd have as much right to my children as you have to yours, if I got square play here! You've got it in your power to do anything with the clerks' salaries that you want to, and

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after my years of dog's work you let me go on slaving for money that would scarcely support a single man respectably! God gave me a right to my children, just as he gave you the power to do the right thing to me, and you won't do it, because you're cowardly! It means a simple order that you're afraid to give for fear you'll be accused of favoritism. If it *was* favoritism, would it be more than justice to me? It isn't as if you didn't know my work, and the work I've done for *you!* I was a scrub to you, years after we both came into the bank. I knew you had more business brains than I had, and I stuck to you like a puppy and played your game like a trained nurse—not just for my own good either, but out of friendship. If I hadn't given that fidelity to you I wouldn't be where I am to-day, and *neither would you!*"

The president's face had grown slowly, deeply red, but Reichman's excited speech did not pause.

"We both knew the mess of personal politics this place was—and is yet—and without the whole-souled help I gave you, day by day and night after night, you never would have pulled through to play those politics yourself. Then you washed your hands of me, and now, for the coward's fear of spending a few hundred dollars, you wash your hands of me again! You know what this place is—you know it's called the sweatshop by every decent bank in New York City. And you won't help me! Years ago, when you first jumped 'way ahead of me, I found you had a streak of yellow in you. And it hurt, *personally* hurt. And your yellow streak has twisted you as much as my accident twisted me! But I didn't suppose you'd show it when you got to where you *have* got by it!"

The secretary, his eyes wide at the hotly raised voice, stepped in to the president with a card.

"Ask him to come right in," said Oliver, wheeling in his chair and turning his back on Carl Reichman, who limped out through the secretary's office.

Late that afternoon, Carl was sent for by the chief clerk. With a bound of his heart he turned from his desk and struggled nervously into his coat. "It got him! He's changed his mind!" And his own was a turmoil of anticipation as he climbed to the "check desk" department and limped in.

Here, in the vast room's reek of a hundred and fifty human bodies whose minds clicked and thumped like the numberless counting-machines before them, the great bank best exemplified the name of sweatshop Carl had scored it with. Through the clatter and the heat of mingled breath and electricity and sunlight he made his way to where the round red head of the chief clerk, a good-hearted Irish-American of the politician type, bent industriously over his papers.

After looking up, he appeared unusually absorbed in them again for several moments before he spoke.

"Er—Reichman, I'm sorry, but we feel you're not very well suited here. You'll—er—I'm sure you'll do much better somewhere else."

Carl did not answer. At the first words a sickening, ominous terror had shot through him, and he grew very white.

"You—you want me," he said at last, "to go as soon as I can get something else?"

"Er—no, *now*," said the chief clerk bluntly, after a second's hesitancy. "We're giving you a month's salary."

He held a long envelop toward him, and Carl accepted it mechanically. "My God!" he whispered.

"Don't take it too hard, Reichman," said the chief clerk as gently as he knew how. "I have no doubt you'll land something better before you know it."

"I wouldn't have supposed he'd do it!" said Carl in a low voice. "My God, I wouldn't have supposed he'd do it!"

With trembling fingers he thrust the envelop into his coat to conceal it from inquisitive eyes, and with stark face and dazed brain limped out of the noisy room.

In Oliver's mind, time must have been passing with unaccustomed rapidity, for when the sound came he had glanced at the clock and it was showing seven. The bank was deserted.

"I must have been asleep!" he said. It was a mechanical speech, uttered as a sort of stop-gap to his sudden fright; his mind leaped back to that inexplicable noise that had brought him quaking to his feet. He was certain that he had been asleep, and that it had waked him; but that sound was not part of a dream, for even as he had leaped up, glancing instinctively at the

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clock, and had stood, with his hand clutching his desk, it had kept on, for distinct seconds, dying away as the physical shock of it surged down from his pounding heart to his knees and to the soles of his feet. He was still shaking like a stricken child.

It had not come from the bank, though it had filled every crevice of it as water fills a vessel, echoing along its walls as electricity runs along a metal conductor.

"*What was it?*" As his mind prompted the words his lips formed them, but no answer came. The great building was as dark and empty as his question.

He was still trembling from head to foot, but the first paralysis of fear had left him. The noise was a cry, if any name could be put to it; but a cry from *what?* In his restricted life he had seen little of physical suffering, but it had seemed to him a cry of mortal agony. He had read somewhere that animals are dumb in physical agony; yet no man could have made that noise. If a hundred men had been one man, *that* man could not have made that sound.

Oliver's was not a keen imagination, yet in the very act of hearing, before the horrid thing died away, he had consciously visioned vast spaces, great cataclysms, the crashing together of fierce stars with the annihilation of shrieking animal life upon them. His brain had seethed and tottered with the pictures conjured by that horror of sound. Instinctively he felt that it was something never before heard, an epoch-making, history-making thing, something that every one in the great city had heard

WHITE FACES, NERVOUSLY FOLDING AND UNFOLDING HANDS, BORE WITNESS TO THE COMMON KNOWLEDGE. EYES DID NOT MEET.

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—in Brooklyn, the Bronx, everywhere. And here he was, strangely left by his office attendants, by even his slaving secretary, to sleep at his desk and to wake hearing that thing alone, with no one to tell him what it was.

His acute necessity to know was but intensified by his instinctive realization that, so long as he lived, the memory of the appalling sound would stay with him, as fresh in his frightened brain as it was this minute. It occurred to him, with a quiver of dread, that no matter how long dormant or forgotten, it would recur as he was dying, accompanying his spirit in its escape. For the first time, death appeared to him as a departure into something unknown, conceivably unending, and terrible with possibilities. Vast as the cry had been, huge and agonizing like the multiplied yell of a whole race in pain and fear, it had yet seemed a mortal cry, such as a madman would make—if he had the lungs of the world.

In the secretary's office, dimly lit by the ceiling lights of the long, silent corridor, he fumbled for his hat and stepped through the doorway. The night watchman, a white-haired old German, tottered humbly forward to unlock the bank door and let him out. Oliver could not ask his menial. The thing was too personal. He would ask stranger. He saw that the old man's usually pink face was as white as his hair. He, too, had heard. Hastily saying, "Good night!" and frightened anew by the difficulty he had in finding his voice, he went out and down the steps into the street.

Broadway lay deserted before him in its strange, silent night-clothes—darkness, lavender street lights staring in long, straight lines through the narrow cañon to Grace Church; the weird blue glare of the dirty pile of post-office; the hasty crawl, like insects on a giant robe, of a few late wayfarers; a policeman.

As he stood, undecided, by the steps, he saw that the few passing faces were as ashy white as his. He walked unsteadily over to the policeman.

"What—what was it, officer?"

The burly officer looked at him briefly, then avoided his eyes. "Get along—get along! You know as well as I do! Foolish question—Get along! Don't bother me!"

It was no time for authority, even resentment. Like a reproved child he turned away and walked to the corner. The subway was his usual transportation, but the emptiness of City Hall Park frightened him and he boarded a passing street-car. Inside was no solution. White faces, nervously folding and unfolding hands, the periodic shuddering of an old woman opposite him, bore witness to the common knowledge. Everybody else had heard as he had heard. Eyes did not meet. The loneliness that had come upon him in the bank redoubled here. *They* knew something and he did not. He stopped watching the faces, and sat shuddering at intervals like the rusty old woman as memory of the hideous sound renewed itself and swept through ears and brain.

Minutes, and the car slid on, and the old woman began to disturb him. Several times his eyes had found hers meeting his timidly, turning swiftly away, returning, and in hers he had suddenly discovered two big, slow, helpless tears, through which they sought his face despairingly. With a sudden twist, Oliver looked out of the window.

They were in the dark lane of tall, deserted buildings, and over the periodic jarring clang of the car a new sound boomed through the deep cañon—the deep voice of a tolling bell. As he turned from the window with a new shudder, the old woman jumped up to leave the car. She stopped, hesitant, helpless, before him.

"You have my boy's eyes!" she whispered, huskily. "He—he—to-day—oh!" She choked and was gone. Through the window he saw her hasten into a building; it was Grace Church, brilliantly lighted. The sob choking in his ears was lost in a multitudinous murmur of prayer that came like a moan from the portals.

On slid the car, and again he looked out. They had reached the theatre district, yet the great way was scarcely alight. A theatre was dark—two theatres, all the theatres were dark. With a new shiver, he realized that what he did not know had been an expected thing, a thing that the vast city had prepared for.

But the thoroughfare here was populous, and at Herald Square the car was stemmed a little by the small tide of people. A newsboy jumped aboard, quavering "Extra!" but with no exclamation in his voice. No one bought, and Oliver, having eagerly reached out his hand, withdrew it. He was

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suddenly afraid to know. The boy jumped off.

At Times Square, Oliver did likewise. He could bear the suspense no longer. To know would be better than not to know. In the swaying, clanging ride he had come to feel himself part and parcel of the catastrophe. Pushing past the drug-store through the crowd, he stared up at the announcement boards. The first words were no answer:

CRY HEARD HERE RUSHES OVER CITY LIKE DEATH-SWORD

He had known that. Farther down he read:

STRIKES *LEVIATHAN*—WIRELESS OPERATOR DEAD

So it *was* something that had rushed round the world! The glare of light from surrounding hushed hotels danced up between his eyes and the mysterious words, and he turned sickly away. Though he seldom drank, he directed his steps, with an instinct of need, diagonally across the way toward the Knickerbocker, and went into the bar. The face of Old King Cole almost halted him in surprise. It was the first smiling countenance that he had met. He had never seen it here, but his children had a small copy of it at home. This brought them to his mind—and his wife, and the fact that he should have been with them long before this; but he did not dare to go until he knew.

The bar was very quiet; its one client, seated in the corner in the lounge, bent over a paper spread on the table before him. In this countenance also Oliver found an unlooked-for relief. It had glanced up at him; and though it was far from smiling, it held a grave good cheer that is not in the average face, and that was very, very far from the average face of this strange night.

Like almost all narrow, undeveloped men, Oliver was instinct with race prejudice, and this face was unescapably Hebraic; but it was much more. It was esthetic, it was finely chiseled for the full expression of a slender, finely molded head; it was dark of curling hair and white of unwrinkled brow. As their eyes met, he was curiously glad, and, feeling a tacit permission, walked past the empty seats and sat down at the stranger's table, in the chair opposite.

A waiter hovered by him, and as Oliver hesitated for a name, the stranger, sipping from his glass, seemed to divine his unaccustomedness.

"May I suggest brandy?"

"Thank you, sir," said Oliver, and to the waiter, "Brandy."

It was brought, and he drank eagerly yet absently. The man opposite was reading his paper, his brow contracted. Oliver waited patiently until the large, keen eyes again met his.

"What—what was it?" he whispered.

His chance friend seemed to smile at the childish question, but the smile was serious to sadness.

"It could have been nothing else. That is what every one asked at first, hoping it was imagination—a natural enough thought with the whole thinking world wrought to such a pitch. But the thought was no more natural than the thing itself, and our hearing it. We hadn't expected it, that's all, and it's shocked us. Science had no precedent upon which *to* expect it."

"But—" began Oliver, suffused with ominous fear again; yet he was ashamed to show his ignorance even to this kind stranger, and paused.

"Its coming so far," his friend continued, "is astounding, awe-inspiring. But doesn't it seem natural that— Have you ever heard just *one* man in his death agony? Whether you have or not, doesn't it seem natural enough that the passing of so *many* souls——"

"*What* souls?" demanded Oliver.

The stranger gazed at him incredulously. But the question was clearly so spontaneous, so sincere, that a new light, astonishment softening into pity, came into his wide eyes.

"Poor chap!" Though he was a slightly younger man than Oliver, his tone was fatherly and he placed a thin, quiet hand upon his arm. "You literally don't know! It's dazed you, that's all! You'll remember presently. It's cut you up more than most people. You're shaking! Drink that up and have more!"

Oliver did as he was told.

"Try to think, now. It will be better for you to remember. 'The Inward Empire'—does that remind you of anything?"

" 'Empire' is the name of my bank," stammered Oliver.

A gleam of recognition came into the man's eyes and he instinctively took his

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hand away. "Can it be your name is——"

"Oliver. I'm the president of the 'Empire.'"

"I—I must apologize," said the man, in the tone of a stranger again, and flushing a little, "if I seem rude or unkind in saying that I am not only sorry you forget, but that I would feel more respect for a man of your position if I could think you had *never* known."

The reproach in his voice made Oliver's face color, and his words were stammering. "I—I *don't* know! I don't think I ever *did* know!"

"It *has* got you, man!" Pity was in the stranger's tone again. "Forgive me! I feel strongly because I'm one of the leaders of the 'International Association of the Inward Empire.' It's been my life-work for twenty years. Does *that* name mean anything to you?"

"Vaguely, I think," said Oliver eagerly. "Oh, tell me, tell me! Please tell me what that cry was!"

"You literally remember *nothing*, friend? That makes it very difficult to tell you!"

Oliver shook his head, his eyes pinned nervously on the grave, sad face.

"It was the dying scream of the three million incompetents who were put to death in Africa to-day."

Oliver's stare was vacant, his voice half-audible. "Incompetents . . . millions . . . to death?"

"Yes, the three millions mobilized in Africa."

They sat watching each other for a time in silence.

"Do you remember now?"

"Only—only vaguely—a little." Oliver's voice was small and scared. A slight, thoughtful smile lit his companion's eyes.

"The beginning was a long time ago, Mr. Oliver. Strangely enough, just twenty years ago to-day."

"Now that I think of it, I began at the bank twenty years ago to-day," said Oliver.

"We have led very different lives, Mr. Oliver," said the man. "As it happens, it would seem I know more of your career than you of mine. That is simply because the Empire Bank has been the only big institution in the country that has not given money either for or against us. For we have been fought, naturally. Fought vehemently. But we have won, and at last the experiment has been made. If we are wrong, the worst has been done. All over the world, theatres and all businesses that could close have been closed to-day, and all churches open—and full of praying people. Your bank, Mr. Oliver, was the only one in the United States whose men worked to-day."

"I remember there was a good deal of feeling," began Oliver, "but——"

"Yes, the kind of feeling that began growing long before your time and mine, Mr. Oliver, and that twenty years ago gave birth to the 'Inward Empire Association.' I was a boy then, very poor, very friendless, and very ignorant, but with enough intelligence to know that the 'Inward Empire' expressed something of what I felt, expressed *my* inward empire, and I joined it, worked for it body and soul, and grew up with it. From mere worker I got to be one of the leaders. Evidently you've been so engrossed in the work of your bank that you've read very little, and forgotten most that you did read. And what you want now is facts. They are very simple. One fact, very generally admitted, is that the world would be a better place without its incompetents — without cripples, without congenital criminals, without helpless, hopeless dependents. But how abolish them? Sparta killed them. In a more highly civilized sense, the world at large has become in twenty years, Mr. Oliver, a modern Sparta. We are killing them."

Oliver was staring at him without speech.

"It's been a long, long fight, a long, arduous, unparalleled labor. First, to batter down prejudice. It took the world ten years to believe that it was right. Then people wouldn't believe that it was feasible. But there, we had our figures ready."

"But *is* it right? *Is* it right?" cried Oliver.

"I happen to be one of those who believe so. I thought you wanted facts, not sermons. One fact and sermon combined is that the Association might well be called 'The society for putting people out of their misery.'"

"How—how many did you say?" stammered Oliver.

"This afternoon, on the African coast, three millions."

"But — but it's *horrible!*" whispered Oliver.

"Of course it's horrible. Though I for one, friend, long ago substituted the word

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SO IT *WAS* SOMETHING THAT HAD RUSHED ROUND THE WORLD! THE GLARE OF LIGHT FROM SURROUNDING HUSHED HOTELS DANCED UP BETWEEN HIS EYES AND THE MYSTERIOUS WORDS, AND HE TURNED SICKLY AWAY.

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'terrible.' The thought is full of terror, especially for weak people. But isn't it, after all, better? Hasn't the world been too full of people? Haven't we been advancing and advancing in our ideals, in our whole conception of life and of social economy? If 'the survival of the fittest' is a law, and we know it to be, why not assist that law —catch it and train it and *use* it?"

"But people have a right to live!" cried Oliver.

"Within reason, yes. Has a murderer? We always killed them. Has a penniless cripple? We now believe not, that is all. Yet even there, perhaps you don't realize that out of the three millions who died this afternoon, over two million five hundred thousand *wished* to die."

"But how do you know?" demanded Oliver.

The stranger smiled. "Do you think we forced wholesale death upon the world? They applied. That's how we know."

"They *asked* to die?"

"Yes. We've turned away thousands. We had to know that they were real incompetents."

The two men sat looking at each other. Oliver was shaking again, and his friend poured out more brandy. He seemed a friend now. The gleam of repugnance had passed, and his pity for the little banker's shaken wits and wiped-out memory had brought an added gentleness into his voice, whose words came as they might come to a child.

"It's so horrible," said Oliver again, vaguely.

"That's what we met at first, friend, on every side. That was the great cry everywhere."

"Oh, don't!" cried Oliver. "Don't say 'great cry'! It brings it back so! As long as I live, I never can forget it! Never!"

"Surely," said his comrade gravely, "it is little enough for you and me to remember, when we think of what they suffered today, going bravely for a great cause into what no man knows!"

Oliver shuddered. "*How* were they killed?"

"Electrocuted."

Oliver gasped, shuddering again. "It's too horrible to think of—that, of all deaths! Why that way? How was it possible?"

"It was the most practical way, the most beneficial. They couldn't be shot down, which you'd think would be the simplest way. History has proved that massacre in unlimited number is impossible. It defies psychology. Carnage sickens power—after some natural law of satisfaction. The guns might point, but the fingers wouldn't shoot. And the construction of the 'chair,' as the public insists on calling the electrozone, has been the most remarkable case of industrial economics in history. It demanded an exertion of intelligence that brought out the best physical and mental working powers, and helped amazingly in the sifting process."

"The sifting process?"

"Exactly, friend. Thousands have found themselves, in the process of preparing their own death. The good to come from the 'Inward Empire' was not merely in getting rid of men. It has *produced* men."

"Then they built it *themselves?*"

"Of course. Although we're the richest organized charity in the world, the cost has been staggering, and we had to be as self-supporting as we could. But before the manner of death came the huge problem of the ethical notion. Starting here as a world theory, it had to include the rest of the world, to be fit and practical. The whole world isn't in it yet. Still, the greatest powers are at one in it. England was first to join. Then Germany, then France, then Austria-Hungary, Norway, Sweden, and at last Italy. Russia and Spain held out, Russia with contempt, Spain in tears and wonder. Russia is too barbarous, Spain doesn't understand suicides. In Italy, the national fight was wildest—the old story of Church and State. Everywhere, of course, the church has fought us. And why should it? Those of the true Christian faith should have least to fear. Yet it was natural."

Oliver shivered again and again spoke at a tangent. "I—I wonder if the—the cry was heard in churches, too?"

"There," said the man eagerly, his eyes lighting, "will be an unlooked-for benefit to the world! We had no reason to expect the cry—no one thought of that. No one thought that the great wholesale death-cry would be a thing so huge and terrible that it would cling together and rush like a wave or cloud through such huge distances. When it came, the churches of the whole world were crammed with faithful people praying for those millions of escaping souls;

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and to know to-morrow whether the great cry was any less, or any more, or any different in their ears, will be the most practical test that Christianity ever had."

"And I heard it all alone in the bank!" Oliver said.

"You shouldn't have been in the bank!" the man exclaimed, but checked himself. "I needn't have said that, friend. We were talking of the good that it will do. Leaving the main issue of its right and wrong, which only time can tell, think of the good already done! Isn't it good to think of the world freed from all those millions of distorted men and women? Men with twisted bodies. Men with twisted souls. Men yellow with disease——"

HE WAS CALLED "THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE," AND, MORE FREQUENTLY, "PONTIUS PILATE."

"Oh, don't!" cried Oliver in agony. "Don't speak about twisted and yellow things!"

"Why not, when they're gone? It would be much worse to talk or to think of the ones that are left! Think of the romance of it—of that colony in Africa alone, for instance, its millions of people going there to build up the means of their own death, and seeing a little of the world that they otherwise never would have seen, in going. The thing in its mere numbers, with its great purpose, is epic—that vast army, leaving behind it lives of crime, or poverty, or hopelessness, and working for five years with the great tragic purpose!

"And there in hot Africa, digging and manufacturing and building that vast grave, their lives weren't hopeless for four years anyhow. You see, as I've told you, thousands found themselves, and till one half year before the date, those who proved themselves could leave, just as more and more, till then, could join.

"If you had been in the work even here at home, as I've been, Mr. Oliver, you wouldn't see just the horrible part of it. You'd see the beauty, too. You'd see the poetry of self-sacrificing labor building the great electrozone, with its vast floor of glass and miles and miles of parallel copper wires gleaming and glinting in the African sun—a sun that would rise to-day to see the glass covered with miles of naked feet and the wires hidden by miles of naked hands, waiting for the great heat of death to course through from the giant dynamos. . . ."

"Don't!" said Oliver.

"You'd see the poetry of the little stories pouring day after day on to my desk from the community of living death, in the overseers' reports. The love-story of the girl grown strong and fit who wouldn't leave and live because of the unfit man she had come to love and would stay to cheer—of the man, competent now, who would stay to die with the helpless cripple girl who couldn't even cook to keep the life force going till to-day—of that greatest of love-stories, the criminal son and the faithful mother, free at last through our newer laws to go back with him whence they both came. . . .

"You'd see the beauty of that great release from earth, for better or worse, of pain and disease of body and of mind. . . .

"You'd see the beauty of the mere acquisition of knowledge—of Evolution, that great hand of God moving slowly in its simple gesture—showing us from the very beginning of the 'Inward Empire' just why this was so, and why that; why this nation was quick to join, or that one very slow; how Spain had little need to join; how Italy, fighting her own faith, was toppled in the balance by the suicide rate at Genoa; how the grimy clutch of Russia held back civilized little Finland.

"But most of all, Mr. Oliver, you would

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see the poetry and beauty of an age that can hold calmly in its lap, side by side, Christianity and Socialism, faith and science, monarchy and communism, linked together in the broad charity of thought that, in face of elemental ethical doubt of its righteousness, could and would make such an experiment. This has not been for hatred of incompetents, or for contempt of them, Mr. Oliver. It has been for love of them."

Oliver, listening and watching him, was justifying one of his most cruel bank nicknames—he was sitting with his dark, bright eyes fastened on the stranger like some little brown mouse, frightened, fascinated.

"I—I was thinking what a strange face you've got," he said in his vague, scared manner. "You say you're glad you've helped kill millions of people, and yet you look so—so unhappy!"

His companion slowly shook his head. "No, not unhappy, Mr. Oliver, not a bit unhappy. But sad, perhaps. People have lately been accusing my face of that, when its one duty in my life-work has been a look of cheer, because that might have been the balancing straw for some poor camel that limped in to me—can you see, Mr. Oliver, what even so little a thing might mean to some poor chap who would come to me, 'limping' as I have called it, with some life-twist——"

"Yes," said Oliver, hastily. "Yes!"

"But if you were not in a bank, Mr. Oliver, and instead had seen a thousandth part of what the space before my desk has held, your face would be sad, too, unless you have a stronger will than I have. You've seen—or heard—the terrible part of this 'Inward Empire' business, and I've talked about the beautiful part. There remains that other part, the part simply and purely *sad*. The incompetents not quite incompetent enough to die—the cowards with eyes shifty at poverty and life, and shifty, too, at the one wealth in their power, death. And those not afraid for themselves, but for others. The women afraid of life as no man ever had reason to be afraid! And the men ashamed to go and leave wives and children better than themselves. And the men with hope and goodness behind them, and the burden of the future too much to face—that, perhaps, was saddest of all. I remember one man who came to be enrolled simply because of one more baby on the way. Think of it! There was your case of capital and labor and of economics and of the cruelty of circumstances. He didn't drink. He was a hard worker and a good one. He'd done his duty to the race and was trying to keep up the race to pay for that duty done. But he wasn't any cleverer than God made him, and with one more child he *couldn't pay!* That was all, he *couldn't*. . . . That man went, and his wife, too, and the——"

"It wasn't—" blurted Oliver—"it wasn't Carl Reichman, was it? No, no, it couldn't have been, for I saw him a few hours ago." And he gave a little gasp of relief.

"No," said his friend slowly. "Yet I know that name, Carl Reichman." He half closed his eyes in an effort of memory. "Oh, yes! I remember Carl Reichman because he was the last man to come to me before the lists were closed."

"Yes?" cried Oliver. "Yes?"

"There, Mr. Oliver, was just such a case as I meant by 'the camel and the straw,' and I hope and believe I looked—and talked—cheer that day. I remember the vast relief, the actual bath of happiness, so to speak, of that week, as I realized that it was the last of my long work of that kind, for a long time. And I remember my last man, Carl Reichman, limping in, and my hope that he'd limp out, unenrolled; and he did. It was a case almost like the other man. When I'd talked to him, and asked him if there was no other way out, he finally admitted that he did have one hope left—the rise of a man who had once been his friend, and who might possibly help him when he 'got there.' And I suppose that friend did, for he's never come back, although the new lists are open. If *you're* his friend, Mr. Oliver, or can be, I'm sure——"

Oliver was shivering at his brandy glass again. "Thank God!" he was whispering. "Thank God it's not too late!"

"I'm glad," said the man, gravely, "that I happened to remember him and told you about him. Because, to be quite frank with you, Mr. Oliver, quite aside from my personal prejudice against an institution that didn't even fight us, it's shocked me to find a man in a big position in the advanced active world who could know so very, very little of all this—a man so engrossed in the work of a mere bank (and you'll forgive the word 'mere') that he hadn't cared for twenty years whether

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humanitarianism advanced or retrograded. What you did know was shocked out of you by that cry, and I'm sorry to see your nerves quiver as they do; but what you knew was so little, so little!"

"But I know now!" said Oliver. "And——"

"And see only the terrible in it, Mr. Oliver! I hope I've helped you toward seeing, later on, the beautiful, too. Just now, with that cry ringing in our ears, the terrible is uppermost, even with me. I admit that. I shivered, too, at that little incidental home-telling shot in the paper here that this horrifying sound which has defied the history of science hit the world's biggest ship like a tidal wave as she plowed along alone at sea, and that, translated, somehow, into light or heat or ether, the concentrated terror of it struck the wireless operator dead! That three million and one, friend, is so much more dreadful to think of than the three millions! Does it strike you that way, Mr. Oliver?"

"Don't!" cried Oliver. "I remember how the cry struck me! It's horrible! Horrible!"

"Yes, friend, I understand! I suppose it was because the bravest and best of them, the calmest, the most prepared, the most contented, the least lonely, must have *feared!* Feared the horrible impending pain, feared millions of times more the *unknown*—whether they'd carry with them any of the twists——"

"I REMEMBER MY LAST MAN, CARL REICHMAN, LIMPING IN, AND MY HOPE THAT HE'D LIMP OUT, UNENROLLED."

"Don't! Oh, don't!" cried Oliver.

"All right, friend, all right! Only I'm hoping and praying—yes, *praying*—just one thing, useless as it seems: that through some merciful miracle *our* batch may not have heard it."

"Batch?" cried Oliver. "What do you mean by 'our batch'?"

"I mean *ours* that have got to go. It was only the ones in Africa this afternoon."

"There are *more?*" cried Oliver, whitening.

"Of course; the four and a half millions in the Arizona desert. Ours is a country of hope and optimism, Mr. Oliver. Yet our great American desert is to be a painted desert indeed—painted scarlet and then bleached white with capital and labor. Our millions go at ten o'clock to-night."

"My God!" cried Oliver wildly, half rising in his chair. "We've got to listen to that cry again?"

"Surely," said his friend reproachfully, "that is little enough for us fortunate ones to do for them, isn't it?"

Oliver, with a fumbling, shaky hand, had drawn out his watch.

"Good God!" he shouted. "It's one minute of ten!"

"Hold on to yourself, man!" cried his friend, leaning over and forcing him back into the chair. "Take it quietly! You're not alone now! I'm with you! Don't give way!"

"But I can't bear it!" wailed Oliver. "I can't bear that hideous thing again! I mean it! I *can't bear it!*"

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The stranger's voice was deeply quiet and gentle. "You *can't* bear it, Mr. Oliver? Would you wash your hands of them like Pontius Pilate? Are you, too, then, an incompetent?"

The rotating clock in the little metal ship over the bar chimed the first stroke of ten.

"No, no, no, I can't bear it!" screamed Oliver. "It's too horrible to bear again! I can't believe it's going to happen! It's like a horrible dream! My God, it *is* a dream! We're dreaming!"

A slow, sweet smile lit the stranger's eyes as he leaned across the table and laid his hand on Oliver's.

"And I, friend, am content to dream! Some of us have to be content with dreams! Are you not willing to suffer even a *dream* for humanity?"

"I can't bear it! And it's coming!" screamed Oliver. "It's coming! I can feel it! Oh, help me to wake up! Won't you help me? Won't you shake me? I can't bear it! *For Christ's sake, wake me up!*"

"You poor, incompetent fellow!" cried the stranger, and, springing round the table, seized his shoulders and shook him desperately.

"Harder!" screamed Oliver. "Harder! Quick! Quick! It's coming! I'm going to hear it!"

The bar reeled about him in the agony of his struggle. He could still feel the kind hands of the stranger firmly on his shoulders, roughly shaking him. But the friendly voice was gone, as if swallowed into the great cry that was rushing out of the desert. Flashes of light succeeded flashes of darkness, and in them he saw other faces. One streak of white gleamed, vanished, gleamed again in front of him. He could feel, not hear, the huge sound coming nearer and nearer.

Even the kindly hands had deserted him now, and he opened his own lips to shriek. Then the light stayed. . . .

He was in the bank. The recurring gleam of white had resolved itself into the uniform of an ambulance surgeon. In his thirsty look from face to face his lacerated mind thought he read in each a pitying contempt —the contempt of eyes that hastily look away.

Some one behind him said: "You're all right now, sir. We've sent for a cab."

At last he found his voice. "I want Carl Reichman here! Quick!"

There was an awkward pause, and he looked impatiently from one hesitating figure to another.

"I tell you, send Carl Reichman here!"

His secretary bent over him. "Reichman — Reichman is dead, sir. He — he's killed himself. You fainted away when he screamed, sir."

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SOCIALISM:

PROMISE or MENACE?

A Debate between
MORRIS HILLQUIT
and
JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN. D·D·

Editor's Note—In the debate so far, Mr. Hillquit and Dr. Ryan have discussed five of the main aspects of Socialism. What Socialism is and who its authorities are; the Socialist indictment of modern Capitalism; the proposed Socialist State, with its industrial program; the Socialist philosophy, with its three main doctrines — the Economic Interpretation of History, Class Struggle, and Surplus-Value theories: so much of the whole field has already been covered. The discussion in this number concerns the most contentious phase of all—Morality and Socialism.

This debate is already considered the most illuminating contribution to this vital problem. The chances are you ought to read it.

V

SOCIALISM AND MORALITY

BY JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.

SOCIALIST ethics comprises four main elements: its general principle, and its specific doctrines concerning the individual, the family, and the State.

According to the general principle, the rules of morality are neither eternal nor immutable. Not only the moral notions and conduct of men, but the moral laws themselves, are temporary and variable. In other words, the moral law has no objective existence apart from the codes of conduct that have prevailed among nations and classes throughout history.

That this is the ordinary Socialist view is evident from the pages of both the classical and the more popular writers of the movement. It is defended by Marx, Engels, Dietzgen, Bebel, Kautsky, Hillquit, La Monte, Herron, Untermann, Ladoff, and many others.

This doctrine of ethical relativity rests upon two main grounds in Socialist theory, namely, philosophical materialism and economic determinism.

Marx, Engels, Dietzgen, and most of the other great expounders of Socialism, conceived all reality in terms of force and matter.

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Their materialism was not merely historico-economic, but metaphysical. (cf. "Feuerbach: The Roots of Socialist Philosophy," by F. Engels; pp. 53, 57, 59, and *passim*.) For them there is no such reality as God or spirit. The thoughts and principles in the minds of men are merely functions or motions of the brain. All things are in constant process of change; nay, the process itself is the only reality. Consequently, moral rules are like all things else, temporary and variable. Murder, lying, theft, rape, treachery, and disobedience may be morally good at some time and in some place.

MORAL LAWS ARE AS IMMUTABLE AS HUMAN NATURE IS IN ITS ESSENTIALS IMMUTABLE.

Individual Socialists who are better than their philosophical creed will, of course, refuse to accept this conclusion, but they will do so at the expense of logic and consistency.

As we saw in the January number of this magazine, the theory of economic determinism traces all the non-economic institutions, beliefs, and processes of society, such as the family, law, religion, ethics, and education, to economic conditions and causes. "The mode of production in material life," says Marx, "determines the social, political, and spiritual processes of life." ("A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," p. 11; N. Y., 1904.) To quote the words of my opponent in his last month's article, "the manner in which it [a nation] produces its sustenance ultimately determines its form of organization, division of work or functions, and its notions of right and wrong—its politics, social classes, and ethics."

Evidently men who believe that the universe is composed only of matter and force, that all things are incessantly changing and evolving, and that economic forces and changes govern and determine moral ideas, practises, and changes, can not logically admit the existence of an invariable and universal body of moral precepts and principles. In their view we have merely a group of varying moral codes which develop in, and respond to, the needs of different classes, nations, and ages. Moral laws are merely social laws.

According to this view, the most contradictory codes and practises can be equally true and good, or equally false and bad. There is neither a uniform standard of moral truth nor a moral law in the traditional sense. What we call moral laws are exactly like economic laws; that is, they are merely statements of the way in which different classes of men act or tend to act in a given set of circumstances. No longer is the moral law a categorical imperative, an obligatory rule of conduct, an enactment of Divine Reason. Men are morally free to act as they please, and to set up, either individually or by classes, their own codes of conduct.

This theory is opposed not only to the Christian conception, but to the convictions of every person who recognizes God as the Ruler of the Universe. Moral laws are unchangeable because they are based ultimately upon the unchangeable nature of God, and immediately upon the unchangeable elements of human nature. In other words, they are the rules of conduct which God necessarily lays down for the guidance of beings whom He has made after the human pattern, just as physical laws are the rules by which He directs the non-rational universe. And they are as immutable as human nature is in its essentials immutable.

The conception of an eternal and unvarying moral law finds expression in the pages of innumerable Christian writers from St. Paul (Rom. ii. 14, 15) to Hooker ("Ecclesiastical Polity," I, *passim*) and Cathrein ("Moralphilosophie"). Among other names that readily suggest themselves are those of Thomas Aquinas, Francisco Suarez, and Hugo Grotius. The doctrine is also clearly stated in the pages of such pagan writers as Plato ("The Republic," iv.), Sophocles, ("Antigone," v. 446-460), and Cicero ("Pro Milone," iv. 10).

The primary truths, relations, and actions which this standard of conduct describes and prescribes have always been in some degree understood by the majority of mankind. While the natural moral law is correctly said to be written in the human heart, it is not displayed in flaming headlines.

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Its primary and most essential provisions are intuitive to the human mind, just as are the elementary propositions of mathematics. Anything like a complete comprehension of its principles, applications, and conclusions can be attained only after considerable study, by trained intellects, in an enlightened society.

The differences which have existed and still exist in the moral notions and practises of various peoples and classes, prove nothing against the immutability of the law itself. Man's conception of the law is one thing; the law itself is quite another thing. Just as the race varies and grows in its comprehension of speculative and physical truths, so it makes progress in its perception of ethical truths and principles. Ethical evolution is undeniable; but it affects man's knowledge of the law, not the structure and content of the law. That individuals and nations have changed their moral estimate of certain practises—for example, slavery—no more indicates a variation in the objective moral law than an improved knowledge of disease and its treatment implies a change in the fundamental laws of hygiene. That men for a long time failed to perceive or recognize certain moral precepts, does not demonstrate the nonexistence of the latter, any more than the universal ignorance of the heliocentric theory proves that the earth first began to travel round the sun in the days of Copernicus.

INDIVIDUAL CONDUCT UNMORAL

The first specific doctrine of Socialist ethics is that the science has nothing to do with the purely self-regarding actions of the individual. Ethics deals only with man's social relations.

If purely individual conduct is outside the scope of the moral law, then it follows with absolute logical rigor that the rational part of man is not essentially superior to his animal nature, that soul is not intrinsically nobler than sense, that man has no more duties to himself than has a pig, that, so long as he does not injure his neighbors, he is morally free to live like a pig, and that his personality is not a sacred thing which he is *morally obliged* to develop, and which his fellows are under moral compulsion to respect. Lacking moral (as distinguished from intellectual, physical, and esthetic) value, the human individual has no more intrinsic worth and dignity than a chimpanzee. And society does him no moral wrong when it treats him accordingly.

According to the Christian and Theistic conception, all conduct, whether pertaining to self, the neighbor, or God, falls within the sphere of the moral law. When a man destroys his energies and shortens his life by dissipation, even though he thus injures no one but himself, he violates the moral law quite as definitely as when he steals or kills. To tell a man that actions of the former kind are devoid of ethical quality, is to assure him that he has no genuine obligation to avoid them. It assures him that no moral stigma attaches to the most degrading acts of personal impurity, gluttony, or bestiality. Conduct of this kind becomes as free from moral blame or guilt as the process of digestion. Socialists may shrink from this ugly conclusion, but only by throwing logic overboard.

LIMITED MONOGAMY AND EDUCATIONAL MONOPOLY

If only those actions which are injurious to the neighbor or to society can be called immoral, all unions and relations between the sexes which are not followed by offspring are without moral aspects. They are neither good nor bad. In such cases, says Belford Bax, the sexual act "does not concern morality at all. It is a question simply of individual taste." ("Ethics of Socialism," p. 126.) The same conclusion is drawn by Bebel: "The gratification of the sexual impulse is as strictly the personal affair of the individual as the gratification of every other natural instinct." ("Woman," p. 154; San Francisco, 1897.)

Again, the theory of economic determinism logically requires a new form of domestic society under Socialism. If the methods of production and exchange determine the character of all non-economic institutions, and if the present monogamous family is the necessary outcome of the present economic arrangements, the entirely different economic scheme provided under Socialism will necessarily bring with it a different kind of family. All the logical and courageous Socialists who have dealt with the subject accept this conclusion.

Engels writes thus: "With the transformation of the means of production into

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collective property, the monogamous family ceases to be the economic unit of society. . . . The indissolubility of marriage is partly the consequence of the economic conditions under which monogamy arose, partly tradition from the time when the connection between the economic situation and monogamy, not yet fully understood, was carried to extremes by religion. To-day it has been perforated a hundred times. If marriage founded on love alone is moral, then it follows that marriage is moral only as long as love lasts. The duration of an attack of individual sex love varies considerably according to individual disposition, especially in men. A positive cessation of sex fondness, or its replacement by a new passionate love, makes separation a blessing for both parties and society." ("The Origin of the Family," pp. 91, 99; Chicago, 1902.)

NO INTELLIGENT CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT, JEW, OR OTHER BELIEVER IN THE TRADITIONAL MARRIAGE IS JUSTIFIED IN GIVING AID TO PRESENT-DAY SOCIALISM.

In the preface to the volume from which these extracts are taken, Engels intimates that his view of the family is likewise that of Marx.

Forecasting the position of woman under Socialism, Bebel declares:

"In the choice of love she is free, just as man is free. She wooes and is wooed, and has no other inducement to bind herself than her own free will. The contract between the two lovers is of a private nature as in primitive times, without the intervention of any functionary. . . . Should incompatibility, disappointment, and dislike ensue, morality demands the dissolution of a tie that has become unnatural, and therefore immoral." ("Woman," p. 154.)

The foregoing passages were written about thirty years ago. Kautsky, the ablest and most authoritative living Socialist, gave expression to the following sentiments as late as 1906:

"The same phenomenon, say, of free sexual intercourse or of indifference to property, can in one case be the product of moral depravity in a society where strict monogamy and the sanctity of property are recognized as necessary; in another case it can be the highly moral product of a healthy social organism which requires for its social needs neither property in a particular woman, nor property in a particular means of consumption and production." ("Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History," pp. 193, 194; Chicago, 1913.)

Similar views are defended by Morris and Bax ("Growth and Outcome of Socialism," pp. 299, 300; N. Y., 1893), Edward Carpenter ("Love's Coming of Age," p. 67; N. Y., 1911), Ernest Untermann (Preface to "The Origin of the Family," p. 7), Charles H. Kerr ("The Folly of Being Good," p. 23), and many others among the lesser lights of the Socialist movement.

These pestiferous notions concerning the institution of the family continue to be widely diffused through Socialist books, Socialist publishing houses, and Socialist authorities of every description; nor have they ever been repudiated by any significant number of prominent Socialists. In these circumstances it seems not unfair to say that marital unions dissoluble at the will of the parties is the approved Socialist doctrine.

In any case, the views in question are so generally circulated and accepted within the movement that no intelligent Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or other believer in the traditional marriage is justified in giving aid or countenance to present-day Socialism.

As a natural corollary to their doctrine of "marriage for love," Socialists subscribe more or less generally and definitely to the theory that the child belongs to the State. Hence their demand for State monopoly of education. The most authoritative of all the Socialist platforms, the "Erfurter Program," demands "secularization of the schools; compulsory education in the public schools." While this demand was addressed to the present "capitalist" State, its objects would undoubtedly be quite as warmly desired by the Socialists when they had established the Collectivist Commonwealth. Even that plausible and persuasive compromiser, John Spargo, is of opinion that

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the Socialist régime would probably not tolerate private elementary schools, nor permit religious teaching in any kind of schools, "up to a certain age." ("Socialism," p. 238; N. Y., 1906.)

The rearing of children, especially those of dissolved "love" unions, would become to a much greater extent than to-day the business of the State. While a Socialist industrial order might conceivably require all parents to provide for the future of their young children by some kind of insurance, the current thought of the movement seems to contemplate no such arrangement.

THE SOCIALIST STATE AS CREATOR OF RIGHT AND WRONG

Socialists expect that their proposed reorganization of society will bring about a condition of general happiness. This is the ideal that they desire to realize. It is also, in their view, the guide and law for present-day conduct. "All factors that impede the path to its approximate realization are anti-ethical and immoral; contrariwise, all factors and movements which tend in its direction are ethical." (Hillquit, "Socialism in Theory and Practise," pp. 59, 60.)

In passing, I would observe that this statement looks very much like an attempt to formulate a *universal* ethical law. The task of reconciling it with his general denial of the attribute of universality to moral rules, I shall leave to the ingenuity of my opponent. The really important point about this rule of conduct is its logical soundness from the viewpoint of the *practical aims* of Socialism. If the Socialist reconstruction of things be the supreme goal of humanity, all existing actions ought to be subordinated and directed to the furtherance of those causes and movements which make for the Collectivist Commonwealth.

Hence all persons except the capitalists and their allies will adopt this as the supreme standard of conduct. "As fast as they become class conscious, they will recognize and praise as moral all conduct that tends to hasten the social revolution, and they will condemn as unhesitatingly immoral all conduct that tends to prolong the dominance of the capitalist class." (La Monte, "Socialism, Positive and Negative," p. 64; Chicago, 1907).

Consider this gem from the pen of the usually mild and soft-spoken John Spargo:

"If the class to which I belong could be set free from exploitation by violation of the laws made by the master class, by open rebellion, by seizing the property of the rich, by setting the torch to a few buildings, or by summary execution of a few members of the possessing class, I hope that the courage to share in the work should be mine." ("Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism," pp. 172, 173.)

To promote the advent of the Socialist State is, therefore, according to the current Socialist view, the final end of conduct and the ultimate determinant of morality. All actions that contribute to the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of collectivism are reasonable and good. The grossest deeds of violence against persons and property, the crudest confiscation of capitalist goods, are morally justified if they are really conducive to this end. While the majority of Socialist leaders apparently condemn the destructive methods of Syndicalism, they are not actuated by moral principles, but by considerations of expediency.

I do not recall having read a single Socialist condemnation of such practises on the ground that they are morally wrong.

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS MUST BE RECOGNIZED

Against this restatement of the ethics of savagery the Christian and the Theist proclaim the everlasting truth that life and property are morally inviolable. Whatever economic changes are necessary (and they are many and various) must be effected by orderly processes which will respect the right of ownership as well as other kinds of rights.

The theory that social welfare is the determinant of morality, would be fatal to the rights and welfare of the individual. At no given time is the well-being of the State identical with the well-being of all its members. Hence the Socialist Commonwealth might quite consistently and expediently kill off the feeble-minded, the physically incurable, and all persons who did not produce their keep.

The minority would have no rights that the majority would feel morally bound to respect.

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SOCIALISM AND MORALITY

BY MORRIS HILLQUIT

SOCIALISTS generally accept the definition of Ethics as the art or science of right conduct of men toward their fellow men. This conception is by no means peculiar to them. Practically all authoritative modern writers agree that ethical or moral conduct must have a social implication.

In this view the highest moral conduct on the part of man is that which is most conducive to the general happiness and welfare of the community, and, conversely, the highest moral conduct on the part of the community is such as is most conducive to the happiness and welfare of each and every individual member of it. There is nothing new or startling in this doctrine. It is merely the more modern and scientific formulation of the Golden Rule—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

This great moral ideal has never been generally attained for the reason that the existing social and economic conditions have made it impossible of full realization.

All history of mankind up to the present has been tainted with national and class struggles. In the constant endeavor to secure their material existence, to enhance their wealth and resources, and to increase their domain, the nations of the world have always been in a state of intermittent war with one another. The material interests which prompted this strife and warfare were, as usual, spontaneously translated into ethical notions, and each nation accordingly developed a dual standard of morality, one applicable to its own members, and the other, diametrically opposed to it, to "hostile" nations.

Thus while every civilized nation abhors crimes against the person or property of its own members and brands them as revoltingly immoral, it glorifies murder, pillage, and many unspeakable crimes if committed on members of other nations as acts of warfare.

And just as the material needs of the contending nations determine the code of international ethics, so do the material exigencies of each nation within its own domain determine its national code of ethics.

Let us illustrate that theory by an analysis of the prevailing or "capitalist" morality.

In modern society each individual is sent out into the world to secure his existence, not in cooperation, but in competition, in war with his fellow men. The prime task of "making a living" naturally and necessarily degenerates into the ambition to "make money." The amount of wealth accumulated by the individual is the generally accepted measure of his "success in life." The "pauper" is an object of social contempt, and the millionaire invariably has the esteem and obsequious veneration of his fellow citizens, who rarely stop to inquire into the origin or social significance of his acquired wealth. Practically everything is permissible and even praiseworthy so long as it makes money.

Thus we abhor murder in all its forms—in the abstract; but when our factory, mine, or mill owners daily undermine the health and shorten the lives of tender-aged children by overwork and pestilential surroundings, or permit the killing of employees by preventable accidents, in the ordinary and "legitimate" course of their business, we are not inclined to attach the slightest moral stigma to their conduct.

The wretch who in the heat of passion would put poison into another man's food is despised by the community as a cowardly assassin; but the wealthy manufacturer or dealer who systematically adulterates, dopes, and poisons foodstuffs and other articles intended for general consumption, in the cold-blooded pursuit of profits, is a perfectly respectable member of society.

No language can express the depth of the loathing and execration with which we regard the white-slave trafficker, who lures or forces women into lives of shame for paltry profits to himself; but the department-store owner, who drives hundreds of poor struggling girls into lives of prostitution by low pay, as a mere incident in his process of fortune-building, is often of the material of which are made our church deacons and Sunday-school superintendents.

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SOCIALIST MORALITY

Socialists are not inclined to place the blame for these perverse capitalist notions of ethics on the individual "malefactors." As believers in the economic interpretation of history they realize that ethical notions and the conduct of individuals, classes, and nations are primarily determined by material conditions, which exist independently of the personal will and inclinations of man. Self-preservation is the supreme law of nature for nations as well as individuals. The conditions of such preservation depend upon the material surroundings, and nothing short of a change of these surroundings will alter human habits and notions. The man-eating customs of certain savage tribes and their practise of killing their feeble and aged members are not to be ascribed to a savage predilection for murder, but to scarcity of food among them. As soon as such tribes develop to the point of increasing their food supply by artificial means, they begin to realize that cannibalism and the killing of parents are immoral.

Socialism aims to establish an order of society based on cooperative effort and collective enjoyment in place of the present individual competitive warfare. The Socialists also maintain that all modern nations are economically self-sufficient or nearly so; that international wars have ceased to have the justification of necessity, and are now conducted mainly in behalf of the profit-seeking capitalist classes—for the conquest of new markets. The introduction of the Socialist order would put an end to the perennial economic and social strife between individuals, classes, and nations, and would for the first time in history create an economic order in which the welfare of each individual would be truly linked with that of all of his fellows, or society at large.

The reason why the abstract principles of Christian ethics have been preached for well-nigh two thousand years with so little practical success is just that they have been preached in the abstract, and have failed to take into account the impelling power of material conditions and needs. Socialism endeavors to lay the solid economic foundation upon which alone the sublime moral doctrines of the Nazarene can be actually realized.

In spite of the fact that Socialist morality may thus be said to be truly "Christian," my distinguished opponent rejects it in every part and phase.

Modern science regards the development of the moral sense as a part or phase of the general process of human evolution. As the advance of human civilization is signalized by ever-improving methods of wealth production, by ever-increasing efficiency of social and political organizations, and by the ever-growing keenness and profundity of the individual human mind, so is it accompanied by an ever-rising level of human morality, or sense of duty of man toward man.

The Socialists accept this theory as modified and supplemented by the economic interpretation of history. They recognize that ethical notions are subject to changes and development, but they hold that such development is primarily determined by economic conditions, *i. e.*, that a low economic order will result in poor ethics, while improved economic conditions and relations are conducive to better morals.

DR. RYAN'S OBJECTIONS

Dr. Ryan grows morally indignant over the theory that "the rules of morality are neither eternal nor immutable," and that "moral rules are temporary and variable." According to his notion, this theory leads to the principle that "murder, lying, theft, rape, treachery, and 'disobedience' may be morally good at some time and in some place." My esteemed opponent seems to confound a mere objective and dispassionate statement of fact with a declaration of a principle or conviction. Evolutionists in general and Socialists in particular do not approve of the horrid string of crimes enumerated by Dr. Ryan. But they can not shut their eyes to the notorious fact that these crimes have been considered moral or indifferent "at some time or in some place" in the past, and that they are still so considered in some forms and under some conditions.

Dr. Ryan's own view of the nature of ethics is expressed in the following language:

"Moral laws are unchangeable because they are based ultimately upon the unchangeable nature of God, and immediately upon the unchangeable elements of human nature. In other words, they are the rules of conduct which God necessarily lays

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down for the guidance of beings whom He has made after the human pattern, just as physical laws are the rules by which He directs the non-rational universe."

The statement is emphatic, but unfortunately it is somewhat lacking in meaning and can hardly be squared with the known facts and conditions.

"VARIABLE ETHICS"

Dr. Ryan is too keen a thinker to ignore the discrepancy between the theory of "immutable" rules of ethics and the history of constant changes in the moral conceptions and practises of men; and in an attempt to reconcile the contradiction he advances a very subtle metaphysical theory. The failure on the part of men to recognize the eternal and immutable ethical truth, he argues, does not prove the non-existence of such truth "any more than the universal ignorance of the heliocentric theory proves that the earth first began to travel round the sun in the days of Copernicus."

> SOCIALISM ENDEAVORS TO LAY THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATION UPON WHICH ALONE THE SUBLIME MORAL DOCTRINES OF THE NAZARENE CAN BE REALIZED.

The comparison is not very happy. The immutable law of planetary rotation always expressed itself in the uniform conduct of the heavenly bodies. The earth revolved around the sun at all times and under all conditions even before Copernicus first perceived it, but the moral notions and *moral conduct* of men always varied in spite of the alleged immutable ethical law, *i. e.*, rule of human conduct.

"Just as the race varies and grows in its comprehension of speculative and physical truth, so it makes progress in its perception of ethical truth and principles," concludes Dr. Ryan. This is a very substantial concession on his part. For if it be admitted that the human race gradually improves and changes its notions of right and wrong, and fashions its conduct accordingly, it matters but little if we assume for our amusement or solace that at the same time there always exists an abstract, inactive, and ineffective code of final and immutable ethics, illegibly written somewhere "in the human heart." The changes in moral notions and moral conduct, which are thus recognized by both of us, constitute the essence of "variable ethics."

Another theory which provokes my opponent's indignation is that morality is concerned only with man's social relations.

"If purely individual conduct is outside of the moral law," he exclaims, "then it follows with absolute logical rigor that the rational part of man is not essentially superior to his animal nature, that soul is not intrinsically nobler than sense, that man has no more duties to himself than has a pig."

Dr. Ryan wastes his good rhetoric on this proposition. Without assuming to pass upon the respective rank or degree of nobility of man's "rational part" and his "animal nature," his "soul" and his "sense," and without attempting to defend the deplorably low state of the ethics of the pig, I will say that the Socialists do not neglect or underestimate the spiritual side of man's existence.

Socialism aims at the highest development of all human capacities, physical, mental, spiritual, esthetic, and moral. But the mere enumeration of these attributes shows that they belong to different and separate domains. The physical health, intellectual attainments, and esthetic sense of the human being are his individual attributes; his moral notions and conduct pertain to his social relations. We strive for perfection in all spheres of human existence, but nothing can be gained, save confusion in thought and action, by an attempt to throw them all within the one sphere of *morality*.

The second half of Dr. Ryan's paper is devoted very largely to the criticism of the Socialist attitude toward the family. Let us examine his objections under that head.

One of the gravest counts in the Socialist indictment of the prevailing order is that it poisons the purity and destroys the sanctity of family life among all classes of society. The workingman's "household" is in a vast

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number of cases miserably shattered by the precarious condition of its material foundation. When the man's earnings are insufficient for the support of the family, the wife and mother is inevitably driven from her "womanly" functions at the fireside and in the nursery into the coarse atmosphere and exacting toil of the factory room. The "home" degenerates into mere night lodgings where the mates meet for short intervals, mostly in a condition of physical exhaustion and in a gloomy, irritable mood.

And the children? They grow up as best they can in the streets and gutters while they are very young, and they follow their parents into the factory—the all-powerful and all-absorbing temple of Capitalism—before they are strong enough for continuous physical work. This is the typical working-man's "home" as it exists in the slums and tenement districts of our large and numerous industrial centers—it is vastly different from the sentimental picture habitually drawn by the complacent moral philosopher.

SOCIALISM AND MARRIAGE

Among the "middle classes," in which the woman as a rule does not work, and is entirely dependent on the man for her material needs, being married is her sole gainful occupation. Marriage is at least as often a matter of business as it is a matter of love, and the poor feminine victim of our irrational social system is often tied for life to a man repulsive and disgusting to her, but indispensable as a provider for her needs.

Among the classes of the wealthy, on the other hand, the women can often afford the luxury of purchasing in marriage a foreign title attached to a dissipated and dilapidated specimen of mankind, while the men can afford to support hosts of mistresses.

Marriage and marital cohabitation thus become unhappy partnerships in economic misery, business arrangements, purchases or sales—anything but unions of love. Of course, there are still very numerous cases of marital happiness based on genuine mutual affection, but such true unions persist in spite of the prevailing social and economic conditions, not because of them.

Socialism will vastly raise the economic level of the masses and will put an end to the material dependence of adult normal human beings on others. It will thus remove all sordid mercenary motives from marriage, and will naturally leave but one basis of marital union—mutual love. It is a logical corollary of the proposition that a union based on love can only endure so long as the love continues. In other words, most Socialists stand for dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties.

Dr. Ryan may call this doctrine "pestiferous," but I hold that marital cohabitation without love is positively immoral and quite akin to prostitution. He maintains that "the theory of economic determinism logically requires a new form of domestic society under Socialism." It would be more correct to say that Socialism would introduce a new type of marital relations—the type of actual and lasting monogamy. Just because under Socialism marriage will be based on true love rather than economic considerations, the chances are that it will endure in undimmed and lifelong purity in a much larger number of cases than to-day.

Nor do Dr. Ryan's fears that the Socialist state would monopolize the rearing and education of the children seem to me at all well-founded. A Socialist administration would certainly provide an ample number of adequate and efficient public schools for all grades and kinds of instruction, and would retain and extend the system of compulsory education; but there is absolutely no warrant in the Socialist program or philosophy for the assumption that the government would withdraw the education of children from the control and supervision of the parents, or interfere with any desire on the part of the latter to give their children the benefit of supplemental private or school instruction in any subject they may choose.

SOCIALISM AND LAWLESSNESS

Dr. Ryan's final attack is aimed at what he conceives to be the practical code of Socialist ethics. He maintains that in the Socialist view "all actions which further the overthrow of Capitalism . . . are reasonable and good. The grossest deeds of violence against persons and property, the crudest confiscation of capitalist goods, are morally justified if they are really conducive to this end."

As to the bugaboo of "confiscation," the subject has been fully disposed of in an

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earlier article of this series, and as to "deeds of violence," it is sufficient to state that the International Socialist movement is clearly and emphatically committed to the view that they are not "conducive to the overthrow of Capitalism."

Socialism is an evolutionary philosophy. It affirms that great social changes can only be brought about when all social factors required for the change, *i. e.*, economic conditions, popular opinion, organization of the masses, etc., have fully matured. Violence can not hasten the process of social development, and if adopted as a method of the Socialist propaganda, it could only result in confusion and demoralization within the ranks of the active Socialists, and in strengthening the position of their opponents.

Dr. Ryan quotes my good friend John Spargo as praying for the courage to do sundry violent and desperate things, if by doing so he could bring about the social salvation of the working class. But my opponent neglects to inform the reader that the blood-curdling hypothetical prayer of the "usually mild and soft-spoken" Socialist author is only a rhetorical introduction to his very emphatic assertion that violence can not accomplish anything good, and that if applied by the working class it would only leave it "more hopelessly enslaved than ever" and would "destroy its *morale* as a fighting force." In fact, Spargo's entire book from which the disjointed passage is quoted was written in defense of lawful methods in the struggle for social betterment.

The Socialist movement has always fought the anarchists and advocates of violence within the labor movement as it fights the more numerous and dangerous anarchists and perpetrators of violence within the ranks of the capitalist class. The international Socialist conventions admit no organizations whose programs are not based on the peaceful methods of working-class politics, and the Socialist Party of the United States has formally adopted a rule providing for the expulsion of any member who may advocate violence in connection with the Socialist propaganda.

"But," says my opponent, "these actions are based on mere considerations of expediency and not on moral grounds." To this I can only answer—Blessed is the movement whose practical notions of expediency coincide so well with the abstract precepts of the highest morality.

REBUTTAL BY DR. RYAN

IN HIS reply to my main article, Mr. Hillquit admits substantially that I have stated correctly the essentials of Socialist ethics. Naturally he disagrees with me concerning the validity and value of those ethical doctrines. In the following pages I shall attempt to meet some of his more important arguments, and to bring out somewhat more clearly the sinister significance of the moral theories which permeate the Socialist movement.

Applying the theory of economic determinism to international relations, my opponent asserts that material interests have led the nations to adopt dual and "diametrically opposite" standards of morality, one for themselves and another for the peoples without.

Have they? Civilized nations forbid the killing of their own citizens except on account of capital crimes. A "diametrically opposite" rule in relation to foreigners would permit the assassination of the latter in the absence of any such offenses. Will my opponent cite a single civilized people that has explicitly adopted or defended this principle?

Nor have the civilized peoples sanctioned this principle *implicitly*. Waging war on foreign nations no more implies approval of murder than does the legal execution of criminals, or individual homicide. In every war one of the belligerents is necessarily contending for advantages to which it has no moral right, and is therefore in the position of an unjust aggressor. Sometimes the wrongful nation realizes the immorality of its course, just as the individual murderer sometimes recognizes the wickedness of his action. Perhaps in the majority of cases the offending nation thinks that it has a proper grievance, that it is merely defending its genuine rights. Its mistaken interpretation of the moral law no more involves

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approval of the principle of murder than does the homicidal performance of a lynching party or a Kentucky feudist.

WAR VS. MURDER

On the other hand, the nation that is in the right defends its position by force of arms on quite the same solid moral ground as it puts to death capital offenders among its own citizens, and with quite the same justification as that which authorizes the individual to protect his own life against the murderous attack of a highwayman.

Perhaps the simplest and clearest indication that war does not imply approval of murder, is the fact that civilized belligerents refrain, even to their own disadvantage, from killing women and other non-combatants.

In the field of industrial relations, continues my opponent, we likewise see the all-determining influence of material interests upon moral conceptions. By the rules of the "prevailing capitalist morality," "practically everything is permissible and praiseworthy so long as it makes money."

As a matter of fact, the current moral conceptions condemn all the industrial evils enumerated in Mr. Hillquit's lurid paragraphs. In proof of this statement I would call attention to the mass of corrective legislation already enacted, and certain to be enacted. Not even the capitalist class has ever formally accepted the principle that practically everything is lawful which "makes money." If they frequently act in such a way as to suggest to the uncritical that they believe in this principle, they are influenced by several other considerations than crude and simple greed.

One cause of such conduct has been the prevalence of the plausible but fundamentally false ethical theory propounded with more or less definiteness by the classical economists, that every free contract is a fair contract. Another is the failure of many employers to realize the existence or the extent of the industrial evils in question. Moreover, a large class of employers either lull to sleep or deliberately violate their better moral perceptions. Another large group, possibly the majority, are unable, on account of the keenness of business competition, to remedy the bad conditions. Finally, employers as a whole realize both the evils and their own responsibility much more fully than they did half a century ago.

As I have more than once observed in the course of this debate, the economic interests and conditions of individuals and of classes do prevent them from estimating fairly and accurately the morality of many kinds of conduct. But this is quite a different statement from the assertion that moral notions and practises are *primarily* determined, caused to be what they are, by material conditions and interests. So long as men admit that they are obliged *sometimes* to subordinate their own interests to the welfare of their fellows or to moral principle, they show conclusively that material conditions are not the supreme determinant of ethical beliefs and conduct.

In passing, I would note that according to Socialist theory moral ideas and actions are determined by material conditions not only primarily but *necessarily*. "Socialists," declares my opponent, "are not inclined to place the blame for these perverse capitalist notions of ethics upon the individual 'malefactors.'" Hence the moral beliefs and deeds of men are beyond the control of the human will. Hence the labor-crushing capitalist, no less than the bomb-throwing exemplar of sabotage, is relieved of all strictly moral accountability. Both are helpless instruments of material forces!

MR. HILLQUIT'S ENTANGLED LOGIC

I did not say, nor even intimate, that any Socialist "approves of the horrid string of crimes" which I enumerated in the fourth paragraph of my principal article. What I said was that the Marxian who is logical must admit the possibility that all these may some time become legitimate; but I did not venture the assertion that all Socialists are logical.

In the opinion of my opponent, the ethical standard which I have defended is "somewhat lacking in meaning." It is, indeed, somewhat abstract and technical, but so are all summary statements of fundamental truth. And yet it is more concrete and practical than his standard of general happiness. When we say that man's rational nature is the unvarying rule of conduct, we mean: first, that he must not use his faculties in such a way as to frustrate their natural end, or the natural end of his entire being; second, that his animal or sense nature must be subordinated to his rational

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or spirit nature; third, that by nature all men are essentially equal, and have substantially equal claims upon one another; fourth, that they are inferior and owe unqualified obedience to God; and, fifth, that they are essentially superior to the brute creation.

A FIXED MORAL STANDARD

In his endeavor to establish the variableness of the moral law, my opponent rejects the distinction which I drew between the law and the understanding of it by human beings. This distinction he calls "a subtle metaphysical theory." It is neither subtle nor metaphysical, but obvious and logical. Quite as aptly might he apply this phrase to the effort to distinguish between a civil law and the varying popular knowledge of it, or between the established principles of medical science and the various conceptions of them prevailing throughout a community.

The immutable law of planetary rotation, continues Mr. Hillquit, always expressed itself in the uniform "conduct" of the heavenly bodies, but the moral notions and *conduct* of men varied in spite of the "alleged immutable laws."

But the moral law likewise expressed itself at all times. Its provisions could be read in man's nature and in his essential relations to other beings. And the majority of mankind did perceive this objective expression, this enduring record, of the moral law long before any of them discovered the law of planetary rotation.

If we admit that the race makes moral progress, contends my opponent, it matters little whether we believe in the objective existence of a code of "final and immutable ethics." But how can we know whether the changes in moral notions and actions to which we give the name of progress are properly so called, unless we have some permanently valid code of ethics, some supreme standard, some moral ideal, by which we can distinguish the good from the bad in conduct, and the genuine from the imitation in moral progress? Precisely because since men have possessed the conception of such a standard, however vaguely defined, they have been able to discern and to follow, however dimly and haltingly, the way of improvement.

Nor can my opponent save the situation by bringing in his standard of general welfare or general happiness. If there be no such thing as objective and immutable ethical rules, on what rational ground can the individual be required to subordinate his own welfare or pleasure to that of the community? Why should this standard suddenly become morally binding upon its adoption by the Socialist State? It is quite in order for the individual to remonstrate:

"On your own principle, your ethical code is fundamentally relative; for it is but the expression of what you conceive to be the needs of your present form of society. It has no more genuine moral force, authority, or obligation than any other code that has ever been set up by any other society or social class. I claim the right to make my own ethics."

To this objection the only possible reply of the Socialist State would be the enforcement of the argument of superior brute force. Might and right would have become identical.

AN IMPOSSIBLE COMPROMISE

My opponent declines to commit himself to the view that the rational is nobler than the animal element in man, or that soul is intrinsically superior to sense; yet he asserts that Socialists do not underestimate the spiritual side of man, and that they strive for perfection in all spheres of human existence.

By the very fact that he refuses to recognize without hesitation or question the intrinsic superiority of the rational over the sense faculties, he does underestimate the spiritual element. By putting the rational or spiritual on the same level of importance with the physical nature, he declares implicitly that to exercise the latter, to indulge the physical appetites, in those purely individual acts of dissipation and sensuality which atrophy the intellect and brutalize the will, constitutes conduct that is quite as laudable and reasonable as the loftiest activity of the intellect or the firmest control of the passions. Since there is no difference of moral importance or worth between the two sets of faculties, each man enjoys full liberty, moral as well as physical and psychological, to choose for himself which faculties he shall exercise most, to choose whether he shall live like a man or like a

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brute; and no moral stigma can attach to one choice more than to the other.

If individual conduct be outside the moral law, then no man has any moral obligation toward himself; hence his "striving for perfection" is not a moral obligation, but an entirely optional performance. It is no more good, reasonable, or laudable than the practise of the most degrading personal debauchery.

"MONOGAMY" THAT IS NOT MONOGAMY

Mr. Hillquit admits that the monogamous family, understood as a permanent union, would and should disappear under Socialism. For he advocates, not indeed sexual promiscuity, but unions dissoluble at the will of the parties themselves. By removing all mercenary motives from marriage, he will leave but one basis of conjugal union—mutual love. To quote his own words: "A union based on love can endure only so long as love continues. In other words, most Socialists, in common with most sensible and enlightened persons, stand for dissolubility of the marriage tie at the pleasure of the contracting parties."

But, contends my opponent, these "love" unions would "endure in undimmed and lifelong purity in a much larger number of cases than to-day."

While an extended reply to this assertion is impossible for want of space, and unnecessary because my main purpose has been merely to bring out the real attitude of Socialists on the question of monogamy, a few summaries of controverting arguments may not be out of place.

a. The theory before us assumes that under Socialism the actual opportunity of making their own living would be open to all women as an easy alternative to marriage. This implies a vast increase in the proportion of women in industrial occupations. Such a situation is neither morally nor socially desirable. Probably nine-tenths of the women who are now engaged in manufacture, and a large proportion of those in trade and transportation, are performing tasks which are physically and morally detrimental to themselves, and therefore to the race. It is not possible that Socialism or any other scheme would change essentially the nature or effects of these industrial operations.

b. The assumption that it is somehow degrading for a woman to depend upon a man for a livelihood, or to allow material considerations to influence her choice of a husband, is cheap and shallow. It is adopted mainly by those who are enmeshed in a superficial a priori social philosophy, and by that blatant and shameless little group of sexual creatures who think they are "advanced feminists," and who would like to make women over into a bad imitation of men. In the light of nature and common sense, it is no more unbecoming for a woman to depend upon a man for her livelihood than for a man to depend upon a woman for his meals, the care of the household, or the bearing and nursing of children.

c. Even under Socialism, many women would still find that they could better their condition by marrying a higher-paid man. And large numbers of them would have sense enough left to see that marriage is natural, while most industrial employments are to them unnatural and harmful, and that marriage even on a lower economic level is on the whole preferable to "economic independence." To assume that these two classes of women would not marry until they were certain that love was the only determining motive, is to betray a lofty indifference to some of the most palpable facts of human nature and human life.

> MOST SOCIALISTS STAND FOR DISSOLUBILITY OF THE MARRIAGE TIE AT THE PLEASURE OF THE CONTRACTING PARTIES.

d. Has my opponent any data to show that divorce is less common among love-marriages than among those that have taken into account other considerations? Is romantic love the only, or the most powerful, factor in the permanence of conjugal unions?

e. Moreover, when men and women realize that their unions are terminable at will, they will be much more likely than now to mistake passion and infatuation for love, both before and after marriage, and much

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more liable to neglect such considerations as mind, character, and consequences.

My opponent assures me that Socialism would not withdraw the education of children from the control and supervision of the parents, nor prevent the latter from giving their children the benefit of "supplemental private or school instruction in any subject they may choose."

Thus the only instruction to be permitted outside the public schools will be merely "supplemental." Although this "supplemental" training may be given in a private school as well as at home, the child will be compelled to attend the public school regularly, and to follow all the courses taught therein. No parent will be allowed to educate his child wholly or mainly outside the public school. What is this if it be not monopoly of education?

"EXPEDIENCY" JUSTIFIES ALL MEANS AND ACTIONS

I never denied that Mr. Spargo and the International Socialist movement condemned deeds of violence. I merely maintained that their condemnation was based not upon moral grounds, but upon mere expediency. I asserted that no authoritative Socialist denounces such practises as morally wrong. And my opponent admits the correctness of these contentions when he "can only answer: Blessed is the movement whose practical notions of expediency coincide so well with the abstract precepts of the highest morality."

If this be not an implicit assertion that violence is morally lawful whenever it is expedient for Socialism, and a virtual confession that my interpretation of Socialist thought on the subject is accurate, I am forced to the conclusion that my opponent is using language in a purely esoteric sense, of which he refuses to give up the key.

How exactly the Socialist notions of expediency "coincide" with abstract moral precepts, is beautifully illustrated in the recent history of the I. W. W. faction of American Socialism. "The Industrial Workers of the World" accept the principle of expediency, but not the practical application of it offered by the majority of the party. Believing that "deeds of violence" *are* expedient in the war with Capitalism, they proceed to demolish, if possible, the "abstract precepts of the highest morality." Worse than all, they demonstrate that expediency is not expedient, since their interpretation of it has split the American Socialist party in twain. A similar situation obtains in the European movement.

What else could any thinking person expect? Preach the theory that a practise derives all its morality from expediency, and you open the way for the most reckless use, or abuse, of it by all those persons who will not accept you as its infallible interpreter.

REJOINDER BY MR. HILLQUIT

DR. RYAN'S rebuttal is largely an effort to fortify his arguments in support of his two main ethical precepts, the final and immutable character of the moral law and the indissolubility of marriage.

In my main paper I asserted that the moral notions and practises of individuals, classes, and nations are subject to variations and changes, and that the nature of such variations and the direction of such changes are largely determined by material needs and advantages. In support of this contention I instanced the callousness of capitalist morality as applied to industrial pursuits and the perverse moral notions which sanction international wars.

Dr. Ryan's reply to this contention may be fairly summed up in three points:

1. The killing of human beings, in war or in peace, is not always morally wrong. The nation "that is in the right" is justified on "solid moral grounds" in defending such right by "force of arms," and the community has a similar moral right to the "legal execution" of the "criminal" or "capital offender."

2. "Perhaps in the majority of cases the offending nation thinks that it has a proper grievance," and similarly, the offending capitalist often fails to realize the social iniquities of the prevailing industrial system.

3. "Sometimes the wrongful nation

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realizes the immorality of its course," but fails to admit it, just as a large class of the employers realize the moral depravity of their practises, but either "lull to sleep or deliberately violate their better moral perceptions."

Let us examine these arguments.

AS TO "CAPITAL OFFENDERS"

Dr. Ryan justifies the killing of "aggressors," "capital offenders," and "criminals," wholesalely in war or in retail "by legal process." But what is an "aggression" or "offense," and what is "innocence" or "defense," and how and by whom are they to be differentiated?

In the eyes of the average Englishman, the American colonists were decidedly hardened offenders when they seditiously refused to pay lawful taxes regularly imposed on them by parliament, while the colonists vowed that England was the aggressor and offender in attempting such taxation. To the mediæval Catholic governments the "heretic" was a capital offender, and even the infallible Catholic Church with its immutable notions of the moral law condoned that conception. Autocratic governments consider every active republican a "capital offender," and in return every republic considers it a crime to strive for the establishment of a monarchy. To the anarchist every capitalist is an offender; to the typical capitalist every "agitator" and labor-leader is a criminal.

All these different and opposite elements would cheerfully subscribe to Dr. Ryan's doctrine. What a picture of "eternal, invariable, and immutable ethics"!

But even less convincing than my opponent's moral justification of some wars and of all "legal executions" is his touching picture of the nation going to war in a sad and somber mood arising from the consciousness of its own guilt, and of the capitalist realizing the unrighteousness of his course. In actual experience such conscious offenders are rare. As a rule the belligerent nations are equally emphatic in their moral indignation against each other and equally loud in the patriotic protestations of their own offended innocence, while the churches of both countries send conflicting and bewildering prayers to the Almighty for the victory of their respective just causes.

As to the typical capitalists, they are usually in full accord with the position of that candid and pious American representative of their class who recently consoled his countrymen with the assurance that the Lord has ceded the treasures of the earth to certain "Christian gentlemen," who knew how to operate and capitalize them.

Dr. Ryan comes very much nearer the truth when he asserts that the offending nations and classes often fail to realize their wrongdoings. But perhaps this statement seems so convincing to me only because I have been contending for it all through this debate.

ETHICAL IDEAL VS. FINAL ETHICS

Dr. Ryan's final argument in support of his theory of immutability of the moral law, is that without such a standard moral progress would be impossible or, at any rate, unmeasurable. "How can we know," he queries, "whether the changes in moral notions and actions to which we give the name of progress are properly so-called, unless we have some *permanently* valid code of ethics?"

My opponent here seems to confound two entirely different ideas—Final Ethics and the Ethical Ideal. When he speaks of Final Ethics he has in mind a uniform unchanged and unchangeable code of morals, which was in existence at the first appearance of man and will remain in full force until the end of the world. An Ethical Ideal on the other hand means nothing more than the highest conception of morality to which the human mind can attain at a given stage of social and intellectual development. There is nothing permanent about it. On the contrary, it is its elasticity that constitutes its greatest worth. Such an ideal always represents a vast advance over the cruder ideals of the less civilized past, and it falls far short of the higher ideals which a better future will undoubtedly develop.

Another logical somersault my opponent performs in drawing his deductions from my views on the comparative importance of the various human capacities. Because I refuse to admit "the intrinsic superiority of the rational over the sense faculties," he concludes that I consider it "quite as laudable and reasonable" to indulge "in those purely individual acts of dissipation and sensuality which atrophy the intellect and brutalize the will" as in "the lofty activity of the intellect."

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In other words, he asserts that the person who holds the physical and intellectual functions of man in equal esteem must approve of the grossest *abuses* of the former just as much as of the most proper and normal uses of the latter.

THAT "SEMI-MONOGAMOUS" FAMILY

In my main paper on this subject I stated that most Socialists favor the dissolubility of the marriage tie at the pleasure of the contracting parties. My opponent construes this statement as an "admission" on my part "that the monogamous family, *understood as a permanent union*, would and should disappear under Socialism." By a skilful blending of the terms "permanent union," "indissoluble marriage," and "monogamy" he contrives to convey the impression that Socialism is opposed to the institution of monogamous marriage. There is absolutely no foundation for such an assertion.

A monogamous family is one formed by the union of one woman with one man. If in such union one of the mates dies and the survivor marries another spouse, the union continues to be monogamous, and if the partners divorce and each remarries, the resulting unions are still strictly monogamous. Conversely, if we should assume that the Mormon Church or some Islam government should sanction simultaneous unions between one man and several women and make such unions absolutely indissoluble, the latter would be polygamous and not monogamous. Socialists stand for strict monogamy coupled with the right of divorce, a right which is recognized in all civilized countries. But while the privilege of divorce is to-day accorded only for certain gross conjugal or personal misconduct, Socialists would extend that privilege to all persons whose marital life has been rendered loveless, joyless, and miserable for any reason whatsoever.

"Has my opponent any data to show that divorce is less common among love marriages than among those that have taken into account other considerations?" queries Dr. Ryan.

Of course I have not. The scanty marital statistics which the census furnishes us are unfortunately not based on love marriages alone, but on all present-day marriages, and these have largely been contracted for "other considerations." But just for that reason the available figures are rather interesting and by no means irrelevant to Dr. Ryan's question. Here they are: The total number of divorces granted in the United States between 1887 and 1906 was 900,584; in other words, within a period of twenty years, or about half of the duration of a normal conjugal life, over 1,800,000 persons were divorced from each other by formal judicial decree. In 1906 there were 72,062 divorces against 853,290 marriages—one divorce for every twelve marriages.

These figures convey some notion of the extent of marital unhappiness under prevailing conditions, especially if we bear in mind that divorce actions in our courts are distasteful and repulsive proceedings, which the more sensitive individuals try to avoid at any cost. The greatest conjugal tragedies are not enacted in open court-room, but are suffered in tearful silence in the seclusion of the shattered home.

Nor is divorce the only curb upon present-day marriages. The "other considerations" than love to which my opponent alludes, involve among other things the economic ability of the man to support a family. And this ability is on the constant decrease in our blissful capitalist system, with the rising cost of living, insufficient wages, and general economic insecurity. According to the census figures of 1910 the total male population of the country, twenty years old and over, was about 28,000,000. Out of these 8,102,062 were single, 1,470,280 widowed, and 155,815 divorced. Out of the 25,500,000 women over twenty years old 4,947,406 were single, 3,165,967 were widowed, and 181,418 divorced.

Thus out of a total of 53,500,000 adult Americans 18,000,000, or more than a third, were unmated. "This," observes Commissioner Rittenhouse, who was charged with the task of investigating the alarming facts, "is an unfortunate and startling state of affairs. Moreover, from the ranks of the unmarried comes humanity's *heaviest contribution to immorality and crime.*" Yes, especially when aided by the economic misery of millions of women. If my opponent wants more "data" on this interesting subject, I respectfully refer him to Mr. Kneeland's reports of vice conditions in New York and Chicago,* and the harrowing

*Report of Municipal Vice Commission, Chicago, 1911. "Commercialized Prostitution," by George J. Kneeland. New York, 1913.

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revelations contained in them. A marriage made in the counting-room and terminating in the divorce courts; a "monogamous" marriage supplemented by wholesale enforced celibacy and tempered by open prostitution and clandestine adultery—such is the typical marriage under Capitalism, which my opponent seeks to save from the onslaughts of the wicked Socialists.

WOMAN AND INDUSTRY

My opponent's main argument against what he derisively terms "love-unions" is that since such unions are largely predicated on economic independence, their realization calls for a "vast increase in the proportion of women in industrial occupations." Such a situation, however, he considers highly undesirable because "probably nine-tenths of the women who are now engaged in manufacture, and a large proportion of those in trade and transportation, are performing tasks which are physically and morally detrimental to themselves, and therefore to the race."

Dr. Ryan seems to overlook the fact that the prevailing conditions of work are "physically and morally detrimental" not to women alone, but to men as well, and that these conditions are not inherent in industry, but are made so by the exigencies of the capitalist system based on intense and merciless exploitation of labor.

Socialism strives to render work more wholesome, easy, and attractive, and to secure to each working man a return sufficient to enable him to take care of his family in decency and comfort. Under such conditions women's work will naturally cease to be "physically and morally detrimental," and besides, they will not be forced to engage in industrial employment unless their family duties will permit them and unless they freely choose to do so. Will women under such conditions continue to take active part in the industrial life of the nation? At the risk of being classed by my opponent with that "blatant and shameless" group of "feminists," I venture the prediction that very many of them will.

Dr. Ryan seems to assume in his argument: 1. That all women are married; 2. That all married women bear children; 3. That all married women bear children and nurse them all the time.

All these assumptions, to borrow a happy phrase from my opponent, violate "some of the most palpable facts of human nature and human life."

In his rebuttal Dr. Ryan again reverts to the charge that Socialist morality is based on expediency rather than on abstract love of justice. He does not deny that the accepted methods of the Socialist movement are quite consonant with good morals, but he assures us that if the Socialists had believed that their ends could be more easily gained by methods of lawlessness and violence, they would not hesitate to resort to such methods.

Without admitting this entirely unprovable hypothesis I will observe that in actual fact there can be no opposition or antagonism between social expediency and true social morality. In support of this contention I may quote an authority who enjoys the respect of my opponent as much as my own —I refer to Dr. John Augustine Ryan. In speaking of certain planks in the Socialist program, in the third instalment of this debate, Dr. Ryan remarks: "Their ethical character can be determined only through an examination of their bearing upon human welfare. This is the ultimate test of the morality of any social system. In the matter of social institutions, moral values and genuine expediency are in the long run identical."

To this view I heartily subscribe.

In closing I want to allay my opponent's concern about the condition of the Socialist party of this country and the Socialist movement in Europe. Neither of them has been "split in twain" or in any other way, as far as I know. From last accounts the organized Socialist movements of Europe and America were as strong as ever and steadily gaining in numbers, influence, and effectiveness.

In the March instalment Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit discuss "Religion and Socialism." They approach the subject from an angle unfamiliar in Socialist literature, and this chapter of the debate is perhaps the most interesting so far.

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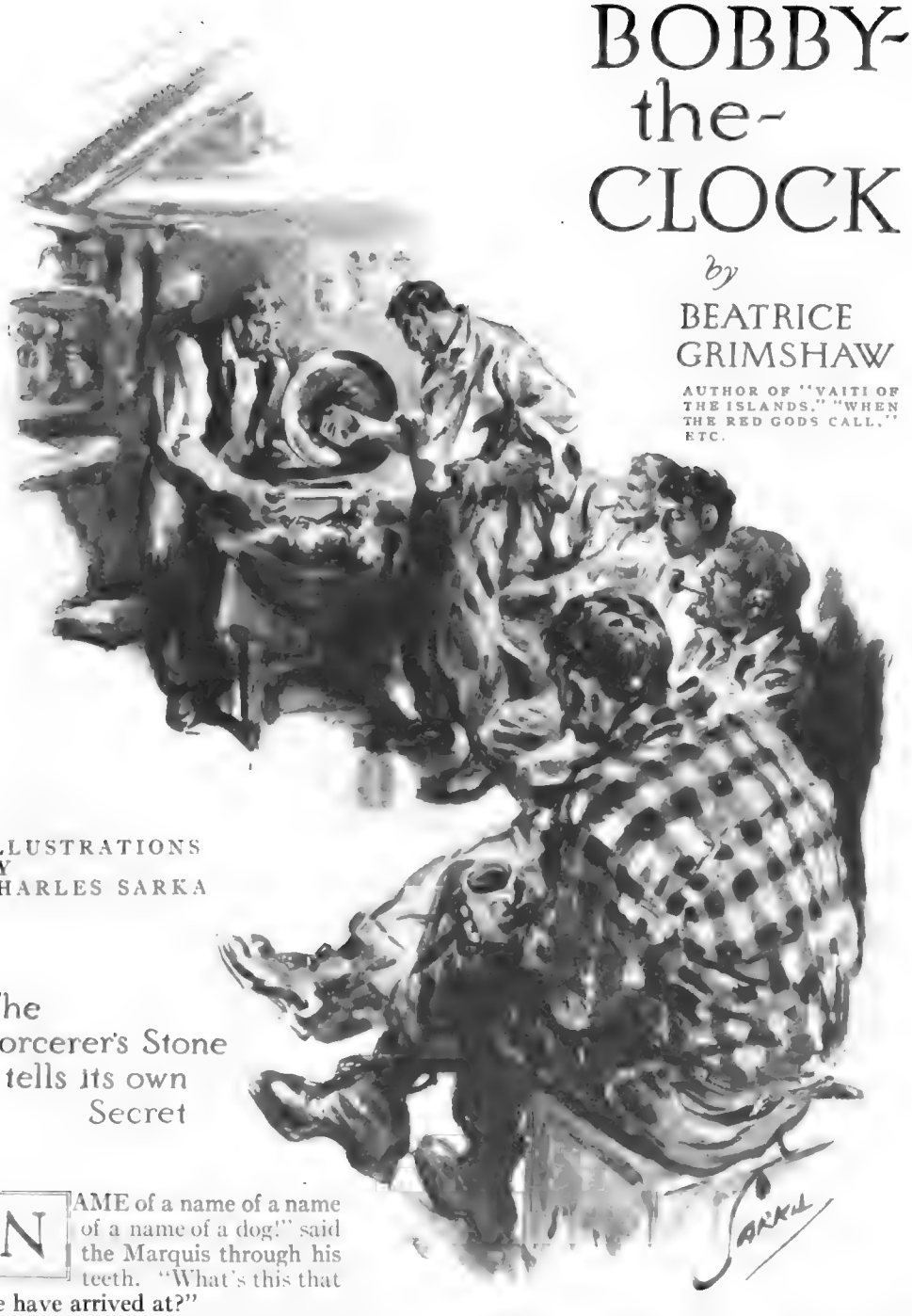
BOBBY-the-CLOCK

by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLANDS," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

The Sorcerer's Stone tells its own Secret

"NAME of a name of a name of a dog!" said the Marquis through his teeth. "What's this that we have arrived at?"

We stood in the bush, at the edge of the little clearing, and looked across a small space of muddy earth, planted with clothes-props, into a wide, doorless open doorway. It was night, and you could see little of the building itself—only a long, low outline against the stars, and that big oblong of orange light.

Inside, about a score of men were sitting on rough benches nailed to the wall.

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They all had glasses or tin pannikins in their hands, and they were drinking, slowly and quietly, and without any joviality or talk. Their eyes were fixed in one direction: it seemed that they were looking at something beyond our range of view.

Inside the room some one was singing: a rollicking, vulgar music-hall song with a great deal of "beer" and "booze" in it, and not a little bad language, apparently thrown in by the singer. Some of the song was certainly funny, though with a coarse kind of fun; and all in all, it was not the sort of thing that most men would have listened to with faces like tombstones—especially the rough-looking crowd that was seated there on the benches round the wall. But there was never a smile on a face. They listened, and they drank, grave, unmoved, and gloomy.

The Marquis used some more curious expressions, apparently translated from the French.

"This is evidently not the Government station upon which we are fallen," he said. "Tell me, then, is it by chance some lunatic asylum? Or has the impossible things we have encountered in that Country of the Stone Ovens made me myself insane?"

"I reckon we've hit on the Kilori goldfield," I said. "That comes of having no compass, and being chased all over the shop, without a chance to see where you are going. We must be twenty miles farther down toward the coast than I thought, and a good bit to the westward. It's as good as the Government station, Marky. There's a store here, and we're in known country now all the way."

"We are arrived somewhere, if it is store, or station, or asylum of lunatics—I don't care me," said the Marquis.

His face was neither fat nor pink in these strenuous days; it was yellow with starvation and hardship, and there were lines from his ears to his neck. His clothes were a mass of rags, and exceedingly dirty; his boots nearly worn out. You would never have known him for the spruce, smart gentleman of France who had lounged about the coral walks of Samarai only a week or two before.

But in that week or two we had been through adventures before which all the troubles previously brought upon us by the great diamond we had been pursuing and guarding seemed as nothing at all.

We had been shipwrecked, and marooned on a foodless, uninhabited shore, a hundred miles from anywhere, along an inaccessible coast. We had wandered starving, houseless, and guideless, about an unexplored tract of country only fit for birds or monkeys to travel. We had been captured by cannibals in the Stone-Oven Country and nearly eaten by them; had been imprisoned on the edge of an apparently trackless gulf, and been asked for the Sorcerer's Stone as the price of the secret that would show us the way down; had got away, and struggled through the trackless wilds below, racing desperately to find the Government station before we should succumb to hunger or exposure—and, at the last, had found, apparently, not the Government station, but the Kilori goldfield.

I would rather have found the station, in spite of the fact that the field was nearer to the coast, and had more supplies for us to draw upon.

In an ordinary way, I would sooner have trusted myself on a New Guinea goldfield with a priceless diamond on my person, than in a civilized city. The old hands among the miners of Papua are, I suppose, about the most honest people in the world. You can leave your "chamois" of gold knocking about the store for a week, if you choose to be so careless, and know that not a grain of its contents will be missing when you wake up to its existence again. The men who have stood the brunt of the fearful hardships and taken the atrocious risks that were, and are, the price of finding gold in New Guinea, are not the kind to play a fellow miner dishonest tricks.

But the Kilori was another affair. It was a field that had never produced very much until a rich find was made, a few months before our arrival. The find, of course, attracted the usual "rush" from Australia, a crowd made up of very mixed elements, as is the goldfields crowd all the world over. In Papua rich discoveries are very soon worked out, as a rule, and the riffraff attracted by the gold—larrikins and sharps, parasites and wasters of every kind—sorts itself out from the men who are of any use, and drifts back to the continent of Australia, where there is more room for its kind.

The process takes some time, though, and

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I knew that the backward stream from the Kilori field was hardly yet in flood.

It seemed to me, therefore, that we could hardly have struck upon a worse place to stay. But stay we must, till we were fed, clothed, and sufficiently recruited in strength to go on again.

I said something of this to the Marquis, and he said that there was no use crying over a bridge till you came to it, and for his part, what he wanted was "some many tins of meat, and a jeremiad of champagne."

"Well, the sooner we get into the store, the sooner you're likely to be gratified," I said.

I broke through the last of the bush—there was no doubt a track somewhere in the neighborhood, but in the growing dark we had somehow or other missed it—and led the way across the clearing. Meantime, inside the store, the ribald song went on, and the miners, seated round with solemn faces, listened as if at church.

"I am intrigued to find out the meaning of this, my Flint," breathed the Marquis down the back of my neck. "It is so blessed queer."

He had not long to wait. We were inside the store in a few seconds, and there before us appeared what was surely the oddest scene that even Papua, the country of oddities, had produced for many a year.

There was a table at the far end of the room: on the table was a gramophone, muffled up in black, and surrounded with white flowers from the bush. All the miners were looking at the instrument, and listening to it, as they slowly and seriously drank their whisky and their beer. And the gramophone was bellowing out the song that we had heard, not in the voice of a trained singer, such as one associates with mechanical records, but in the raucous, howling tones of a man who could sing very little, and had handicapped that little ability by getting drunk before he began.

It was a dead-still night, here in the clearing on the river-flat, with the trees shutting off every breath of wind all round us, and the Kilori, inky-black and quiet, running smooth as a canal behind the store. The lantern in the rafters did not waver, the white flowers thrown about the gramophone lay still as flowers about the body of some one dead. You could hear the men suck in their drinks and swallow, in the pauses of the song, and the grinding of the worn-out gramophone needle sounded sharply.

Many of the men I knew, though some were strangers, and I was anxious to greet my mates—doubly so, after all the troubles that the Marquis and I had been through. So I stepped right in, walked up to Hubbard, who had shared a claim with me on the Yodda years before, and held out my hand, saying something in the way of a greeting.

It was received with an instantaneous and universal "Hush!" Hubbard himself said, "Wait—we must finish," and pulled me down on the bench beside him. The Marquis, his innate courtesy rising above his natural impatience and weariness, also took a seat. The song went on to its dreary end.

Then the storekeeper, an elderly man with a wooden face, who looked as if he had seen so many surprising things that nothing on earth could by any possibility surprise him again, took the black cloth off the gramophone, removed the flowers, and lifted the instrument to put it away on a shelf.

"Hold on!" said one of the miners, stretching out his glass of beer. "We'll give the poor beggar a last drink." He poured his beer into the gramophone, the others looking on quite seriously.

"Are you all mad?" I inquired. "And can't you spare half a second to give a drink to men who haven't had any for three weeks, when you've done feeding a gramophone?"

"Where have you been?" asked the storekeeper. I told him, briefly.

We had no cause to complain after that: old Burchell, the storekeeper, Hubbard, and all the men I knew, bestirred themselves to find us food, drink, tobacco, clothing, beds, and to make us warmly welcome to the Kilori. Our adventures didn't astonish any one very much; most of the men had had experiences quite as startling in their time. Yarns and reminiscences, mostly colored with gore, ran like a flood, and I saw the Marquis's eyes grow rounder and rounder as he listened.

I had really forgotten the gramophone incident, being pretty well used to the eccentricities of men who live for the most part alone in the bush, when the Marquis touched me with his elbow, and asked me to "demand the signifying of that astounded event."

"Oh, by the way," I said, "what on earth were you playing at when we came up?"

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Most of the men fell silent again. Hubbard took up the word.

"Why," he said, "we'd just buried poor old Bobby-the-Clock, and when we came back from planting him, we thought we'd hear him sing again for the last time—he did love singing, poor old Bobby, though he never could do it; and Burchell here had a record he'd made one day when Bobby was having an unusually good time. So when we came back we put it on. And we gave poor old Bobby-the-Clock a last drink, and we put him away on the shelf. You needn't look shocked, you, whoever you are—" addressing the Marquis.

The Marquis rose, bowed, and introduced himself. I said I never could remember his name, so I won't try to write it down.

"Well, Mr. Marquis," went on Hubbard, totally unmoved, "as I say, you needn't look shocked, for we did the whole thing as reverent as if we'd been in church, and nobody could say we didn't. Now he's planted, and we've done all we could for him, and we're going to forget about him and cheer up; so here's luck, Mr. Marquis."

He finished his beer.

We got away as soon as we could from Bobby-the-Clock's memorial service, for we were both suffering from the effects of the "perish" we had been through, and the Marquis declared he could not exist another hour without a new set of clothes. The store, rough as it was, provided sufficient for our needs; we took the plain shirts and trousers over to the men's sleeping-place, washed, dressed, and made ourselves decent again.

"Marky, you look like a miner now," I said.

"A cat may look like a king," said the Marquis, "but a king in gloves catches no mice. I fear I should not make myself much wealth, even in these uniforms of the field, with the pick and plate of Mr.

A LONG BLACKWOOD SPEAR, LIBERALLY BARBED, PLUNGED INTO THE SAND RIGHT AMONG US.

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Bobby-the-Clock. And, by the road, Flint, what is the signifying of that singular name?"

"Oh, that," I said, laughing, as I struggled into my own new clothes—"that was only something Bobby did up on the Yodda, years and years ago. He was always a bit of a crank, and he got it into his head that the storekeeper had cheated him out of seven-and-sixpence over a bag of rice—I don't believe poor old Whitworth ever thought of such a thing. But anyhow, Bobby believed he had; and it became what I suppose you'd call an 'obsession' with him, to try and get it out of Whitworth somehow or other. And one day, when he was alone in the store, he nipped up a seven - and - sixpenny little alarm - clock—Bobby wouldn't have stolen to save his life, but he reckoned that Whitworth owed him that—and put it away in his clothes. And just then a missionary turned up, visiting the goldfields, and nothing would do him—being Sunday—but he must hold a service, and pray for those terrible villains, the miners of the Yodda.

"Well, they started the service right away, in Whitworth's store, and poor old Bobby was let in for it, and couldn't get out. And they all heard the clock ticking, but they couldn't make out where it was, till right in the middle of the missionary's longest prayer, off with a buzz and a rattle went the clock, from somewhere about Bobby's left trouser-leg. The missionary reckoned they'd done it on purpose, and he just shut up his book with a bang, and walked out, and Bobby, who was terribly distressed, ran after him, shouting: 'Mr. Parson—I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!'—and all the time the clock yelling away down his leg.

"The miners were yelling, too; some of them were almost rolling on the floor. We none of us meant to be rude to the missionary, but it broke him up altogether; he went right off that night, and we never had the finish of the meeting. Bobby-the-Clock kept the clock, and used it to waken himself in the mornings—he was always a sleepy beggar. And now he's gone where he won't want clocks to waken him any more."

I fastened my last button and buckled my belt. It was not supper-time yet, and we had already fed, so we were not impatient. We sat down on the canvas beds that had been allotted to us, and looked about. The "dormitory" was a rudely built shed, used for storing goods, and open on one side; among the bags and boxes were scattered bush-made stretchers, covered with sacks. All round the little clearing on the flat, the great, menacing, unknown forest stretched its hands; it made me think of people crowding and shouldering round about an accident. And, to complete the parallel, the atmosphere was so still and confined that one longed to cry out "Back—stand back, and give us air!"

The stars that had been above our heads so many nights were before us now, all down the open side of the shed—the unforgetable stars of Papua, glowing like tiny moons in the velvet-violet dark. I sat and looked and smoked, and thought the "long, long thoughts" of the man who lives in lonely places. . . .

Many and many a year they had been my roof, those holding, haunting stars: they had me fast; they would not let me go. They were more faithful to me than wife or child could be; they had been my friends when friends had failed; they had told me things beyond the tongue of men and angels. To-night, they looked down upon the grave of poor, harmless, mind-bewildered Bobby-the-Clock: how soon, I wondered, and where, would they look down upon mine. . . .

Diamond or no diamond, it came to me then that the stars and the bush, and cruel, beautiful Papua, had got me for good. A man may make a fortune, ten times over; but if he is not made of the clay that sticks to gold when it touches it, he will come back where he belongs, in the end.

We slept that night as sound as Bobby-the-Clock himself in his forest bed a dozen yards away. With the morning came reaction from the excitement of arriving: we were both dead tired, and could do nothing but saunter and lie about. It was a hard week's tramp to the coast, over ugly country; I foresaw that we should have to put in some days of resting before we could face it. Carriers, too, would have to be found somehow or other—if necessary, borrowed from among the boys employed by the various miners. The delay was unpleasant to me, knowing what risks we ran, but I did not see what else we could do.

There were many more men about the

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store to-day, a much rougher-looking lot than the friends of the late Bobby-the-Clock. A dozen or so of them—bad lots from odd corners of the commonwealth, who had failed in finding pay gold—seemed to be merely loafing about, living on the storekeeper, and waiting until the long-suffering government of Papua should be driven into conveying them back to Australia at its own cost.

They, and another score or two who had found a little gold, were drunk together as long and as often as Burchell would let them be; they hung about other men's camps after dark; they had been accused of shooting natives who were friendly to us, and thereby laying up trouble for the whole camp—they were, in fine, a danger and a nuisance to the field, and every one of the decent, quiet old hands would have been exceedingly glad to see them cleared out.

Neither the Marquis nor I liked this company, so we kept away from the neighborhood of the store, and spent the greater part of the morning bathing with my old mate Hubbard in a safe, shallow part of the Kilori River. At least, the place was safe if you didn't go into it one by one, and if you kept a good look-out for alligators while you were in.

That was as much as we wanted. You would not have thought that such a simple matter as a bathe in the Kilori River could seriously affect any one's fortunes. But the Sorcerer's Stone was never put into quite so much danger as it was by our lazy hour or two in the water that morning.

What brought us out at last was an incident not at all uncommon in the interior of Papua, but none the less unpleasant—the sudden plunging of a long blackwood spear, liberally barbed, into the sand right among us. We had none of us seen it coming, but there it was, quivering with the impetus of its flight, and showing plainly by the depth to which it had buried itself that it had been thrown with force sufficient to drive it right through any one it might have hit. And as the opposite bank was not at all far away, and as none of us had brought a gun, we thought it best to clear out for the store as rapidly as we could. There was a regular scramble after our clothes, which had all fallen in a heap; but we were dressed before you could say "One, two, three, go!" and away after our arms in about two seconds more.

Of course, nothing showed up when we fired into the bush; but we sent a few bullets smashing into the close-knit lianas and orchids, just as an expression of opinion.

I don't think I shall ever forget that afternoon. It was one of the awful black days that one experiences at times about the steaming river flats of Papua: the sky was a dark lead-pencil sort of color, and seemed to sit down on our heads like the lid of a hot saucepan. The enormous trees that had escaped the clearing, and stood about at its edges, lifted their endless run of naked trunk and their weird sky-pointing branches up into the heights of the sky, with never a motion or a tremor. Their leaves, far up beneath the iron lid of the clouds, were as still as photographs. Indeed, the whole clearing had the unnaturally dead appearance that one notices in a stereoscope—a thing that always seems to me like the ghosts of dead scenes and places.

As for the heat, it was just the next thing to unendurable, and would have been quite unendurable if one had not recollected that scores of men had stood it, off and on, for years.

And it was on an afternoon such as this that Burchell gave out his intention of holding an auction of Bobby-the-Clock's effects, according to the custom of the field. The money, of course, would be sent to any surviving relatives Bobby might be found to possess.

The Marquis wanted to go and see it, and I went with him, though I was not particularly anxious to do so. Burchell had arranged to lend me three or four of the carriers belonging to the store, and I wanted to get my packs ready and prepare for a start the next day, or the next, as our condition might permit. I didn't fancy sleeping any longer than I could help in an open shed with the riffraff of Australia, while the Sorcerer's Stone was on my person—or worse, on the Marquis's.

There were several days of utter wilderness between us and the coast, along the worst of tracks, through pathless, unexplored forests, full of natives who might at any time turn hostile. That sort of thing provided far too many ready-made occasions for accident, in my opinion—should any one want an accident to happen.

I have said that Papua is not a lawless country, on the whole, and it is not. But there are things that affect the value of

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laws and principles in their neighborhood, as a mountain of ironstone affects the working of the compasses on ships that pass beneath it. A big diamond is one of these. In the Sorcerer's Stone we had, so to speak, a charge of moral dynamite that was ready at any moment to shatter friendship, honesty, safety, regard for human life, even regard for a man's own precious skin. . . . There was not a bulwark built up through æons of evolution against the savage passions of mankind that this lump of crystal in our possession could not send flying in a second.

Which meant, in brief, that if the rabble at present polluting the Kilori goldfield got the faintest inkling of the royal fortune we carried, our lives, on that long track through the lonely, primeval forests down to the solitary, unsettled coast, might not be worth the smallest of the chips that the wheels of busy Amsterdam one day would send flying from the surface of the stone.

I was thinking about this a good deal, while the auction went on. The proceedings themselves did not interest me very much, though I dare say the Marquis found them amusing. Bobby - the - Clock's old clothes, his cooking-pots, his tin box, his blankets, were put up and bid for; and most of them brought very little. No gold had been found in his camp; he had died of fever, and was quite alone when he passed out, so that the place had been left unguarded for a day or more before any one found him. There were those of us who thought that some among the new-chums might have told where Bobby's gold had gone; but nothing could be proved.

It seemed as if the auction, all in all, would scarce produce the worth of a couple of pounds to send to Bobby-the-Clock's relations. Then the celebrated clock itself was put up, and the bidding brightened at once. Most of the old miners wanted it as a souvenir, and some of the new ones seemed determined to get it out of spite—for there was much bad blood between the two parties. The bidding went up and up, till at last the clock was knocked down to my old mate, Hubbard, for no less than two ounces—which, at the price of the Kilori gold, was worth about seven pounds eight.

"I'll take it and pay for it now," said Hubbard, reaching out for his property. He put it on the counter before him (we were all sitting or standing about the bar, with the doors and windows open for air, the men who could not get places loafing round the wall) and looked at it.

"Poor old Bobby! I've got the last bit of him," he said. "Two ounces, Burchell? I've just about that on me, or a little more. Weigh it for yourself."

He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and took out a packet.

"What's this?" he said. "This isn't my gold." He pulled the wrapper off, and flung down upon the table—the Sorcerer's Stone.

I felt my heart turn over and do a somersault inside my chest. I don't know what I looked like, but nobody was noticing me, so it did not matter. Everybody was looking at the great crystal, as it lay there on the table, like a double-ended bit off a glass chandelier. Hubbard stared at it uncomprehendingly, and said, "Where's my gold gone to?" with several strong expressions.

I put my hand in my pocket, and felt a small heavy parcel. . . . Of course!

It was all clear to me now. I had been carrying the diamond in my trousers pocket, because it was the best place to hide it, in a country where one wore so few clothes as one did about the Kilori. Hubbard and I were wearing exactly the same pattern of rough store-clothes; we had got them mixed when we dressed together in a hurry down on the river-bank, with the spear that the natives had thrown at us sticking in the sand at our elbows to liven us up. And there was the gem that the Marquis and I had been concealing all these weeks, almost at the cost of our lives, lying out on the bar before the eyes of a crowd of sharps and scamps from all the odd corners of Australia!

One thinks quickly in moments of sudden emergency; at least, if one doesn't, one won't continue thinking, or living, long in a country like Papua. I saw that there was nothing for it but bluff to carry us through. Giving the Marquis a kick under the table, to warn him that the affair was best left to me (he had taken the incident with wonderful coolness), I stretched out my hand carelessly, and remarked:

"Why, that's my crystal; where did you get it?"

I would have given all I possessed for a quiet word with Hubbard, whom I knew I could trust; but there was no chance of

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THE CELEBRATED CLOCK ITSELF WAS PUT UP, AND THE BIDDING BRIGHTENED AT ONCE.

that, so I had to do as best I could. The thing was so enormous for a diamond, and so glass-like in appearance, here in the dim light of the bar, that I thought it might pass as a mere curio, if only I could keep my nerve.

"I don't know where I got it, but I do know my gold isn't in my pocket," grumbled Hubbard, feeling all over himself.

I handed over the little bag of dust.

"Here it is. I reckon you and I must have got each other's clothes when we were bathing," I said.

Hubbard took the gold, and opened it. "Weigh out two ounces; there's near three there," he said.

The storekeeper took the bag, and poured part of its contents into the scales. "That's a fine crystal," he said, looking curiously at the great diamond as it lay on the rough, hacked counter of the bar. "Where did you get it?"

I did not altogether like the way in which the bloated, evil faces of the new-chum crowd turned toward me as I answered.

"Got it out of a sorcerer's charm-bag in Kata-Kata," I said, reaching out for the gem. "It's rather pretty, and they made a great *puri-puri* of it down there. Some of the museums down South will give quite a lot for good charms."

A dirty, hairy man in torn moleskins let out a sudden cackling laugh. "Let's have a look," he said.

I handed it over at once, though my fingers felt as if they were glued to the stone. The day was so black, and the bar so

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ill-lighted, that I did not think the diamond, uncut as it was, would give out any of those sudden rays that had first attracted the attention of the Marquis and myself. And if you did not catch it when it was shooting green and violet and red, there was really nothing to distinguish it from a common bit of quartz.

Unless by chance there happened to be a gem expert among the crowd—one never knew.

I stole a cautious glance at the Marquis. He looked perfectly unconcerned; he was not even watching the diamond. He had lit a cigarette, and started smoking. His face, a little pinker and a little plumper today than yesterday, showed no emotion beyond a slight shade of boredom with the whole proceedings.

Meantime, the hairy man was handling the diamond, weighing, turning, and squinting at it. He abandoned it in a minute or two, at the request of another tough-looking customer at the other end of the bar, who called out, "Throw it over!" and the hairy man threw. After that, it was chucked about from hand to hand like a cricket-ball among the men, most of whom were half or more than half drunk by this time — pausing occasionally in its wild flight, as one or another kept it to take another look. . . .

I bit a piece of the inner side of my lip right through, but I said nothing, and held out not so much as a finger to check the stone's career.

"Say! did this come from the Aikora by any chance?" suddenly yelled a gray, dilapidated creature with red eyes and ragged beard, who was sitting on a case of goods, being too far intoxicated to stand. "There's blue clay on the Ai—Aikora."

"I tell you," I said, wearily, "I got it in Kata-Kata—black-soil swamp country, if you want to know. What's that got to do with it?"

The red-eyed man essayed to answer, but a wave of intoxication mounted to his brain, and he replied in words that were intelligible to himself alone. He would not let go the stone, however. The rest of the men seemed to have lost interest in it by this time, and the dusk, which was now darkening down in the stifling gloom of the bar, seemed to promise me a chance of slipping quietly away.

But the red-eyed man held on to the stone. His words remained unintelligible; he managed, however, to rise from his seat, and stagger round to the back of the bar, helping himself to more liquor, and smashing about with his hands among the glasses for a considerable time. By the coolness with which Burchell received these proceedings, I judged the red-eyed man was better able to pay for his fun than appearances might suggest.

It was not long before the final stage arrived. He staggered against the wall, muttered, and sank in a heap on the floor, the Sorcerer's Stone dropping from his pulpy hand as he fell. The storekeeper, with a bored expression, came forward to carry him out into the air. I volunteered to help, and took care to slip the stone into my pocket again, as I lifted the drunkard's limply-hanging knees. We took him on to the veranda, and dropped him on the earthen floor, his head on a sack.

"Drinking himself into the jumps, he is," observed the wooden-faced Burchell. "Now to-morrow, like as not, he won't remember a mortal thing about this afternoon. He'll forget where he's put his gold some of these days; he's drunk his mind half away. Have a whisky with me?"

"Not after that," I said, and walked away.

The Marquis escaped and followed me in a minute or two. In the dusk of the goods shed where the beds were, he fell upon my neck—and it was no joke to have a man of his size making a locket of himself about your jugular vein—and cried:

"Splendid! Magnificent! I felicitate you, my friend! you have saved us both two. You have the ingenious soul, the spiritual mind—you are what they call a bully-boy! Look, if that heap of misfortunates had found out, we would have had a sudden death hanging on the end of every minute till we get back!"

"Not so bad as that, perhaps," I said. "Still, we're well out of it. I wasn't afraid of the old New Guinea lot: in the first place, they mostly wouldn't know a double-brilliant-cut Cullinan if they found it in their soup—they're gold-diggers, and no more — and in the second place, they wouldn't have turned dog on us, at least none of them that I know. But this 'rush' crowd gets me altogether; it's the worst lot we've ever had in New Guinea. Do you think you could travel to-morrow?"

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HE HAD AT LEAST A DOZEN ARMS AND LEGS, AND EVERY ONE OF THEM SMASHED EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED.

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"I don't know if I can, but assuredly I will," said the Marquis cheerfully. And so it was settled.

The next morning my companion woke me up very early, complaining of headache. He was, as I have mentioned, extremely temperate, and the small amount of bad whisky he had taken for politeness' sake while looking on at the auction the day before had been quite enough to upset him. I told him that he had better go across to the bar and get himself some soda-water; Burchell would not be up, but he could get the keys and help himself. Then I turned over for another sleep.

I had hardly dozed off when the Marquis came back, looking strangely pale in the yellow sunrise light.

"Flint, get up!" he said. "Come out to me."

He certainly looked unlike himself. I wondered if he were going to be ill. Slipping on some clothes, I followed him out into the clearing, where the black, oozy soil sank down under our feet after the night's fierce rain, and the pools were sending out unwholesome steam in the growing warmth of day.

"What's to pay now?" I said.

The Marquis looked all round, and then replied, in a cautious half-whisper: "Flint, God-of-my-Gods, he has engraved all the glass!"

"Who has engraved what glass? Are you crazy?" I asked. "Did you get that soda-water? This place is fairly soaking in whisky—seems it's you now."

"You mistake yourself—I am not drunk. It is that red-eyed man I talk of. Last night, when he walk about behind the bar with that stone, he has cut all the glass with it."

"Burchell says he never remembers anything next day," I said, not seeing the full force of what had happened.

"That may be, but when Burchell come into the bar by a little, he shall see it, and all the men who shall drink out of those glass they shall see, and, my word, the jig is up!"

"You're right, Marky, it will be," I said seriously. "Seems to me the best thing we can do is to clear off right away."

"No, that's a cabbage-head thing to do, my Flint. We are too near, if some of them begins to think. No, it is for you, or for me, to get very much drunk very quick, and smash all that glass in one blow!"

"Let's go and have a look," I said.

It was only too true. The whisky, like Clara Vere de Vere, must have "put strange memories in the head" of the red-eyed man, whom I now suspected to have had more experience of stones than the rest. He had scratched and cut two or three bottles and a number of glasses in a way that could not possibly have passed unnoticed, and that could not, either, have been mistaken for anything but the work of a diamond. There are some things that will scratch glass fairly well, but nothing on earth that will cut into it clear and deep and clean, save the king of precious stones.

We stood there in the half-light of the ugly, slab-built room, that was all stale with dregs of drink, and littered with rubbish, straw, and paper—looking at each other.

"There isn't much time to waste," I said. "Which of us is going to do it?"

"My friend, it is I who make this sacrifice," said the Marquis solemnly. "I haven't no doubt that you could get intoxicated if I asked you in the name of friendship——"

"Oh, yes, I think I could manage that much," I said. "Though I'm not a drinking man, Marky, and never have been."

"But I do not ask. Because, you see, Flint, you are brave, but you are not artist. Now me, I am both the two. I can act—name of a little good man, but I can act! You have seen me, in the dance—if I had not been noble, I had been the most celebrate actor in Europe."

"That's right: I'll allow you can act," I said.

"And see, if you were to do this thing, you would not do it as an artist: you would quite simply get drunk, and perhaps, in the strong man's rage, you should kill some one, but you should not keep the head cool to destroy this evidence here. So I am drunk. In two minute, I sacrifice my character. You shall see."

I did see.

I do not think, while I still hold on to life, I shall ever forget the scene that took place in the bar of the Kilori goldfield, there, in the early sunrise, with the Papuan carriers coming in singing to their morning's work, and the giant Gaura pigeons, in the bush outside, beginning to toll their golden bells. It was a quiet spot enough at six o'clock: at five minutes past, it was pandemonium. The Marquis went outside to find

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a miner's pick; came back with it, looked about him, spat deliberately on his hands, "to envulgarize himself," as he explained, seized the pick, uttered a madman's yell, and went berserk on the spot.

It was exactly like poking a stick into an ants' nest. You find a quiet little hill of baked clay, with nothing stirring round about: you smash into it with your boot-heel, or a bit of wattle, and instantly the earth is covered in every direction with a scrambling, scurrying crowd, all bent on knowing what has caused the disturbance.

That was what occurred at the Kilori goldfield store on that peaceful, beautiful southeast season morning, with the birds singing, and the river gently flowing just outside, and the sun coming up above the trees to look down on another day. The storekeeper jumped out of his bed, and ran into the bar, pajama-clad; the cooky-boys scuttled in from the kitchen, and peered round the corner of the doorway, wonder-eyed; the miners and the new-chums and the hangers-on of the camp all came running as fast as they could, some with blankets still hanging round their necks, to see what was going on. They were used to rows in the neighborhood of the store, but not to the sort of row that the Marquis kicked up—doing it, as he afterward explained to me, "in artist."

If I had not known the truth, I should have thought him not only intoxicated, but mad. His gigantic figure, clad in pink and green pajamas, seemed to fill the store; he had at least a dozen arms and legs, and every one of them smashed everything it touched. The canvas chairs were trampled as though by an elephant. The rickety bar, built up of whisky cases, went like a match-box. He leaped the remnants, and swung his pick along the shelf where the glasses stood. Not one of them survived. He seized a bottle of whisky in each hand, and slung the two half across the clearing.

"Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord!" the storekeeper kept saying. "Who's to pay for this?"

"Stop him!" yelled the miners, as they saw the whisky begin to go.

The Marquis shot me a glance as he swung his pick above a cask of beer, and I will swear there was a wink in it. By this time, all the incriminating glass was gone.

The murder of a man, I think, would have been looked upon more calmly than the murder of a cask of beer, up here on the Kilori goldfield, a long week from the coast. But this last exploit was never carried through. With one accord, the miners flung themselves upon the handle of the pick and dragged it down. They dragged the Marquis down next, by sheer force of numbers, and sat upon him.

He did not resist. I caught another lightning wink from underneath the surging pile, and I did my best to get the miners off.

"He'll be all right now if you let him alone," I declared. "I've often known him like this, and when it's over, it's over. After all, he's only done for a couple of quarts of whisky and a few tumblers."

"Where's what he's drunk, to make him like this?" yelled the insulted storekeeper. "He's got to pay for all he took, and all he done. Marquis! A nice sort of Marquis he is, I don't think!"

"He took a bottle to his room with him last night," I said hastily. "It doesn't take much to make him like this—he has no head. You'll be paid all right, Burchell—he's got any amount of money."

"Let him up, boys," ordered the storekeeper. The diggers got off, reluctantly, and left the Marquis on the floor, breathing hard, and looking wild.

"Come and lie down somewhere," I said. "We've got to make a start to-day, and you won't be fit. Come on."

I led him off, reeling and staggering realistically, and falling on my neck in a mimic drunken frenzy of affection. He kept it up till we reached the sleeping-shed—empty now—and then drew himself erect, and became more dignified and Marquisatorial than I should have thought any man could be, in bare feet and pink pajamas.

"I have sacrificed myself," he said. "My character, she is gone. But procrastination is the steed that is stolen; I have act at once, and we are saved."

"You stop there, and don't get well too quick, in case any one comes back," I said. "I'm off to get our packs ready and the carriers under way. The sooner we get out of this, the better, Marky. I want the society of a few nice restful cannibals, to quiet down my nerves."

The final adventure in the quest of "The Sorcerer's Stone" will appear in the March number.

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Now comes Temperament

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

THE Germans have hit upon an excellent way of putting the spotlight on the sands of time and showing up the important footsteps there. They make the lives of great men into moving pictures. Very soon we are to have Martin Luther's life on the movie screen. Already we have what is called the "Life and Works of Richard Wagner."

It sounds heavy enough to be gathering dust on the book-shelves, but it is really an absorbing story, and many people to whom Wagner has been only a baseball name are becoming acquainted with a rather small man with a big jaw and a gentle face, who led a tumultuous life among picturesque surroundings, wrote great operas, became the favorite of a king, and apparently never paid his debts.

It makes an exceedingly useful form of popular biography. The important thing about Wagner is the fact that he wrote operas, and if everybody learns that, with something about the circumstances under which they were written to make the fact

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HAZEL DAWN, JOHN E. YOUNG, AND ALMA FRANCIS IN "THE LITTLE CAFÉ."

vivid, the biography has done its part. The rest is in the operas themselves, where any one who wants to know why Wagner is one of the greatest geniuses who ever lived, can go and find it. A creative artist's gift to the world is his work, and the nearer his work is to greatness the less need is there for seeking the meaning of it through the facts of his life.

The Wagner movies give a naive picture of Wagner's career. Frau Cosima had a hand in their preparation, so one may infer that they have her approval. There is nothing in them to satisfy anybody's interest in the Master's various love-affairs, about which so many people have fussed so unnecessarily; nor is there any hint of the little weaknesses that must have made living with the great composer a trial to the spirit. Between the pictures and his own autobiography the kind of figure Wagner wished to cut in the eyes of posterity seems likely to have its way. And why not? The man who wrote "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan" and the "Ring" may assume any pose to the world he pleases. People who are curious about the actual workings of his artistic temperament will have to go to sources that haven't been so reverently edited.

But there are plenty of artists who, in spite of all they could do, remain more interesting than their work. If a writer who knows his business can clap them between book covers or on to the stage they make strangely fascinating figures, for there one can watch selected gyrations of their temperaments without having to live with them. It is always fun to watch those queer beings who follow the "arts," and observe how they behave in the wilds of their own private lives. Sometimes, when they are presented with unusual truthfulness, we find that they are not essentially very different from anybody else.

After the long wave of crime plays and the noisy breaker of sex plays, there has come a plashing little wavelet of temperament plays. There was a forerunner of it last year in "Romance"—that exasperating drama wherein we were supposed to see beauty and justice in the spectacle of a doddering old gentleman, surrounded by honors and a loving family, complacently sentimentalizing over the flattering fact that a woman had loved him enough to be true to him all her life and die, when old age came upon her, in pitiful loneliness. It was a wicked thing to set before people who think anything that makes them weep must have the truth of God in it. But it contained one character, the combined creation of Edward Sheldon and Doris Keane, that was the best thing either of them has ever done. *Cavalini* set a high mark for the temperamental ladies and gentlemen of this season.

Temperament is a shifty thing to define, particularly when you use "artistic" with it, which offers shelter to every erratic twist that ever afflicted human nature. There

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was a time when Mrs. Leslie Carter was the Belasco standard, when an actress's lung power was the chief slogan of her temperament. Even now, whenever Bernhardt makes a farewell tour of America, her audience responds instantly every time that voice of gold works up to a good fortissimo. A large part of them haven't understood a word of it, but the end of the crescendo always means a burst of applause, and they say among themselves:

"My, but she's got temperament! But did you have any idea she was so fat?"

In general, however, something more subtle than mere noise is required nowadays. Slapping a good and faithful servant may be an indication of being a great artist—Doris Keane did something of that kind in "Romance" and Henrietta Crosman does it in "The Tongues of Men." So may be an irresponsible attitude toward all matters involving money. Invariably a good, round lie, if you're not old-fashioned enough to call it dishonesty, can find refuge under the cloak of a temperament, though it is not safe always to assume that the temperament is artistic. To judge from "General John Regan," it may be merely Irish.

WHY ARTISTS HAVE TEMPERAMENT

It isn't so hard, though, to make a definition of that poor, abused old term from the plays that are concerning themselves with it at present, and maybe the definition will do for artistic temperaments in general. Take an artist—a maker of books or plays or music or pictures, or an interpreter of the plays or music some one else has made; get him away from his work, and probably he won't be any more different from other people than anybody is different from other people.

But try to get at him when he is at work, with the stuff of his brain and the skill of his hands and the impulse to create that God put in him. He is far off, in a world of his own. There are a million ways of dragging him back—beating him over the head, or ringing the telephone-bell, or humming out of tune. But there is no way of breaking into it: that world is his, and you and your affairs can no more make a place in it than you can build a house on the other side of the moon.

And it is, on the whole, a rather more important world to him than the one in which he loves his loved ones and eats his meals.

Such absorption, even for only a little while each day, in an inner, creative world like this, where heightened emotions are among the strongest powers at work, must have a big effect on a man's every-day nature, and the results of it we jumble together and call his artistic temperament. They may seem terribly erratic and strange sometimes, but they are not fundamentally different from the things that any man's chief interest does to him. A study of the artistic temperament really boils itself down to a study of character, which is the difficult business a half-dozen of the new plays are concerned with—or ought to be.

It is a ticklish job, writing a play that is chiefly a study of character. For centuries the accepted idea of a play has been that it should tell a story by means of people in action. In the best drama the story had to be determined by character, but after all the story was the important thing. Somebody once figured out how many possible plots there were in the world—an appallingly small number, whatever it was. Plots are the backbone of play-stories, and an ingenious manipulation of characters may twist them into an appearance of novelty. But a thoroughgoing study of character for character's sake can not bother too much with twisting about old plots, so the problem becomes a question of how much plot can be lopped off and still leave what will be acceptable as a play.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF BEING AN ACTOR

One of the interesting plays that came along early in the fall was a translation from the Hungarian called "Where Ignorance is Bliss." The only excuse for it, outside of some amusing dialogue, was the study it made of an actor and actress who were husband and wife. The business and art of acting, with its continual need of making one's own nature into the semblance of somebody else's on the one hand, and the vanity that comes from always having to test one's success by the approval of an audience on the other, is apt to do odd things to one's character. Many books and a few dramas have tried to show the effects of acting on actors and actresses, but I can not remember any that was so successful in that one respect as this play. It was a brilliant ex-

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position of character. But the plot was not strong enough to carry it. The play was withdrawn after less than three weeks.

Tante herself doesn't show up in the lights as a very impressive figure. She merely a comedy character, not a study

A SUBSTITUTE FOR "TANTE"

Two or three years ago there appeared a remarkable novel called "Tante," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It gave a picture of a world-famous pianist, a brilliant, adorable woman on the surface, inside a monstrously selfish egotist, utterly spoiled by the adulation her art had brought her. The story told of how her ward grew from a blind adoration of her to a cruel realization of her real character. The remarkable part of the book was the clean-cut analysis of *Madame Okraska*.

Haddon Chambers has made a play out of this book. Mr. Chambers can write plays that make people laugh, like "The Tyranny of Tears," and plays that make people cry, like "Passers-By"—two examples that show clearly enough his skill as a stage craftsman. But he took on himself more than a playwright's job when he set about putting "Tante" on the stage. *Mercedes Okraska* needs the four or five hundred book pages for her proper delineation. A three hours' play hasn't the time—to say nothing of the means—for the subtle side-lights by which a novelist can illuminate his creations. So "Tante" seems pretty thin stuff to any one who has read the book. People who haven't read the book must have a hard time trying to puzzle out the cause and effect between *Madame's* career and her private life. The play gives them no help at all.

BERTHA KALICH AS "RACHEL."

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MACY HARLAM AS THE COMPOSER AND HENRIETTA CROSMAN
AS THE SINGER IN "THE TONGUES OF MEN."

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ETHEL BARRYMORE AS *MADAME OKRASKA* IN "TANTE."

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temperament. She is clever and amusing, without a hint of the volcano that *Tante* really was. She never fools anybody in the play who isn't a fool anyway. There is nothing about her to stamp her as a great musician—she has only the kind of genius which the Bard of Manhattan calls an infinite capacity for giving pains. Ethel Barrymore seems to have imagined her as a gorgeous, Angora pussy-cat sort of creature, with a miraculous sense of humor that somehow managed to take in even her own weaknesses; and she embodied that conception with the charm and skill that make her one of the most important of American actresses. But it is no more Miss Sedgwick's *Tante* than it is Lydia Pinkham. The fault was Mr. Chambers's.

The character that does step right out of the book is *Miss Scrotton*, the oil-and-vinegar little celebrity-hunter. It was excellently acted by Haidee Wright, who came over from England to be the *Painted Lady* in the first American production of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and did not come over, to our loss, to be the first-act heroine in "Milestones."

How do playwrights dare to put great pianists and singers on the stage? Mrs. Humphry Ward may say that her heroine "then sat down and talked brilliantly for fifteen minutes" and make people believe that perhaps the wonderful lady really did; but when Ethel Barrymore sits down to play Chopin, or Henrietta Crosman stands up to sing "La Bohême," where can you find an audience that will think for an instant it is listening to the idol of two continents? That is a pity, for the final curtain of "The Tongues of Men," with the heroine saying "I will sing for you" and then not singing at all, spoiled a fine illusion.

A GOOD PART AND A NEAR PLAY

"The Tongues of Men" is about a grand-opera singer, and her struggles against the superstition that people in her profession are fascinating but wicked. It somehow just misses being a truly good play. It is built with some skill, it has plenty of bright lines, its plea for charity is important and appealing, and it contains some excellent characterization. *Jane Bartlett* seems a quite natural product of her career, even to the slapping of *Julie*.

For people who are interested in that sort of thing it is important to know that the heroine of "The Tongues of Men," because she sings in an opera that clergymen denounce from their pulpits, has been identified with Madame Fremstad. The same perspicacity might much more reasonably have selected Mary Garden as the original of *Jane Bartlett*—and still be just as fatuous. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carpenter, who wrote the play, created a character that doesn't need to be hitched up to any interpreter of *Salome* at all to prove its effectiveness. Wherever he may have got his materials, he has made them into an opera-singer who is entirely convincing—except when she sings. And he has supplied Miss Crosman with the best part she has had since "Mistress Nell."

There are few actresses in America who are Miss Crosman's equals as a comedienne. If only Mr. Carpenter had fitted her with a play as successfully as he has with a part!

Macy Harlam gave a vivid sketch of a shabby little Spanish composer.

A TIME-WORN HOWLER

The other lady temperamentalist in the present theatrical gallery came, by a long way and with many a change, from real life. Her name is Rachel, one of the gigantic traditions of the French stage. Some one must have thought that Bertha Kalich's undoubted gifts as an actress, and her physical resemblance to the great tragedienne, made a good reason for producing Carina Jordan's "Rachel."

But a hundred such good reasons would not have made reason enough. The play belongs in the storehouse that shelters Mildred Holland's ancient barnstorming standby, "The Power Behind the Throne," and the tattered host of thrillers whose suspense is summed up in the good old line: "The secret is not mine to tell. I can only ask you to trust me!"

The whole trouble was caused by that pesky love-letter found in his pocket with the medallion, which he could not explain was written by his mother to his father until just before the final curtain. So she mistrusted him and said her love for him was dead, but all the same she hid him in a closet when the villain came pursuing, and even tried seductive wiles upon the pursuer. Of course she saved him, and, when the play had stretched itself out till eleven

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MARTHA HEDMAN, WHO HAS GONE TO LONDON TO PLAY THE PRINCIPAL WOMAN'S PART IN "THE ATTACK."

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GEORGIA CAINE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY "ADELE."

o'clock, found him quite deserving of it.

In other words, "Rachel" as a play is pretty bad, and *Rachel* as a character isn't true to history or to anything else. Chopin and Alfred de Musset and George Sand and the Duchess of Orleans are haled in to give artistic verisimilitude, but even Chopin playing one of his own nocturnes could not capture conviction.

Madame Kalich used to act in Yiddish on the Bowery. She learned English, and since then has acted splendidly in a few plays like "Monna Vanna" that have not been nearly so successful as they deserved to be. She has one of the most beautiful voices on the American stage, and in parts that give scope for her rather foreign style there is no American actress who can surpass her. Her case is a pitiful waste of great talent.

GENUINE "TEMPERAMENT"

"The Great Adventure" is the one delightful and successful play founded on the vagaries of the artistic temperament. Arnold Bennett made it from his own novel, "Buried Alive." It is like "The Temperamental Journey" in the bare possession of an artist-hero who lets himself be supposed to die in the first act and goes on living under another name through the rest of the play. In every other respect it is quite different and much better.

The artist in "The

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Temperamental Journey" has nothing to distinguish him as a painter except a few property canvases and Leo Ditrichstein's make-up; and the things that happened to him might as easily have happened to a college professor or a traveling salesman, so far as they were determined by his character. "The Great Adventure" is a charmingly sympathetic study of a great painter whose success made

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "THE BEAUTY SHOP," HIS NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

him able to foster his abnormal shyness to the point of keeping out of personal touch with the world entirely. His particular adventure couldn't possibly have happened to any other kind of man.

When his valet died and some one mistook him for the valet, the dread of publicity drove him into letting the mistake go on, and every new complication made it harder for him to reveal himself. Only his uncurbable impulse to paint, and his inability to paint anything but great pictures, forced him into being set right again. Mr. Bennett's gently pointed satire and fantastic gift for odd turns of situation and character make

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this the most delicious comedy of the year. It is excellently produced and acted. Lyn Harding and Janet Beecher have the best chances in the parts of the artist and the Cockney widow who came along and married him. Mr. Harding is just as successful as the whimsical, shy painter as he was a year or two ago as *Bill Sykes*.

THE IRISH BRAND

Speaking of temperament, "General John Regan" gives a particularly happy exhibition of the brand that grows in Ireland. The play is spun on the thinnest of threads —it is simply the creation of a mythical hero through the Irishman's instinctive aversion to admitting the existence of anything he doesn't know about. It is a spontaneous, racy comedy of character by the genial novelist who calls himself G. A. Birmingham. It has popular qualities that might have paved the way for the Irish Players.

Two of the actors who were in Lady Gregory's original company have been imported for this play—W. G. Fay and Maire O'Neill. They are so good that it makes one want to see them in the parts they created in "The Playboy of the Western World" and the other Synge plays.

"A DRAMA OF CRIME"

The other new plays do not group easily under any general head. Two of them are belated exponents of the crime and sex schools. "The Man Inside" looms on the electric sign-board as "a drama of crime by Roland B. Molineux." Probably that is why Mr. Belasco thought it would go. It is going, and though it hasn't much to recommend it as a drama, it is a sincere expression of what Mr. Molineux thinks we ought to do about our criminals.

A SANE SEX PLAY

"Ourselves" is by the best of American woman playwrights, Rachel Crothers. Anything she writes may be depended on to be well constructed, with a sane, carefully thought-out viewpoint on life back of it. Her new play deals with the themes that were sensationally and artificially exploited in "The Lure" and "The Fight," and really gets somewhere with them. It is too bad it did not come early in the season, before the public's stomach turned against the whole sex morality as a play problem. It is infinitely better than those that have been more successful, and there is nothing in it that even the most prudish policeman could object to. There is the strength in it that lies in truth instead of in noise, and a ringing force that makes many an auditor squirm in his seat.

Grace Elliston and Selene Johnson do some capital acting as the two women of the man who must be technically called the villain, though he is only an average man with an average man's views on the rights of his virility; and Jobyna Howland at last has a rôle that she can do as well as decorate.

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED POESY

"Prunella," at Mr. Ames's Little Theatre, comes near being the most artistic production that has ever been seen in this country. The play's other and better title is "Love in a Garden," and the garden Mr. Ames has provided for its setting would be hard to surpass for beauty and harmony and fitting atmosphere. The procession of sunset and night and dawn is an electrician's symphony. The play is just "Sister Beatrice" in another dress and with a happy ending. It is written as a poem with a musical accompaniment, but its best poetry and best music come from the scene-painter and the wardrobe lady and the light man.

It is a charming play, however, once you admit it is not a literary masterpiece, and it is excellently acted. Ernest Glendinning, considering the kind of parts he has done before, was a delightful surprise. For once we have a *Pierrot* who doesn't seem to have escaped from a collection of Aubrey Beardsley freaks.

HINTS TO FLIRTS

"The Misleading Lady" is a modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew," farcical at times, but with far more human qualities than Shakespeare's masterpiece of slap-stick. It has something of the skill and method of George M. Cohan's best work, and behind it some important and deserved criticism on the ways of a maid with a man. Every lady who has a speck of the flirt taint in her ought to be made to see it.

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ALEXANDRA CARLISLE IN "THE MARRIAGE GAME."

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HERE *are* IRISH

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

STEVENSON'S hero in "The Wrecker," when he ran across the noble word "hebdomadary," exclaimed: "You're a boss word, and before you are much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself." So we, when our eyes first lighted on the arresting title of James Stephens's new book, "Here Are Ladies" (Macmillan), made a vow that even if we had to speak of thunder and rap hard, we would some day take that title, or its paraphrase, for our own.

So "Here Are Irish"— so many of them, poets, playwrights, and story-tellers, that it may be wondered if there are any common people left in Ireland at-all at-all. And the greatest Playboy of them all is James Stephens, who last year appeared as the author of that delicious compound of faery, romance, and life called "The Crock of Gold," which greedy readers hugged to themselves and hesitated to pass on even to wives or very best friends. If wives didn't smile, it would be a serious matter; and if friends didn't like it, an embarrassment, not to say actual coolness, would be sure to arise.

But although a "Crock of Gold" is not found every day, not even at the foot of the rainbow, "Here Are Ladies" won't disappoint Mr. Stephens's rapidly growing circle of admirers. It is a medley of stories and sketches and talk—endless, gay, careless, inconsequent talk; with poetry thrown in (because with this Irishman poetry comes), and, throughout, his amusing and agreeable philosophy of life. Which is that we shouldn't take this old world too seriously —not even Pragmatism, or the North Pole, or that "extraordinary debate called marriage," or the New Ignorance we call modern education.

Mr. Stephens shows us how still to smile in a world containing such humdrum things as husbands and wives and schoolmasters. He says it should be the business and the art of life to degrade permanencies—even in husbands; and he believes there is nothing like the entrance of the Serpent into Paradise to keep things lively and wholesome. To say that two is company and three is a crowd is, according to Mr. Stephens, to make "a very temporary statement." He swears by threes, and for the most part drives a gay spike team, his chapter titles running in triplets, from "Three Angry Husbands" to "The Threepenny Piece."

So behold this "broth of a boy," standing in his chariot, so to speak, driving three horses, two abreast and one ahead; brandishing his shillalah, hitting a head wherever he sees one (not too hard; a friendly and jesting jab—but still purposeful); and all the time babbling the greatest nonsense which at the same time is often the deepest wisdom.

Altogether, he is one of the most original and attractive personalities that have recently appeared in literature.

Here is a Lady. Her name is Gregory, and in "Our Irish Theatre" (Putnam) she is not only writing about something of which she knows, but, to state it classically, something of which she has been pretty nearly the whole thing. Mr. Yeats, head and founder of the theatre, corroborates this.

Those who were present at the initial New York performance of the now celebrated "Playboy of the Western World," and saw the visiting Irish players—in the first crucial moments of the riot which it raised—gaze into the fireplace as if hypnotized, will now know why. Lady Gregory was there, encouraging and coaching the players. And, figuratively speaking, she has been there ever since.

In the fifteen years since its establish-

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ment, the Irish National Theatre has borne astonishing fruit. In fact, reading in Lady Gregory's book a list of the plays that have been written by Irishmen, and played by Irishmen (and booed by Irishmen!), one would surmise that people in and around Dublin can not do much else but write plays or act.

But the Abbey Theatre, as it is called, has not only produced an interesting body of Irish dramatic literature: it has undoubtedly influenced drama and literature generally—may even be responsible for James Stephens and G. A. Birmingham. It has been one of the most interesting art experiments made in our time, and its history, as told entertainingly by Lady Gregory, with many personalities about Yeats, Synge, and the other Dublin writers, should find many readers.

An Irish character-comedy, whose fun has spread far, is "General John Regan," by G. A. Birmingham. Originally a short story, it was made into a successful play, and the play is now made into an even more successful long story (Doran).

Grandmother's old silk dress was nothing compared with what can be done with a good idea, once a skilful author gets hold of it. And in the little west-coast Catholic community of Ballymoy, with its small group of leading citizens, including the fiery Nationalist editor, and the proprietor of the "Imperial" hotel, and the village priest, and the Protestant minister (decidedly in the minority) who tells the stories, Mr. Birmingham has excellent material, which he seems able to "turn" again and again.

G. A. Birmingham, as every one knows by this time, is the Reverend James O. Hannay (more recently Canon Hannay). A Protestant minister in a community ninety-eight per cent. Catholic, a minister moreover taking notes, needs a war-name; so Clergyman Hannay took his. But now, like that other reverend gentleman, named Liggins, who, when accused of writing George Eliot's stories, smiled and looked coy, Canon Hannay, with more reason, no longer denies that he is Birmingham.

His humorous and "red-hot Ulster" stories of Irish life have been popular for some years in England, and they are now having a "run" in this country. As usually happens, when there have been perhaps over-generous advance notices, some disappointment inevitably follows. Especially in the case of a humorist: If our buttons don't pop while we are reading him, we decide that the humor has been overrated.

But if you don't look for too much, you can hardly fail to get a good deal of fresh enjoyment out of these shrewd and good-natured pictures of Irish life. Once get acquainted with Ballymoy and the easy-going amiability of its people—an amiability extending even to producing a statue of the mythical general when the American joker demands one—and you will get the Birmingham habit. At least, as the linguistically parsimonious small serving-maid, Mary Ellen, would say, "You might!"

The head of a well-known Reformatory for Women tells the story of overhearing one of the girls say: "What's all this talk about 'votes for women'? If I had a vote, I'd vote for men!"

A sentiment which Sir Almroth E. Wright (that Celtic anomaly, a humorless Irishman) would vigorously applaud. His book, "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman's Suffrage" (Paul E. Hoeber), has been written to revive the drooping spirits of males, who have been terrorized, so he says, by the rioting women, and prevented from saying what they really think.

And surely in this day, when the prime minister of England, if we believe Shaw in his suffrage play "Press Cuttings" (Brentano), can't get from Downing Street to the War Office without disguising himself as a suffragette, chaining himself to the doorstep, and shrieking "Votes for Women!"—it is time for some man with courage to speak up.

Sir Almroth speaks. More than this, he takes the women across his unsympathetic knee and administers a sound spanking. Women are not only mentally and physically unfit for the vote (Sir Almroth is Hobbesian in his theory of government and takes no count of a government by association and cooperation as well as force), but they are morally unfit. In fact, it is to be doubted if there are any good women at all—only some "who have lived under the influence of good men."

"If you once laugh with a person, you admit him to equality," is an aphorism of James Stephens, in which Meredith would concur. We commend it to Sir Almroth E. Wright in his attitude toward the "Ladies."

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by
JOHN PARR

A DYING MERRY-GO-ROUND

IN A little while the institution of Interlocking Directorates will be ruthlessly swept away.

As with any other deep-rooted growth, the presumption of its being is that it once was necessary or useful, and that the good of it overcame the evil; there is almost nothing else to be said in its behalf. Wall Street has ceased to defend it with argument. It will survive only so long as it takes the force of reform to overcome that inert resistance which resides in all things that are.

Do you know what Interlocking Directorates are?

The Interlocking Director himself is commonly a very fine person to know. He is interested in art and music and human welfare, and with these higher things he may fill his afternoons and evenings. In the morning he goes to Wall Street. From ten to eleven he is a Private Banker, interested in the promotion of companies, the production and sale of securities, Stock Exchange speculation, and the arithmetic of foreign exchange, which he buys and sells.

His private secretary says: "The A. & P. meeting is at eleven fifteen, sir."

The A. & P. is a great railroad for which the Private Banker is the fiscal agent; he is a member of its executive committee. On his way down the street, around the corner, and up fifteen stories in an elevator, he is supposed to undergo the first metamorphosis of that day. He ceases to be a Private Banker and becomes a Railroad Director.

The railroad needs a lot of new capital and will have to sell bonds. The Private Banker, who will buy them, acting in his capacity as Railroad Director, advises the railroad what kind of bonds to issue and at what price, and then, still as Railroad Director, he votes on the contract which the railroad makes with him as Private Banker.

Then he looks at the memorandum which his secretary slipped into his hand as he was leaving his office and sees that if he does not start at once he will be late for a meeting of trust company directors three blocks away. He excuses himself, takes his ten-dollar fee in gold for his services as Railroad Director, and undergoes his second metamorphosis. He ceases to be a Railroad Director, interested in making the best possible fiscal terms (for the railroad?) with himself as Private Banker, and becomes an Investment Banker, sitting on the board of a trust company, in which he is a large stockholder.

The trust company invests large sums of money in securities, and now the Interlocking Director, as an Investment Banker, may advise the trust company to buy some of the bonds which as a Railroad Director he advised the railroad to sell to himself as a Private Banker.

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Then he goes to lunch and talks for an hour about the radical tendencies at Washington.

The first thing after lunch is the meeting of a steel company. He is a member of its executive committee, and a very valuable member, too, because he often happens to know of railroads that will be in funds, from the sale of bonds, with which to purchase great quantities of material. He is now a Steel Manufacturer, and helps to decide what price it is fair for his railroad to pay for material, out of the bonds which as a Railroad Director he voted to sell to himself as a Private Banker, and which later, as an Investment Banker, he voted to buy from himself as a Private Banker.

Also, at the meeting where he sits as a Steel Manufacturer, a question arises as to what is a fair price for raw material to an industrial company which produces a very profitable specialized commodity. A half hour later, as a Director of that Industrial Company, he approves the price which as a Steel Manufacturer he thought it would be fair to charge it for its raw material.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

He has one more metamorphosis to undergo. By walking only across the street he becomes a National Banker. He sits down with the directors of a National bank, whose funds, accumulated from all over the country, are loaned to merchants, manufacturers, dealers in securities, and Stock Exchange speculators. They may be loaned on things in which he is interested as a Private Banker; they may be loaned on the New York Stock Exchange to people who are trading in his securities; they may be loaned to the steel company or to the industrial company, or to brokers and small bankers who will help to buy from the Private Banker the bonds which as a Railroad Director he has voted to issue. As a National Banker he may think it wise for the National bank also to take some of the same bonds, or to carry a large quantity of them on margin.

Incidentally, in his capacity as National Banker he learns a great many things which are helpful to him as a Private Banker, to which identity he is miraculously restored by walking back from the National bank to his own office, at the end of the day's work.

One can imagine a man so big, so honest, and so rare minded that as a Railroad Director he could drive a hard bargain with himself as a Private Banker; that as an Investment Banker he could forget that he had any interest in the bonds the trust company buys; that as a Steel Manufacturer he could deal with the railroad or the industrial company as an independent manufacturer should, bidding for their business, unaware of the price they are willing to pay; that as a director of the railroad and the industrial company he could scan the bids of the steel company as if he had never heard of them before, and that as National Banker he could forget everything else and be interested only in using the credit resources of the bank for the greatest benefit of the greatest number.

WHERE THE SHAREHOLDERS COME IN

But one could not imagine more than one or two such men in a generation, whereas Interlocking Directors are numerous. The institution would have to be abolished if for no other reason than that it exposes men to more temptation than human nature will stand.

If the Interlocking Directors were the sole proprietors of the railroads and the steel companies it would be bad enough, and yet not so bad. They would then be dealing with their own profits. But their interests of proprietorship are both limited and variable. The companies they control have millions of shareholders, whose profits are concerned, and who have nothing to do with the bargains that are made. The variability of the interlocking director's interest of proprietorship is significant. In one case he may be representing a hundred thousand shareholders in a company wherein his own interest is relatively small, against another company whose shares he and a few friends exclusively own.

That is to say, as an executive of a very large company, in which he may hold only enough shares to qualify as a director, he may be called upon to vote on a contract with another company in which his personal interest is much greater.

WHY BANKRUPT RAILROADS YIELD FORTUNES

That leads to the hardest riddle in all finance, namely, how men grow rich in

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control of impoverished companies whose shares pay no dividends.

Sometimes facts hitherto not widely known become conspicuous—and illuminating. The Interstate Commerce Commission investigation of the recent Frisco bankruptcy revealed that Chairman of the Board Yoakum and other officials of the road in various instances formed syndicates and built railroads and thereafter sold them to the Frisco, which they controlled.

Mr. Yoakum's own statement in justification addressed to the Frisco stockholders admits that his own profits from the sale of five of these roads to the main system were $288,116.99. He pleads the necessity of railway building in a new country, and the common practise in pioneer railway construction, as his excuse.

Judge Sanborn of the Federal Court at St. Louis has recently ordered the receivers of the Frisco to bring suit for restitution, against such former officials and directors of the Frisco as may be found to have abused their trust.

PLAYING BOTH ENDS AND THE MIDDLE

Before the railroads organized their latest campaign for an increase in railroad rates (the one that is now before the country), Louis D. Brandeis was asked how he thought it would be treated. He had defeated the railroads in their preceding attempt to get their rates raised by sanction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He said:

"I think there is no feeling on the part of the public that there must never be any increase in freight rates. The public is fair. But I doubt if it will be willing to allow the railroads more pay until it is sure that a dollar of railroad earnings buys a dollar's worth of goods for the railroad. And it can not be sure of that so long as the same men are at both ends and in the middle of every bargain."

He was asked if it would suffice for the railroads to unlock the directorates between the railroads and the companies from whom they purchase equipment and supplies.

"No," he said. "The thing the railroads buy most of is money. Can you eliminate from the railroad directorates the men from whom the railroads buy money?"

At that his interlocutor, who represented the railroads, went sorrowfully away.

SKY EQUITIES

A form of investment that has been irresistible to thousands of thrifty persons all over the country is the high-interest-bearing bond, in small denominations, secured not by mortgages but by equities in New York real estate, improved and unimproved. It has been widely advertised, and very successfully, as we know by the number of letters received from holders and intending purchasers. In the first mail received by this department holders of such bonds began to ask about their security.

Many of them have been answered by letter. As they continue to come, and as the failure of one of the largest selling concerns is likely to increase the number, it seems necessary to comment openly upon a subject which until now has been treated by all financial writers in a very gingerly manner.

Those who have been answered by letter, on the desirability of making such investments, have been told to keep their money nearer home and to employ it in convertible properties. The country is full of sound building-loan associations which pay the depositor between five and six per cent., and often a little more. The properties on which those associations lend their money are, of all kinds of real estate, the most convertible.

They are homes, costing from $1,500 to $10,000 (rarely more), and every one knows that real estate of that character is convertible at nearly all times. The risk, where the association's loan does not exceed eighty per cent., is inconsiderable. Besides, you have between you and the risk the resources of the association which, in the case of a default, assumes the property and carries it until it can be sold. The larger a property, the less convertible or salable it is.

Imagine liquidating a New York skyscraper.

A RECENT FAILURE

The New York Real Estate Security Company, which in a few years had sold between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds to small investors, and has just failed, was better than many and worse than only a very few. It was solvent so long as real-estate values continued to rise, or did not fall, but hopeless otherwise.

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It owned one of the largest skyscrapers in the Wall Street district, famous for having spread rugs in the corridors, and, besides, a great many high-class apartment buildings, of which the construction hereabouts has been temporarily overdone. The equities behind the bonds sold to investors were commonly very thin. The bonds were a direct lien on the Company's equities, but the Company's equities were subject to first and second and even third mortgages on the separate properties, so that it was like selling an investor bonds on the top stories of a skyscraper, all the foundations and lower levels of which were subject to prior liens.

THE COMPANY WINS

Not only that, but the outside bondholders were limited as to security, which might be impaired without their knowing it, and unlimited as to risk. If the Company, with the proceeds of bonds, bought a property for $100,000, the property itself was pledged with the trustees of the bond issue. If that property advanced in value and could be sold for $125,000, the Company was free to withdraw it from the trustees and sell it; in that case, $100,000 belonged to the trustees and $25,000 to the Company.

The result of that arrangement is foregone. Properties that advance in value are sold, and the profit goes to the company; whereas properties that do not advance in value, or that fall, are left in the hands of the trustees representing the outside bondholders. Thus, the bondholders are unlikely ever to have more equity than they start with, but are always in danger of being left with less, in consequence of a fall in real-estate values.

"DISTANT FIELDS"

By means of the seductive high-interest-bearing small-denomination bond, tens of millions of dollars have been lured from small investors for real-estate promotion in New York City in the last few years. This money is in high-class apartment houses, in beautiful loft buildings, and in those towers of babel which you see on the post cards. The line of its equity usually begins somewhere above the middle. It is a remarkable illustration of the mobility of capital; but it equally bears witness to that weakness of all people for despising the grass at one's feet and seeing it obliquely as a rich green on the distant range beyond.

WITHOUT THE AID OF REASON

A correspondent in Massachusetts has the rare knack of asking a wide question in a blunt manner. He asks two, and reserves some others. One is this:

> By what rule of reason do people demand a living wage for themselves or others? Why should one get more or less than the value of the work performed?

Not by any rule of reason, sir; nor should society be governed by its reason alone. Reason is cold and calculating; instinct is human. There is an instinct which tells us that a proper wage is a living wage. When you see, as you easily may, thousands of people performing a work of drudgery day after day for less pay than is enough to enable them to live decently and cleanly, reason may tell you that their work is worth no more than they receive for it, and your instinct tells you it is wrong nevertheless —wrong that people should have been called into existence for a fate like that, wrong that any profit should be made of it, and wrong that those of society who are less unfortunately situated should enjoy the fruits of such labor.

What is labor worth? By any rule of reason it is worth what you can get for it when you have to sell it, or what you have to pay for it when you buy it; instinct tells us that it is worth a living.

The other question is this:

> A farmer gives a bank his note for $100, and receives the bank's note for $100. Both notes are secured. They are equally good. Yet this farmer pays the bank eight per cent. for this simple exchange of notes. There must be a delusion and we ought to find some way to get rid of it. How can this delusion, which causes the farmer to pay eight per cent. for a simple exchange of paper, be done away with?

There is no delusion. There is a fallacy. It lies in the assumption that the two notes are "equally good." Both are likely to be paid, and in so far as that is true it may be admitted that they are equally good. But beyond that the difference is important. Why does the farmer discount his note at all? Because he wants the money. Why does he want money? Because he needs it to spend. He can spend the bank's note

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anywhere. This particular farmer lives in Beverley, Massachusetts, where he probably borrows his money at the local bank. Suppose he wants to buy a gasoline engine in Boston. If he tendered his own note the dealer in gasoline engines would say, "Sorry, sir, but we don't know you and, besides, we can not give credit." But if he tenders the bank's note it is accepted without question.

Or, suppose he needs money to pay off his help. He changes the bank's note into small bills, and pays off his men, and they can go anywhere and spend those notes. Fancy his paying them off in his own notes! The employees may know him to be good for his notes, but what they want is money they can spend.

What the bank does is very much more than to exchange notes with the farmer. It adds its own credit to his, and the result is money, secured not only by the general credit of the bank, which is greater than an individual's credit, but also by a deposit of Government bonds at Washington. The bank's note is bound to be paid. Everybody knows that; therefore, everybody accepts the bank's note as money.

If the farmer, whom nobody knows, does not pay off his note at the bank, the bank is still obliged to pay its note when tendered for redemption, and if it can't, then the Government will pay out of the bonds which the bank has pledged at the Treasury to secure its outstanding notes.

Banking is a very profitable business; but it is absurd to suppose that it exacts a profit for no service performed. Suppose this farmer was very widely known throughout his county and was trusted by everybody, and a man less well known, and with less credit, came to him saying: "I'll give you my note for $100 and you give me yours for the same amount, because I can take yours and get it discounted, whereas so few people know me that I find it hard to get mine discounted." Would the farmer whose credit was sought in this way extend it for nothing, or would he charge interest?

If our correspondent would do away with what he thinks a delusion, and abolish the practise of exchanging notes with a bank, let him organize a hundred farmers in a mutual loan association to guarantee and discount each other's notes. Let the credit of all be endorsed on the note of each. Then all of them can borrow money for less than eight per cent. Notes secured in that way could be discounted for perhaps five or six per cent.

Better still, let the one hundred farmers subscribe capital for such an association, so that they will be borrowing their own money. Even then they would have to pay interest, because the association would have to keep a set of books and have a place in which to do business and a committee to investigate the sureties, etc. There is no way of borrowing money for nothing, not even from yourself.

COLORED BEADS

Money fallacies are indestructible. A correspondent in West Virginia, where they grow, asks why the United States Government should not issue

> cash in currency in place of bonds to cover the cost of constructing public works, such as the Panama Canal? Or, should the Government build railroads in Alaska or other sections of the United States or territories, would it not be just as feasible to issue currency against that railroad and equipment as it would be to issue bonds? We have another thought along this same line. We hear much about the Government taking over the telegraph and telephone lines. Could not the Government issue currency to pay the cost of purchase?

It is all very feasible, save that it would bankrupt the country. In time of great emergency, as during the Civil War, a Government may issue money because it can not sell bonds, and then we have war prices and gold hoarding and other disturbances.

When the Government issues bonds it borrows money out of the existing supply; then it spends the money, which returns to circulation, and the supply is as it was before. But when the Government issues money to perform works, the supply of money is thereby increased, and as the supply of money affects prices, it is inevitable that prices will rise. Money is directly absorbed into the exchanges of goods between people. If you double the supply of money, you are bound to double prices, though no more goods are exchanged than before.

In the resulting phenomena, speculators who have anticipated it, and debtors who pay back in a money the purchasing power of which has been halved—only they are benefited. Everybody else suffers.

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ONE POSSESSED

The Crime Doctor solves the Mystery of the Brown Devils

by

E. W. HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Neville Dysone, R.E., V. C., was the first really eminent person to consult the Crime Doctor by regular appointment in the proper hours.

Quite apart from the feat of arms which had earned him the most coveted of all distinctions, the gigantic General, deep-chested and erect, virile in every silver-woven hair of his upright head, filled the tiny stage in Welbeck Street and dwarfed its priceless properties as no being had done before. And yet his voice was tender and even tremulous with the pathetic presage of a heart-break.

"Dr. Dollar," he began at once, "I have come to see you about the most tragic secret that a man can have. I would shoot myself for saying what I have to say, did I not know that a patient's confidence is sacred to any member of your profession—perhaps especially to an alienist?"

"I hope we are all alike as to that," returned Dollar, gently; he was used to these sad openings.

"I ought not to have said it; but it hardly is my secret—that's why I feel such a cur!" exclaimed the General, taking his handkerchief to a fine forehead and remarkably fresh complexion, as if to wipe away a noble flush. "Your patient, I devoutly hope, will be my poor wife, who seems to me to be losing her reason—" But with that the husband lost his voice.

"Perhaps we can find it for her," said Dollar, despising the pert professional optimism that told almost like a shot. "It is a thing more often mislaid than really lost."

And the last of the other's weakness was finally overcome; a few weighty questions, lightly asked and simply answered, and he was master of a robust address, in which an occasional impediment only did further credit to his delicacy.

"No. I should say it was entirely a development of the last few months," declared the General, emphatically. "There was nothing of the kind in our twenty-odd years of India, nor yet in the first year after I retired. All this—this trouble—has come since I bought my house in the pine-country. It's called Valsugana, as you see on my card, but it wasn't before we went there; we gave it the name because it struck us as extraordinarily like the Austrian Tyrol, where—well, of which we had happy memories, Dr. Dollar."

His blue eyes winced as they flew through the open French window, up the next precipice of bricks and mortar, to the beetling sky-line of other roofs, all a little softened in the faint haze of approaching heat. It cost him a palpable effort to bring them back to the little dark consulting-room, with its cool slabs of aged oak and the summer fernery that hid the hearth.

"It's good of you to let me take my time, doctor, but yours is too valuable to waste; all I meant was to give you an idea of our surroundings, as I know they are held to count in all such cases. We are embedded in pines and firs. Some people find trees depressing, but after India they were just what we wanted, and even now my wife won't let me cut one of them down. Yet depression is no name for her state of mind; it's nearer melancholy madness, and latterly she has become subject to—to delusions

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"DR. DOLLAR, I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE MOST TRAGIC SECRET THAT A MAN CAN HAVE."

—which are influencing her whole character and all her actions in the most alarming way. We are finding it difficult, for the first time in our lives, to keep servants; even her own nephew, who has come to live with us, only stands it for my sake, poor boy! As for my nerves, well, thank God I used to think I hadn't got any when I was in the service; but it's a little hard to be—to be as we are—at our time of life!" His hot face flamed. "What am I saying? It's a thousand times harder on *her!* She had been looking forward to these days for years."

Dollar wanted to wring one of the great brown, restless hands. Might he ask the nature of the delusions?

The General cried: "I'd give ten years of my life if I could tell you!"

"You can tell me what form they take?"

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"I must, of course; it is what I came for, after all," the General muttered. He raised his head and his voice together: "Well! —for one thing, she's got herself a ferocious bulldog and a revolver!"

Dollar did not move a doctor's muscle. "I suppose there ought to be a dog in the country, especially where there are no children. And if you must have a dog, you can't do better than a bulldog. Is there any reason for the revolver? Some people think it another necessity of the country."

"It isn't with us—much less as she carries it!"

"Ladies in India get in the habit, don't they?"

"She never did. And now——"

"Yes, General? Has she it always by her?"

"Night and day, on a curb bracelet locked to her wrist!"

This time there was no professional pretense. "I don't wonder you have trouble with your servants," said Dollar, with as much sympathy as he liked to show.

"You mayn't see it when you come down, doctor, as I am going to entreat you to do. She has her sleeves cut on purpose, and it is the smallest you can buy. But I know it's always there—and always loaded!"

Dollar played a while with a queer plain steel ruler, out of keeping with his other possessions, though it too had its history. It stood on end before he let it alone and looked up.

"General Dysone, there must be some sort of reason or foundation for all this. Has anything alarming happened since you have been at—Valsugana?"

"Nothing that fire-arms could prevent."

"Do you mind telling me what it is that has happened?"

"We had a tragedy in the winter—a suicide on the place."

"Ah!"

"Her gardener hanged himself. Hers, I say, because the garden is my wife's affair. I only paid the poor fellow his wages."

"Well, come, General, that was enough to depress anybody——"

"Yet she wouldn't have even that tree cut down—nor yet come away for a change—not for as much as a night in town!"

The interruption had come with another access of grim heat and further use of the General's handkerchief. Dollar took up his steel tube of a ruler and trained it like a spy-glass on the ink, with one eye as carefully closed as if the truth lay at the bottom of the blue-black well.

"Was there any rhyme or reason for the suicide?"

"One was suggested that I would rather not repeat."

The closed eye opened to find the blue pair fallen. "I think it might help, General. Mrs. Dysone is evidently a woman of strong character, and anything——"

"She is, God knows!" cried the miserable man. "Everybody knows it now—her servants especially—though nobody used to treat them better. Why, in India—but we'll let it go at that, if you don't mind. I have provided for the widow."

Dollar bowed over his bit of steel tubing, but this time put it down so suddenly that it rolled off the table. General Dysone was towering over him with shaking hand outstretched.

"I can't say any more," he croaked. "You must come down and see her for yourself; then you could do the talking—and I shouldn't feel such a damned cur! It's awful, talking about one's own wife like this, even for her own good; it's worse than I thought it would be. I know it's different to a doctor—but—but you're an old soldier-man as well, aren't you? Didn't I hear you were in the war?"

"I was."

"Well, then," cried the General, and his blue eyes lit up with simple cunning, "that's where we met! We've run up against each other again, and I've asked you down for this next week-end! Can you manage it? Are you free? I'll write you a check for your fee this minute, if you like—there must be nothing of that kind down there. You don't mind being Captain Dollar again, if that was it, to my wife?"

His pathetic eagerness, his sensitive loyalty—even his sudden and solicitous zest in the pious fraud proposed—made an irresistible appeal. Dollar had to think; the rooms up-stairs were not empty, but none enshrined a more interesting case than this sounded. On the other hand, he had to be on his guard against a weakness for mere human interest as apart from the esoteric principles of his practise.

People might call him an empiric—empiric he was proud to be, but it was and must remain empiricism in one definite direction only. Psychical research was not

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for him—and the Dysone story had a psychic flavor.

In the end he said quite bluntly: "I hope you don't suggest a ghost behind all this, General?"

"I? Lord, no! I don't believe in 'em," cried the warrior, with a nervous laugh.

"Does any member of your household?"

"Not—now."

"*Not* now?"

"No. I think I am right in saying that." But something was worrying him. "Perhaps it is also right," he continued, with the engaging candor of an overthrown reserve, "and only fair—since I take it you are coming—to tell you that there was a young fellow with us who thought he saw things. But it was all the most utter moonshine. He saw brown devils in flowing robes, but what he'd taken before he saw them I can't tell you! He didn't stay with me long enough for us to get to know each other. But he wasn't just a servant, and it was before the poor gardener's affair. Like so many old soldiers on the shelf, Dr. Dollar, I am writing a book, and I run a secretary of sorts; now it's Jim Paley, a nephew of ours; and thank God he has more sense."

"Yet even he gets depressed?"

"He has had cause. If your own kith and kin behaved like one possessed—" He stopped himself yet again; this time his hand found Dollar's with a vibrant grip. "You will come, won't you? I can meet any train on Saturday, or any other day that suits you better. I—for her own sake, doctor—I sometimes feel it might be better if she went away for a time. But you will come and see her for yourself?"

Before he left it was a promise; a harder heart than John Dollar's would have ended by making it, and putting the new case before all others when the Saturday came. But it was not only his prospective patient whom the Crime Doctor was now really anxious to see; he felt fascinated in advance by the scene and every person of an indubitable drama, of which at least one tragic act was already over.

There was no question of meeting him at any station; the wealthy mother of a still recent patient had insisted on presenting Dr. Dollar with a 15 h. p. Talboys, which he had eventually accepted, and even chosen for himself, as an incalculable contribution to the Cause. Already the car had vastly enlarged his theatre of work; and on every errand his heart was lightened and his faith fortified by the wonderful case of the young chauffeur who sat so upright at the wheel beside him.

In the beginning he had slouched there like the worst of his kind; it was neither precept nor reprimand that had straightened his back and his look and all about him. He was what John Dollar had always wanted—the unconscious patient whose history none knew—who himself little dreamt that it was all known to the man who treated him almost like a younger brother.

The boy had been in prison for dishonesty; he was being sedulously trusted, and so taught to trust himself. He had come in March, a sulky and suspicious clod; and now in June he could talk cricket and sixpenny editions from the Hounslow tramlines to the wide white gate opening into a drive through a Berkshire wood, with a house lurking behind it in a mask of ivy, out of the sun.

But in the drive General Dysone stepped back into the doctor's life, and the boy who had filled it for the last hour, on being directed to the stables, drove out of it for the next twenty-four.

"I wanted you to hear something at once from me," his host whispered under the whispering trees, "lest it should be mentioned and take you aback before the others. We've had another little tragedy—not a horror like the last—yet in one way almost worse. My wife shot her own dog dead last night!"

Dollar put a curb upon his parting lips. "*In* the night?" He stood still with the question.

"Well, between eleven and twelve."

"In her own room, or where?"

"Out-of-doors. Don't ask me how it happened; nobody seems to know; and don't *you* know anything if she speaks of it herself."

His fine face was streaming with perspiration; yet he seemed to have been waiting quietly under the trees, and he was not short of breath. Dollar asked no questions at all; they dropped the subject there in the drive. Though the sun was up somewhere out of sight, it was already late in the long June afternoon, and the guest was taken straight to his room.

It was a corner room with one ivy-darkened casement overlooking a shadowy lawn,

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the other facing a forest of firs and chestnuts on which it was harder to look without an instinctive qualm. But the General seemed to have forgotten his tragedies, and for the moment his blue eyes almost brightened the somber scene on which they dwelt with involuntary pride.

"Now don't you see where the Tyrol comes in?" said he. "Put a mountain behind those trees—and there *was* one, the very first time we saw the house! It was only a thundercloud, but for all the world it might have been the Dolomites. And it took us back . . . we had no other clouds then!"

Dollar found himself alone; found his things laid out and his shirt studded, and a cozy on the brass hot-water can, with as much satisfaction as though he had never stayed in a country house before. Could there be so very much amiss in a household where they knew just what to do for one, and just what to leave undone?

And it was the same with all the other creature comforts; they meant good servants, however short their service; and good servants seemed hardly congruous with the mistress or the hostess whom Dollar had come prepared to meet. He dressed in pleasurable doubt and enhanced excitement —and those were his happiest moments at Valsugana.

Mrs. Dysone was a middle-aged woman who looked almost old, whereas the General was elderly with all the appearance of early middle age. The contrast was even more complete in more invidious particulars; but Dollar took little heed of the poor lady's face, as a lady's face. Her skin and eyes were enough for him; both were brown, with that almost ultra-Indian tinge of so many Anglo-Indians; he was sensible at once of an Oriental impenetrability.

With her conversation he could not quarrel; what there was of it was crisp, unstudied, understanding. And the little dinner did her the kind of credit for which he was now prepared; but she only once took charge of the talk; and that was rather sharply to change a subject into which she had been the first to enter.

How it had cropped up, Dollar could never think, especially as his former profession and rank duly obtained throughout his visit. He had even warned his chauffeur that he was not the doctor there; it could not have been he himself who started it; but somebody did, as somebody always does when there is one topic to avoid.

It was probably the nice young nephew who made the first well-meaning remark upon the general want of originality, with reference to something or other under criticism at the moment; but it was neither he nor Dollar who laid it down that monkeys were the most arrant imitators in nature—except criminals; and it certainly was the General who said that nothing would surprise him less than if another fellow went and hanged himself in their wood. Then it was that Mrs. Dysone put her foot down—and Dollar never forgot her look.

Almost for the first time it made him think of her revolver. It was out of sight; and full as her long sleeves were, it was difficult to believe that one of them could conceal the smallest fire-arm made; but a tiny gold padlock did dangle when she raised her glass of water; and at the end of dinner there was a second little scene, this time without words, which went far to dispel any doubt arising in his mind.

He was holding the door open for Mrs. Dysone, and she stood a moment on the threshold, peering into the far corners of the room. He saw what it was she had forgotten—saw it come back to her as she turned away, with another look worth remembering.

Either the General missed it, or the anxieties of the husband were now deliberately sunk in the duties of the host. He had got up some Jubilee port in the doctor's honor; they sat over it together till it was nearly time for bed. Dollar took little, but the other grew a shade more rubicund, and it was good to hear him chat without restraint or an apparent care. Yet it was strange as well: again he drifted into criminology, and his own after-dinner defect of sensibility only made his hearer the more uncomfortable.

Of course he felt it was partly out of compliment to himself as Crime Doctor; but the ugly subject had evidently an unhealthy fascination of its own for the fine full-blooded man. Not that it seemed an inveterate foible; the expert observer thought it rather the reflex attraction of the strongest possible horror and repulsion, and took it the more seriously on that account.

Of two evils, it seemed to him the less to allow himself to be pumped on professional generalities. It was better than encouraging

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"LOOK HERE! I AM NOT GOING TO LET YOU TALK ABOUT IT," SAID DOLLAR, THOUGH THE GOOD-HUMORED REBUFF COST HIM AN EFFORT.

the General to ransack his long experience for memories of decent people who had done dreadful deeds. Best of all to assure him that even those unfortunates might have outlived their infamy under the scientific treatment of a more enlightened day.

If they must talk crime, let it be the Cure of Crime! So the doctor had his heartfelt say; and the General listened even more terribly than he had talked; asking questions in whispers, and waiting breathless for the considered reply. It was the last of these that took most answering:

"And which, doctor, for God's sake, which would you have most hope of curing: a man or a woman?"

But Dollar would only say: "I shouldn't despair of anybody, who had done *anything*, if there was still an intelligence to work upon; but the more of that the better."

And the General said hardly another word, except "God bless you!" outside the spare-room door. His wife had been seen no more.

But Dollar saw her in every corner of his

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delightful quarters; and the acute contrast that might have unsettled an innocent mind had the opposite effect on his. There were electric lamps in all the right places; there were books and biscuits, a glass of milk, even a miniature decanter and a bottle of Schweppes. He sighed as he wound his watch and placed it in the little stand on the table beside the bed; but he was only wondering exactly what he was going to discover before he wound it up again.

Outside one open window the merry crickets were playing castanets in those dreadful trees. It was the other blind that he drew up; and on the lawn the dying and reviving glow of a cigarette gave glimpses of a white shirt-front, a black satin tie, the drooping brim of a Panama hat. It was the nice young nephew, who had retreated before the Jubilee port. And Dollar was still wondering on what pretext he could go down and join him, when his knock came at the door.

"Only to see if you'd everything you want," explained young Paley, ingenuously disingenuous, and shut the door behind him before the invitation to enter was out of the doctor's mouth. But he shut it very softly, trod like a burglar, and excused himself with bated breath: "You are the first person who has stayed with us since I've been here, Captain Dollar!" And his wry young smile was as sad as anything in the sad house.

"You amaze me!" cried Dollar. Indeed, it was the flank attack of a new kind of amazement. "I should have thought—" and his glance made a lightning tour of the luxurious room.

"I know," said Paley, nodding. "I think they must have laid themselves out for visitors at the start. But none come now. I wish they did! It's a house that wants them."

"You are rather a small party, aren't you?"

"We are rather a grim party! And yet my old uncle is absolutely the finest man I ever struck!"

"I don't wonder that you admire him."

"You don't know what he is, Captain Dollar. He got the V. C. when he was my age, in Burmah, but he deserves one for almost every day of his ordinary home life!"

Dollar made no remark; the young fellow offered him a cigarette, and was encouraged to light another himself. He required no encouragement to talk.

"The funny thing is that he's not really my uncle. I'm *her* nephew; and she's a wonderful woman, too, in her way. She runs the whole place like a book; she's thrown away here. But—I can't help saying it—I should like her better if I didn't love him!"

"Talking of books," said Dollar, "the General told me he was writing one, and that you were helping him?"

"He didn't tell you what it was about?"

"No."

"Then I mustn't. I wish I could. It's to be the last word on a certain subject, but he won't have it spoken about. That's one reason why it's getting on his nerves."

"*Is* it his book?"

"It and everything. Doesn't he remind you of a man sitting on a powder-barrel? If he weren't what he is, there'd be an explosion every day. And there never is one—no matter what happens!"

Dollar watched the pale youth swallowing his smoke.

"Do they often talk about crime?"

"Always! They can't keep off it, and Aunt Essie always changes the subject as though she hadn't been every bit as bad as uncle. Of course they've had a good lot to make them morbid. I suppose you heard about poor Dingle, the last gardener?"

"Only just."

"He was the last man you would ever have suspected of such a thing. It was in those trees just outside." The crickets made extra merry as he paused. "They didn't find him for a day and a night!"

"Look here! I'm not going to let you talk about it," said Dollar, though the good-humored rebuff cost him an effort. He wanted to hear all about the suicide, but not from this worn lad with an old man's smile. He knew and liked the type too well.

"I'm sorry, Captain Dollar!" Jim Paley looked sorry. "Yet, it's all very well! I don't suppose the General told you what happened last night?"

"Well, yes, he did; but without going into any particulars."

And now the doctor made no secret of his curiosity; this was a matter on which he could not afford to forego enlightenment. Nor was it like raking up an old horror; it would do the boy more good than harm to speak of this latest affair.

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"I can't tell you much about it, myself," said he; "I was wondering if I could, just now on the lawn. That's where it happened, you know."

"I didn't know."

"Well, it was, and the funny thing is that I was there at the time. I used to go out with the dog for a cigarette when they turned in; last night I was foolish enough to fall asleep in a chair on the lawn. I had been playing tennis all the afternoon, and had a long bike-ride both ways. Well, all I know is that I woke up thinking I'd been shot, and there was my aunt with a revolver she insists on carrying—and poor Muggins as dead as a door-nail."

"Did she say it was an accident?"

"She behaved as if it had been; she was all over the poor dead brute!"

"Rather a savage dog, wasn't it?"

"I never thought so. But the General had no use for him—and no wonder! Did he tell you he had bitten him in the shoulder?"

"No!"

"Well, he did, only the other day. But that's the old General all over. He never told me till the dog was dead. I shouldn't be surprised if——"

"Yes?"

"—if my aunt hadn't been in it somehow. Poor old Muggins was such a bone between them!"

"You don't suppose he'd ended by turning on her?"

"Hardly. He was like a kitten with her, poor brute!"

Another cigarette was lighted; more inhaling went on unchecked.

"Was Mrs. Dysone by herself out there—but for you?"

"Well . . . yes."

"Does that mean she wasn't?"

"Upon my word, I don't know!" said young Paley, frankly. "It sounds most awful rot, but just for a moment I thought I saw somebody in a sort of surplice affair. But I can only swear to Aunt Essie, and she was in her dressing-gown, and it wasn't white!"

Dollar did not go to bed at all; he sat first at one window, watching the black trees turn blue and eventually a variety of sunny greens; then at the other, staring down at the pretty scene of a deed ugly in itself, but uglier in the peculiar quality of its mystery.

A dog; only a dog this time; but the woman's own dog! There were two new sods on the place where he supposed it had lain weltering. . . .

But who or what was it that these young men had seen; that the General had told him about, as well as this obviously truthful lad whom he himself had questioned? "Brown devils in flowing robes" was perhaps only the old soldier's picturesque phrase; they might have turned brown in his Indian mind; but what of Jim Paley's "somebody in a sort of surplice affair?" Was that "body" brown as well?

In the wood of worse omen the gay little birds tuned up to deaf ears at the open window. And a cynical soloist went so far as to start saying, "Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty!" in a liquid contralto. But a little sharp shot, fired two nights and a day before, was the only sound to get across the spare-room window-sill. . . .

The bathroom was next door; in that physically admirable house there was boiling hot water at six o'clock in the morning; the servants made tea when they heard it running; and the garden before breakfast was almost a delight. It might have been an Eden; it *was*—with the Serpent still in the grass!

Blinds went up like eyelids under bushy brows of ivy. The grass remained gray with dew; there was not enough sun anywhere, though the whole sky beamed. Dollar wandered indoors the way the General had taken him the day before. It was the way through his library. Libraries are always interesting; a man's book-case is sometimes more interesting than the man himself; sometimes it is the one existing portrait of his mind.

Dollar spent the best part of an absorbing hour without taking a single volume from its place. But this was partly because those he would have dipped into were under glass and lock and key. And partly it was due to more accessible distractions crowning that very piece of ostensible antiquity which contained the books, and of which the top drawer drew out into the General's desk.

The distractions were a peculiarly repulsive gilded idol, squatting with its tongue out, as if at the amateur author, and a heathen sword on the wall behind it. Nothing more; but Dollar also had served in India in his day, and his natural interest was whetted by a certain smattering of lore.

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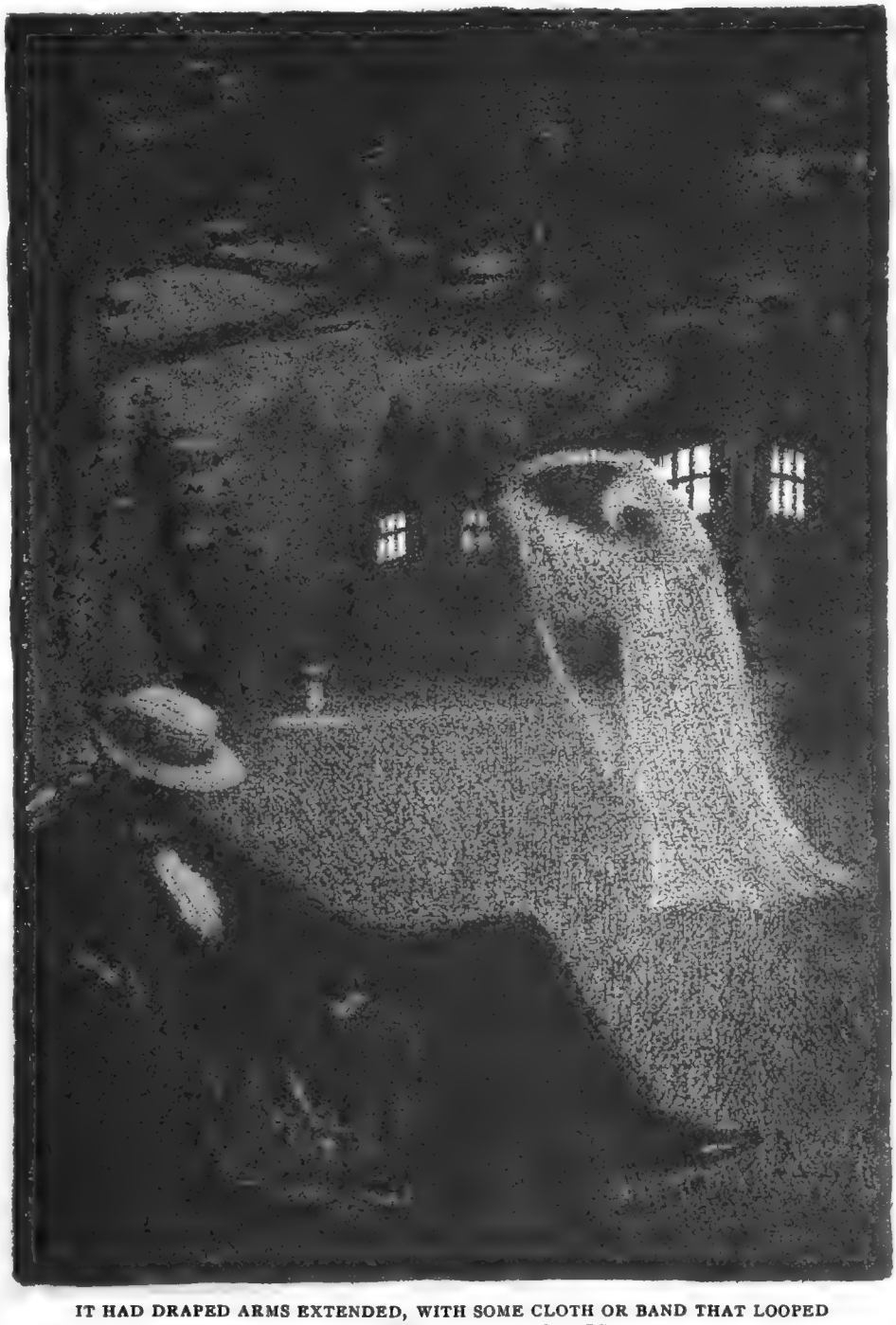

IT HAD DRAPED ARMS EXTENDED, WITH SOME CLOTH OR BAND THAT LOOPED AND TIGHTENED AT EACH STRIDE.

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He was still standing on a newspaper and a chair, when a voice hailed him in no hospitable tone.

"Really, Captain Dollar! I should have asked the servants for a ladder while I was about it!"

Of course it was Mrs. Dysone, and she was not even pretending to look pleased. He jumped down with an apology, which softened not a line of her sallow face and bony figure.

"It was an outrage," he owned. "But I did stand on a paper to save the chair. I say, though, I never noticed it was this week's *Field!*"

Really horrified at his own behavior, he did his best to smooth and wipe away his foot-marks on the wrapper of the paper. But those subtle eyes, like blots of ink on old parchment, were no longer trained on the offender, who missed yet another look that might have helped him.

"My husband's study is rather holy ground," was the lady's last word. "I only came in myself because I thought he was here."

Mercifully, days do not always go on as badly as they begin; more strangely, this one developed into the dullest and most conventional of country-house Sundays.

General Dysone was himself not only dull, but even a little stiff, as became a good Briton who had said too much to too great a stranger overnight. His natural courtesy had become conspicuous; he played punctilious host all day; and Dollar was allowed to feel that, if he had come down as a doctor, he was staying on as an ordinary guest, and in a house where guests were expected to observe the Sabbath.

So they all marched off together to the village church, where the General trumpeted the tunes in his own octave, read the lessons, and kept waking up during the sermon. There were the regulation amenities with other devout gentry of the neighborhood; there was the national Sunday sirloin at the midday meal, and no more untoward topics to make the host's forehead glisten or the hostess gleam and lower. In the afternoon the whole party inspected every animal and vegetable on the premises; and after tea the visitor's car came round.

Originally there had been much talk of his staying till the Monday; the General went through the form of pressing him once more, but was not backed up by his wife, who had shadowed them suspiciously all day. Nor did he comment on this by so much as a sidelong glance at Dollar, or contrive to get another word with him alone. And the Crime Doctor, instead of making any excuse to remain and penetrate these new mysteries, showed a sensitive alacrity to leave.

Of the nephew, who looked terribly depressed at his departure, he had seen something more, and had even asked two private favors. One, that he would keep out of that haunted garden for the next few nights, and try going to bed earlier; the other an odd request for an almost middle-aged man about town, but rather flattering to the young fellow. It was for the loan of his Panama, so that Dollar's hatter might see if he could not get him as good a one.

Paley's was the kind of Panama that might be carried up a sleeve, like the modern handkerchief; he explained that the old General had given it him. Dollar tried it on almost as soon as the car was out of sight of Valsugana—while his young chauffeur was still wondering what he had done to make the governor sit behind.

It was funny of the doctor, just when a chap might have been telling him a thing or two that he had heard down there at the coachman's place. But it was all the more interesting when they got back to town at seven in the evening, and he was ordered to fill up with petrol and be back at nine, to make the same trip over again.

"I needn't ask you," the doctor added, "to hold your tongue about anything you may have heard at General Dysone's. I know you will, Albert."

And almost by lighting-up time they were shoulder to shoulder on the road once more.

But at Valsugana it was another dark night, and none too easy to find one's way about the place on the strength of a midsummer day's acquaintance. And for the first time Dollar was glad the dog of the house was dead, as he finished a circuitous approach by stealing through the farther wood, toward the jagged lumps of light in the ivy-strangled bedroom windows; already everything was dark down-stairs.

Here were the pale new sods; they could just be seen, though his feet first felt their inequalities. His cigarette was the one pinprick of light in all the garden. At each draw the buff brim of Jim Paley's Panama

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showed within an inch of his eyes, its fine texture like coarse matting at the range. And the chair in which Jim Paley had sat smoking this time last night, and dozing the night before when the shot disturbed him, was just where he expected his shins to find it; the wickers squeaked as John Dollar took his place.

Less need now not to make a sound; but he made no more than he could help, for the night was still and sultry, without any of the garden noises of a night ago. It was as though Nature had stopped her orchestra in disgust at the plot and counterplot brewing on her darkened stage. The cigarette-end was thrown away; it might have been a stone that fell upon the grass; and the doctor could almost hear it sizzling in the dew.

His aural nerves were tuned to the last pitch of sensitive acknowledgment; a fly on the drooping Panama-brim would not have failed to "scratch the brain's coat of curd." . . . How much less the swift and furtive footfall that came kissing the wet lawn at last!

It was more than a footfall; there was a following swish of some long garment trailing through the wet. It all came near—it all stopped dead. Dollar had nodded heavily as if in sleep, had jerked his head up higher; seemed to be dropping off again in greater comfort.

The footfalls and the swish came on like thunder now. But now his eyelids were only drooping like the brim above them; in the broad light of their abnormal perceptivity, it was as though his own eyes threw a dreadful halo round the figure they beheld.

It was a swaddled figure, creeping into monstrosity, crouching early for its spring. It had draped arms extended, with some cloth or band that looped and tightened at each stride: on the rounded shoulders bobbed the craning head and darkened face of General Dysone.

In his last stride he swerved, as though to get as much behind the chair as its position under the tree permitted; the cloth clapped as it came taut over Dollar's head, but was not actually round his neck when he ducked and turned, and hit out and up with all his might. He felt the rasp of a fifteen-hours' beard, heard the click of teeth; the lawn quaked; and white robes settled upon a senseless heap, as the plumage on a murdered pigeon.

Dollar knelt over him and felt his pulse, held an electric lamp to eyes that opened, and quickly something else to the dilated nostrils.

"Oh, Jim!" shuddered a voice close at hand. It was shrill yet broken, a cry of horror, but like no voice he knew. He jumped up to face the General's wife.

"It's not Jim, Mrs. Dysone. It's I—Dollar—he'll soon be all right!"

"Captain—Dollar?"

"No—doctor, nowadays—he called me down as one himself! And now I've come back on my own responsibility, and—put him under chloroform; but I haven't given him much; for God's sake let us speak plainly while we can!"

She was on her knees, proving his words without uttering one. Still kneeling speechless, she leaned back while he continued: "You know what he is as well as I do, Mrs. Dysone; you may thank God a doctor has found him out before the police! Monomania is not their business—but neither are you the one to cope with it. You have shielded your husband as only a woman will shield a man; now you must let him come to me."

His confidence was taking some effect; but she ignored the hands that would have helped her to her feet; and her own were locked in front of her, but not in supplication.

"And what can any of you do for him," she cried fiercely—"except take him away from me?"

"I will only answer for myself. I would control him as you can not, and I would teach him to control himself if man under God can do it! I am a criminal alienist, Mrs. Dysone, as your husband knew before he came to consult me on elaborate pretenses into which we needn't go. He trusted me enough to ask me down here; in my opinion he was feeling his way

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to greater trust, in the teeth of his terrible obsession; but last night he said more than he meant to say, so to-day he wouldn't say a word. I only guessed his secret this morning —when you guessed I had! It would be safe with me against the world. But how can I take the responsibility of keeping it, if he remains at large as he is now?"

"You can not," said Mrs. Dysone. "I am the only one. . . ."

Her tone was dreamy and yet hard and fatalistic; the arms in the wide dressing-gown sleeves were still tightly locked. Suddenly Dollar bent down again over the senseless man.

"He'll be himself again directly—quite himself, I shouldn't wonder! He may have forgotten what has happened; he mustn't find me here to remind him. Something he will have to know—and you are the one to break it to him, and then to persuade him to come to me. But you won't find that so easy, Mrs. Dysone, if he sees how I tricked him. He had much better think it *was* your nephew. My motor's in the lane behind these trees; let him think I never went away at all—that we connived and I am holding myself there at your disposal."

"Dr. Dollar," said Mrs. Dysone, when she had risen without aid, "you may or may not know the worst about my poor husband, but you shall know it now about me. I wish you to take this—and keep it! You have had two escapes to-night."

She bared the wrist from which the smallest of revolvers dangled; he felt it in the darkness—and left it dangling.

"I heard you had one. He told me. And I thought you carried it for your own protection!" cried Dollar, seeing into the woman at last.

"No. It was not for that—" and he knew that she was smiling through her tears—"I did save his life—when my poor dog saved Jim's; but his secret I can trust to you!"

Dollar would only take her hand. "You wouldn't have shot me, or any man!" he assured her. "But," he added to himself among the trees, "what a fool I was to forget that *they* never killed women!"

It turned almost cold beside the motor in the lane; the doctor gave his boy a little brandy, and together they tramped up and down, talking sport and fiction by the small hour together. The stars slipped out of the sky, the birds began, and the same cynic shouted, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!" at the top of its strong contralto. At last there came that other sound for which Dollar had never ceased listening. And he turned back into the haunted wood with Jim Paley.

The poor nephew—still stunned calm—was as painfully articulate as a young bereaved husband. He spoke of General Dysone as of a man already dead, in the gentlest of past tenses. There had been an appalling confession, made as coolly, it appeared, as he repeated it.

"He thought *I* knocked him down—and I had to let him think so! Aunt Essie insisted; she *is* a wonder, after all! It made him tell me things I simply can't believe . . . yet he showed me a rope just like it—meant for me!"

"Do you mean just like the one that—hanged the gardener?"

"Yes. He did it, so he swears . . . *afterward!* He'll tell you himself—he wants to tell you. He says he first . . . I can't put my tongue to it!" The lapse into the present tense had made him human.

"Like the Thugs?"

"Yes; like that sect of fiendish fanatics in northern India who went about strangling everybody they met: *They* were what his book was about! How did you know?"

"That's Bhowanee, their goddess, on top of his bureau, and he has Sleeman and all the other awful literature locked up underneath. As a study for a life of sudden idleness, in the depths of the country, it was enough to bring on temporary insanity."

Dollar felt his biceps clutched and clawed; and the two stood still under more irony in the gay contralto.

"Temporary, did you say? Only *temporary?*" the boy was faltering.

"I hope so, honestly. You see, it was just on that one point—and even there . . . I believe he *did* want his wife out of the way, and for her own sake, too!" said Dollar, with a sympathetic tremor.

"But do you know what he's saying? He means to tell the whole world now, and let them hang him, and serve him right—he says! And he's as sane as we are now—only he might have been through a Turkish bath!"

"More signs!" cried Dollar, looking up at the brightening sky. "But we won't let him. He has done all he ever could . . . Come, Paley! I want to take him back with me in the car. It's broad daylight."

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The line of carriages containing the members of the "Personally Conducted, Seeing Europe in Thirty Days," had come to a stop before the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and this conversation was overheard in one of the carriages containing two women:

"Mother, is this Rome?"

The answer came in a tired, "toured-to-death" tone of voice: "What day of the week is it, my dear?"

"This is Tuesday. Why?"

"Well, if it is Tuesday, it *must* be Rome."

The new summer boarder gazed over the picturesque New Hampshire landscape then slowly fading out of sight, and noted the absence of houses.

"It's beautiful! Grand!" said he to the boss farmer who was standing close by. "But aren't you lonesome—so far from the village and no neighbors?"

"Lonesome?" echoed the farmer, in genuine astonishment. "Why, on a clear day we can see Mount Washington!"

Hargis was lying on the couch very ill. The servant in the next room knocked down some dishes with a tremendous clatter. Hargis's nerves were quite unstrung, and he called out in a rage:

"I suppose you have broken all the plates?"

"No," replied the servant, meekly, "there isn't one broken."

"Well, then," growled the enraged invalid, "why did you make all that noise for nothing?"

Some time ago, a traveling man, waiting in a retail store in Richmond to speak to the buyer, said to an elderly colored woman:

"Aunty, what is the population of Richmond?"

"What's dat, boss?"

"I said, about how many people live in Richmond?"

"Oh, dat's what you-all wants to know. Well, boss, I don't 'zac'ly know, but I 'spects about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, countin' de whites."

The late Maurice Barrymore was the idol of the "Lambs" during his lifetime, and even now the members of that club take delight in citing instances of his ready sympathy or sprightly wit.

One day, so the story goes, Barrymore was swinging down Fifth Avenue when Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright, rushed up to him, all excitement.

"Oh, Maurice," he wailed, "have you heard of my misfortune?"

"No," Barrymore sympathized; "is there illness in your family?"

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"Not that," said Rosenfeld; "but almost as bad. My little boy, five years of age, got hold of my new play and tore it to tatters."

"I didn't know the child could read," said Barrymore—and continued his walk.

They gave the lady the only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath adjoining. The next morning, when the guest was ready to check out, the clerk asked:

"Well, did you have a good night's rest, madam?"

"No, I didn't," replied the lady. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good; but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only way to it was through my room."

Last Christmas Eve, in a town in Virginia, an old negro had been out celebrating and, on boarding a car for home, he dropped a quart bottle of gin to the pavement.

Mournfully surveying the shattered fragments, he exclaimed: "Dah! Christmas done come an 'gone!"

Ed Cook was a butcher with considerable native wit. One day just before dinner, when his shop was full of customers, a man whom he did not like very well came in and asked for a dime's worth of dog meat.

"All right," said Ed; "will you have it wrapped up or just eat it here?"

A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone she found the women still talking. Three times she waited, and then at last, becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

A high-school freshman, asked to recite on the life of Alexander the Great, extemporized as follows:

"Alexander was a quick-tempered man. Once when he had taken too much wine he got angry at his best friend and killed him. Alexander was very much grieved, and did everything he could to help bury his friend."

Reilly—"Pat was drowned yesterday."

Fitzpatrick—"Couldn't he swim?"

Reilly—"Yes, but he was a union man. He swam for eight hours and then quit."

An alienist, while going through the insane asylum at Howard, R. I., not long ago, came upon a man sitting in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir," said the alienist kindly. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, King George, of course."

"Indeed!" replied the alienist. "But the last time I was here you were Theodore Roosevelt."

"Yes, of course," answered the other quickly; "but that was by my first wife."

One predicts a future for the schoolboy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

An old farmer who had driven into the neighboring village to make a few purchases took back with him rather more hard cider than was consistent with careful driving. While going down a steep hill his horse stumbled, fell flat in the road, and refused to get up. The farmer looked at him a moment over the dashboard, then exclaimed:

"Git up, you old fool! Git up, or I'll drive right over you!"

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

BETTER BUSINESS! That's our big new series, by William Hard. The title describes it perfectly. The business of the United States can be much better. It's got to be. Because conditions have changed. Our business men are now engaged in the perilous game of World Competition.

What is our equipment? Are our representative business organizations economically, as well as commercially, sound?

Are our governmental rules for carrying on business calculated to help or to hinder us in the new World Competition?

Mr. Hard has long investigated both our resources and our practises. He finds that the American, man for man, should be considered the equal—often the superior—of the foreigner in inventive and executive powers.

Individually. But not collectively.

Mr. Hard began at the source of the industrial stream—invention. He asked himself: "What do we Americans, through our government, do to encourage inventors, the mainsprings of industrial progress?"

Naturally, Mr. Hard entered the Patent Office. This is the branch of our government designed to encourage industry by encouraging inventors.

He found little encouragement to either.

Just what he found, you will see in the articles that have already appeared, and in the third one, on page 169 of this number.

We are extremely gratified at the reception the first article received—especially from business men. The series is especially addressed to them. For they are the ones who can the most effectively bring about the changes necessary to make the United States supreme in World Competition.

So far, we have received hundreds of letters of commendation. Here are a representative few, including one from Secretary Redfield, as well as an editorial from *The Iron Age*, one of the leading journals of the iron industry.

MY DEAR MR. HARD:

I have read with interest and care the first section of "Better Business," entitled "Brains Across the Sea."

I think your views are sound, and am glad to see them so forcibly stated and so clearly explained.

The truth is that, with all our boasted initiative, and in the case of many individual houses our very real alertness and energy, we have yet on the whole fallen back too much in what I may call the originality of our industries. This soporific effect of the tariff (for that I think it to be) has been in my mind one of the two worst effects of high protection, the other being its depreciation of our moral values.

We have been taught that making money is one of the supreme ends of the government, and have been trained in industrial cowardice.

I shall look with a great deal of interest for the rest of your articles. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
U. S. Secretary of Commerce,
Washington, D. C.

FOR BETTER BUSINESS

(Editorial from "The Iron Age")

After all of the muckraking articles which have appeared in magazines of the country in recent years, it is refreshing to see a magazine attempt something that is constructive, as EVERYBODY'S is doing in publishing a series of articles, beginning with the current number, on the general subject, "Better Business."

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The author of these articles, William Hard, is a writer who has an exceedingly entertaining style and is able to be interesting, while at the same time technically accurate. In his first article, he says things which may tend to take some of the conceit out of American manufacturers, for he tells them very plainly how they are trailing behind iron and steel makers of foreign lands, and hints at what they must do if they are to meet the competition of the progressive manufacturers of Germany, England, and other countries.

If one may judge from the opening number, whose sub-title is "Brains Across the Sea," Mr. Hard's series will be well worth reading. They will have a decidedly good influence. He says he will have no rule but this: "Whatever checks industrial progress, though it may for the moment permit much profit-taking, is in the end a commercial disaster; and whatever accelerates industrial progress, though it may for the moment seem radical, is in the end Better Business."

THE NEED OF BEING FRANK

My dear Mr. Ridgway:

I beg to acknowledge your very kind letter, together with the first article by William Hard, for which I thank you.

This article has interested me very much and is, I believe, the only article of the kind that has so far appeared in a popular magazine. It was indeed gratifying to read a frank statement of American manufacturing conditions which those of us who have to deal with the sale and installation of improved equipment have been compelled to realize for some years.

T. F. Baily,
The Electric Furnace Company of America,
Alliance, Ohio.

CONSTRUCTIVE

My dear Mr. Ridgway:

Your interesting letter and the enclosure of William Hard's opening article on "Better Business" reached me in due season. I have read Mr. Hard's article carefully. While I reserve judgment on some of his conclusions I feel sure that his article will be stimulating and suggestive.

I congratulate you most heartily on your determination to publish in each issue of Everybody's some articles intended to build up our American civilization even if they may cost you something in subscription lists. This is a most admirable spirit. And, candidly, in the end I think it will be found to be exceedingly profitable. The American people are becoming weary of the mere popularity chasers, of those who would set fire to a town to get their names in the paper next day. The destructive is gradually giving place to the constructive element.

James T. McCleary,
Secretary,
American Iron & Steel Institute, New York.

THE OLD ORDER MUST CHANGE

Dear Sir:

Permit me to express my appreciation of your article on "Better Business" in the December Everybody's. It is an admirable summing up of the present situation, not overdrawn, rather under, if anything. It is the jolt Big Business needs, and points out the policy that must be followed to meet the new conditions we face.

Is it not possible, however, that the heads of the large combinations, not in as close touch with the manufacturing end of the game as formerly, are not aware to what extent engineering and inventive ability have been turned down, to what extent the engineer has heard the stereotyped "Yes, your method is new and may, I think, do all you claim for it, but it may prove expensive to develop. What is the use of our taking it up now? We are meeting no competition whose methods are more advanced than our own."

No doubt cost sheets are scanned as closely now as in the old days when the present heads of the great combination were the brains of one of the units. Satisfied if the cost per ton shows a reduction over the old days, they do not stop to think to how great an extent the reductions are due to the economies made possible by the large manufacturing combination, and "intensive manufacturing," and do not consider the limitations of both. They have been satisfied with securing the best executive ability that money could buy, forgetting that executive, engineering, and inventive ability are rarely combined. Each is a big field, and the man who makes good in either has done a man's work.

And the solution of the problem is so simple and obvious. Just order their executives to prepare to meet world competition, or show cause. Then show a disposition to make the necessary appropriations. Results will follow.

Erie, Penna. Engineer.

CONCERNING MR. HARD

My dear Mr. Ridgway:

I thank you for your note of November 26, enclosing a reprint of Mr. Hard's article, which I had already noticed in the December Everybody's. It was of more than usual personal interest to me because Mr. Hard talked over certain phases of the thing with me while his series was in the earlier stages of its preparation. I agree with you that he invests the subject matter with qualities unusually appealing to a general reading public, and he does this without the distortion of proportions or disrespect to the facts. It is so rare to find a popular writer who can make a good story without grieving the friends of truth that my cordial admiration goes out to Mr. Hard, and I am glad of an opportunity to express it. Charles B. Going,
Editor,
The Engineering Magazine, New York.

A SUGGESTION

My dear Mr. Ridgway:

I have taken great pleasure in reading the article. It is not often that I have seen as clear a piece of constructive criticism. There is no doubt we need a great deal of this kind of work. If I had any one suggestion to offer, it would be that the same kind of constructive criticism be worked out as to the marketing and distributing business of this country. It would stir even more thought than the present series, and I think that ultimately it will produce material benefit to a larger number. This, however, is merely my opinion. H. Tipper,
Manager, Advertising Division,
The Texas Company, Petroleum and its Products,
New York.

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